

No. RC608.P35

vol. 1



MODERN PERSECUTION,

OR

INSANE ASYLUMS UNVEILED

AS DEMONSTRATED BY THE
REPORT OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE
OF THE LEGISLATURE OF ILLINOIS

BY MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD

55 A. 232
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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORESS

VOL. I

HARTFORD:

CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD,

PRINTERS AND BINDERS

1873

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P 35
vol. 1.

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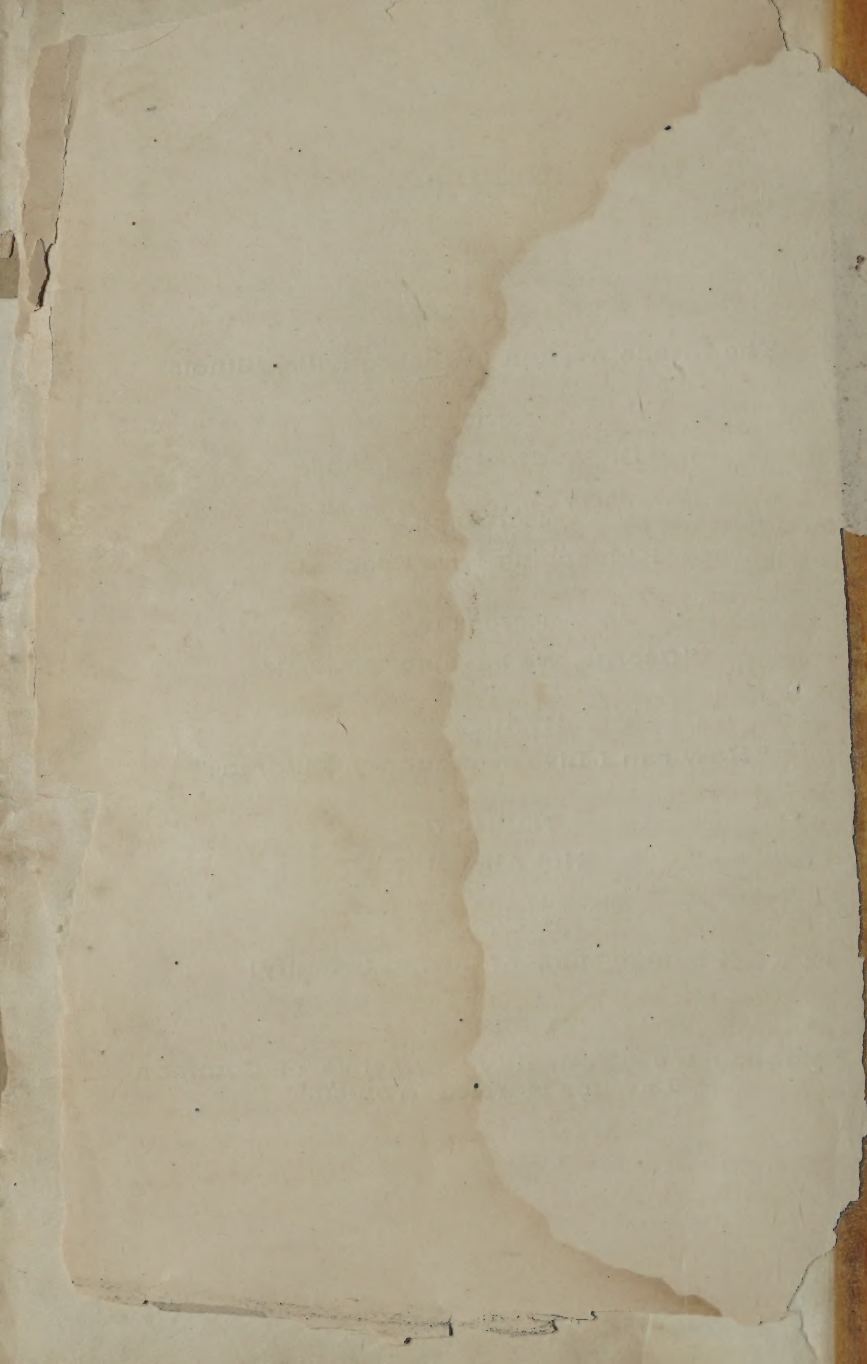
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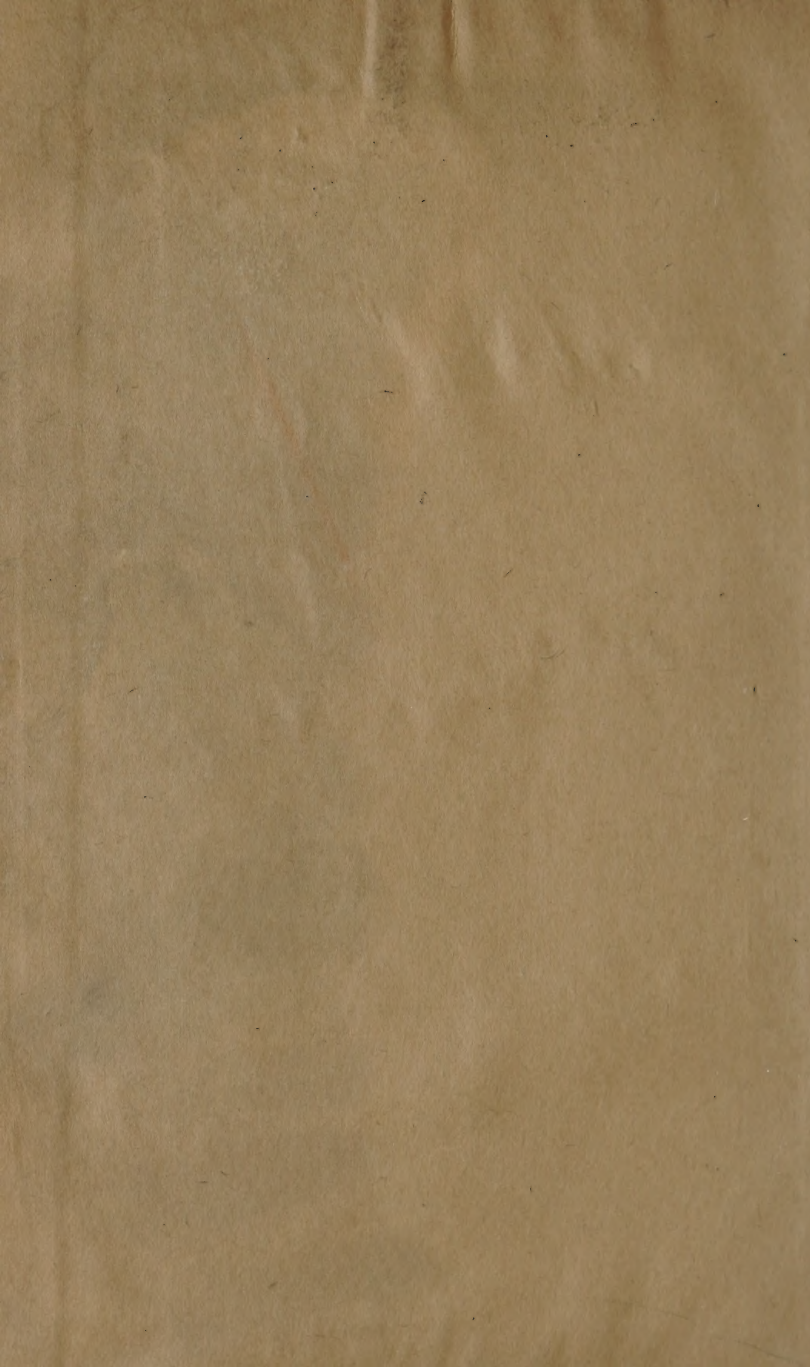
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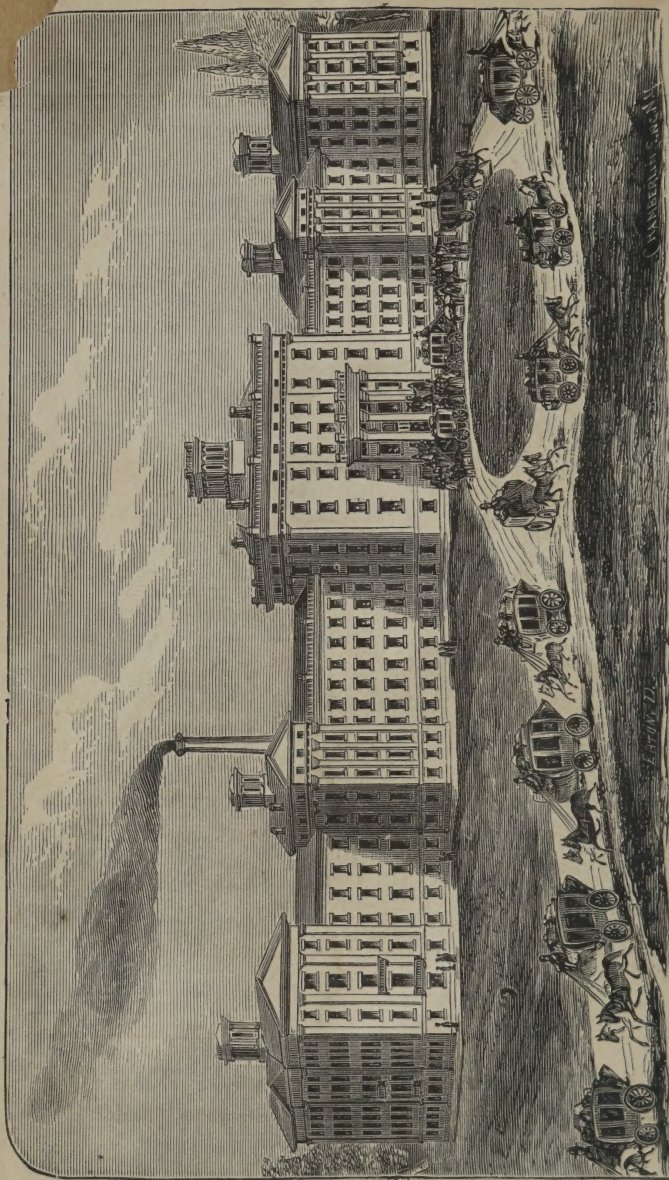
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Chapter IV



1800
MICHIGAN
1800



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TO MY BELOVED CHILDREN

IS THIS BOOK

MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

To you, my first-born son, THEOPHILUS PACKARD, JR., born March 17, 1842: and you, my second child, ISAAC WARE PACKARD, born June 24, 1844; and you, my third child, SAMUEL WARE PACKARD, born November 29, 1847; and you, my only daughter, ELIZABETH WARE PACKARD, born May 10, 1850; and you, my fifth child, GEORGE HASTINGS PACKARD, born July 18, 1853; and you, my sixth child, ARTHUR DWIGHT PACKARD, born December 18, 1858;—I dedicate this Book, or a record of your mother's persecuted life—of that life of which you are the sun, moon and stars. Yes, it is for you, my jewels, I have lived—it is for you I have suffered the agonies of Gethsemane's Garden—it is for you I have hung on this cross of crucifixion; and been entombed three years in a living cemetery; and oh! it is for your sakes I hope to rise again, to find my maternal joys immortalized.

Children dear, when all the world forsook me and fled, you stood firm for right, firm for truth, firm for duty; you, and you alone, were true to the mother who bore you, for you knew she was true to man, and true to God. Yes, your tender, loving hearts have writhed in secret agony over your mother's sorrows—but you have been denied the boon of human sympathy for yourselves; and, what is harder still, you have not been allowed to bestow it upon your persecuted mother, even, while her lacerated heart was panting to receive it from you.

DEDICATION.

Yes, you, my first-born son, Theophilus, have been threatened with disinheritance from our family and home, because you loved your kind-hearted mother so well, that you sought to visit her in her prison-home in defiance of your father's edict. Oh, my son! Thy Father, God, will not disinherit thee for loving thy mother, even when the world forsook her. Four times has thy hard-earned wages, my filial Theophilus, been cheerfully expended to visit your mother in her dreary cell.

And you, my Isaac, I have consented to lay upon the altar of my country—a living sacrifice for its sin. God has accepted the sacrifice and *spared my Isaac!* In the army you toiled early and late to accumulate a treasure, with which you could visit your mother. God succeeded you—you paid me one clandestine visit in my prison.

Your two clandestine letters are all the letters from my children I have been permitted to receive. But oh! I needed no such proofs of your true love to assure me it was not dead within you.

No, death and a living tomb cannot separate us. We are one in Christ. Oh, my children! Every earthly love has died within me—but oh! the death agonies of the *maternal love* well nigh rent soul and body asunder. Yes, the mother has died! But she has risen again—the mother of her country—and her sons and daughters are—*The American Republic.*

Children, it is for the service of your country your mother has dedicated you, one and all. May you, my sons, be fitted to adorn the garden of American freedom, “as plants,” grown up in your youth, from the rocky but luxuriant soil of family persecution. And may you, my daughter, be as a “corner-stone,” in our new temple of American freedom—“polished after the similitude of a palace.”

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P R E F A C E .

Providence hinges mighty events on pivots exceedingly small. What men call accidents, are God's appointed incidents. We are traitors to any truth when we suppress the utterance of it, and allow the opposite error to go unrebuked.

High principles must be advanced as real laws. A desire to elevate all mankind to the nobleness for which they are designed, should manifest the depth and purity of our moral convictions. We should meet evil with mildness, yet with unflinching firmness. We should aim to bring out a noble spirit into daily intercourse, believing that a holy life is a more precious offering to truth, than retired speculations and writings; for he who leaves a holy life behind him, bequeaths to the world a richer legacy than any book. The want of moral courage to carry out great principles, and to act upon them at all risks, is fatal to originality, because the faculties slumber within, being weighed down by the chains of custom.

This habit of reliance upon principle should give us a buoyant consciousness of superiority to every outward influence. A far higher anticipation of great results from worthy deeds, should make us strenuous in action, and fill us with a cheerful trust. We must be palsied by no fear to offend, no desire to please, no dependence upon the judgment of others. The consciousness of self-subsistence, of disinterested conformity to high principles, will command an open freedom to our utterances, and will summon into our service a spiritual force that will resist and overcome all obstacles.

Under the inspiration of such sentiments have I penned the following narrative of my experiences, beneath a dark cloud of adverse events, whose silver lining is yet to be discovered to my physical vision.

As the dyer uses mordants to set his colors, so my Heavenly Father has employed the mordant of adversity to individualize my sentiments of morality and virtuous action. And, by my experiences, it would seem that my Father intended to so capacitate me that I should be daunted and discouraged by nothing, that true loyalty might be burned into my heart. This loyalty demands that individual reason and conscience, enlightened by revealed truth, be the guide of human actions. It allows no oligarchy of creeds, sects, or customs to be a standard, which ignores the individual as a sovereign over himself. *The God within* is the monarch of this realm of human freedom.

Mrs. E. P. W. PACKARD.

CHICAGO, ILLS., *January*, 1873.

(1496 Prairie Avenue.)

INTRODUCTION.

As an introduction to the dramatic tale contained in this volume, I shall give my readers a full delineation of my most radical opinions in the language in which I gave them to the Bible-class in Manteno, Kankakee county, Illinois, since upon these opinions, there expressed, rests the foundation of the whole subsequent drama.

These opinions were given to the class in writing so as to prevent misrepresentation. At the time I was kidnapped these Bible-class papers were stolen from me, and were persistently retained by my husband, Mr. Packard, until sometime after my liberation, when I got possession of them in the following manner:

Mr. Packard had for some time been trying to induce me to sign a deed, so that he could sell some real estate, and I had objected, unless he should give me some equivalent for what he had already unjustly taken from me. This he would not do. He therefore went to Esquire La Brie, and took an oath that his wife was insane, so that he could sell the property without my signature.

Finding my refusal was not going to save my right of dower, or prevent his selling the property, I proposed to him that I would sign the deed on condition that he would restore to me my papers. He accordingly called in Esquire La Brie to witness my signature, and in his presence he gave me my papers, as I had proposed. This signature was acknowledged as valid, although two days before Mr. Packard had taken an oath on the Bible, that I was insane, and thereby incompetent to sign a deed! By means of this perjury, on his part, my papers were restored to me.

FREE DISCUSSION OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Free discussion implies that both sides of a subject can be investigated, and allows full liberty to each individual to express his honestly cherished opinions, and also give his reasons in support of them. My classmates, we have nothing to fear in applying the scales of free discussion to our religious belief, for truth will sustain itself; the scales of free discussion, intelligently used, always preponderate on the side of the truth—that is, the weightiest reasons always bear upon that side, and indicate a balance in its favor.

For instance, should we wish to test the existence of a God in the scales of free discussion, what have we to fear in the use of the scales on this point? If we are not prepared to support His existence by such arguments as will make the scales preponderate right, is it not best for us to bestow study on that point sufficient to defend it with intelligent reason, since this is confidently assumed to be a truth in our creed? Then we shall be prepared to defend as well as assert our belief. It is not respectful for us to say to our opponents on this or any other point, "I know your side is the wrong one, and you ought to take our positive assertion as authority sufficient to condemn you as a heretic, simply because you believe contrary to my honestly cherished opinions."

No, my classmates, the religion of authority has had its day; a reasonable religion, such as will bear the infallible tests of truth, based on arguments drawn from God's word and works, is the religion for us.

Truth should be indorsed by us through our reasoning faculties alone, and therefore should not conflict with our common sense and enlightened reason. And it is my opinion, that the religion God sent to man, is so peculiarly adapted to man's nature, as not to conflict with the common-

sense views of the common mass of minds. And ere the bright millennial day dawns upon us, I believe that theologically sectarian views will give place to the common-sense views of mankind, and that this is to be the way there is to be "but one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

Now, what can be the harm, dear classmates, in our trying to hasten this day, by bringing our educated belief to this test, by kindly using the scales of free discussion? For myself, I feel willing to have all my opinions tested by these scales, and I am willing to yield any point of belief to a weightier invincible argument in the opposite scale—that is, those views which seem best supported by sound argument and candid reasoning I willingly indorse, although they may conflict with some of my preconceived ideas, or my educated belief, or even with our sectarian creeds. For it is not impossible but that some simple moral truth may have become perverted by educational influences. And candor and honesty, it seems to me, compel us to admit that there is a mixture of truth and error in the creeds of all denominations of Christians, not even excepting the creed of the Presbyterian church; and what can be the harm in thus testing these views, and thereby separating the precious from the vile, rather than by trying to defend our sectarian creeds by arguments and reasons which are not based in truth for their support, thus perpetuating falsehood or errors.

It is my desire, dear classmates, that this social Bible-class be employed as a means to fit us to become valiant defenders of our faith—that we here capacitate ourselves to defend all points of our belief by rational and intelligent reasons, that we may be able to meet the common enemy of our holy religion with arguments "such as he cannot gainsay or resist." The truth never suffers by agitation and free discussion. It is error alone that fears the light and shrinks before the scales. Let us dare to judge for ourselves what is right, and let us know what

right and truth are, by bringing our religious belief to this test of reason and common sense. Let us throw off the blinding influence of prejudice and sectarian zeal, and come up upon the nobler, higher platform of being simple, sincere, charitable, honest seekers after the real, simple, naked truth.

Having obtained permission from our teacher, Deacon Smith, to read the above article before the class, I commenced reading; but finding it to be a defense of what he had determined to stop—free discussion—he interrupted me, by forbidding my reading any farther. Of course I quietly submitted to this mandate with unanswering obedience.

RIGHTS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

I profess to be no theologian, or to have adopted the creed of any sect or denomination of Christians as infallible. But I do profess to take the works and word of God, or facts and revelation as our only infallible guide in our search for truth, and a “thus saith the Lord,” as a settling of all controversy. But since I know it to be a fact that equally sincere and honest Christians put a very different construction upon the same event of Providence, and the same text of Scripture, I feel that we are compelled to assume the responsibility of private judgment. And in so doing, I believe we are obeying Christ’s directions in the fifty-seventh verse of the twelfth chapter of Luke, viz.: “And why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?”

I regard this Bible-class as having reached that state of development where God holds us individually responsible for our belief. I therefore esteem it a great privilege to be in a Bible-class where *our* opinions are called for, rather than the opinions of commentators. Not that I wish to disregard the opinions of commentators or learned theologians in my search for Bible truth; for I do think that their opinions are entitled

to great deference and respect. While I at the same time believe that a Bible is a book so peculiar in its nature, that learning and talent are not indispensable to a correct interpretation of it, any more than experience and education are indispensably necessary to our judging correctly of the wants of nature.

For instance, because an adult may choose strong drink to allay his thirst, and the child prefer cold water, I do not think we are justified in concluding that strong drink is the best adapted to meet the wants of nature, simply because a mature man chooses it; for this adult may have perverted his natural appetite, so that his choice may not be so much in accordance with nature as the instincts of the child. As in our physical, so in our moral nature, there may be a liability that a simple moral truth may have been perverted by educational influences. Therefore, I do not think that because a talented and learned theologian advances an opinion, that he is certainly correct; neither because an illiterate layman holds a different opinion, do I think he is certainly wrong. But in both cases we should judge of the opinion upon its own intrinsic merits, independent of the source or medium through which it comes to us.

Now, dear classmates, conscious that I am alone and personally responsible to God for my religious belief, I do not want to embrace an error. Therefore I will be very thankful to be shown wherein my opinions are unsound, or my reasoning inconclusive. Just consider my views, not as those of a theologian, but as one who is searching for truth on the same common plane with yourselves; and I ask you to give my opinions no more credence than you think truth entitles them to as you view it. For it is the common sense of common men and common women that I so much covet as my tribunal of judgment, rather than learned commentators, or popular theologians, or venerable doctors of divinity.

"TOTAL DEPRAVITY."

It is the authority of creeds, echoed by the theologians and ministers of the Presbyterian pulpit, not excepting our own pastor, that human nature is necessarily a sinful nature.

Now, I ask the privilege of presenting to our class this question "If human nature is necessarily a sinful nature, how could Christ take upon himself human nature, and know no sin?" This question was referred to their pastor for an answer. Mr. Packard gave it as his opinion that a "Holy God might make a holy human nature for Christ, and a sinful nature for the rest of the human family." Upon this, one of the class inquired, "Can a holy God make sin?"

These questions troubled both our teacher, Deacon Smith, and their pastor. They could not answer them satisfactorily to themselves or the class; and it was to extricate themselves from this unpleasant dilemma that they at once agreed that this question was the result of a diseased brain, from whence it had emanated, and therefore it was unworthy of their consideration! Thus their reputation for intelligence and ability was placed beyond question, and the infallibility of their creed remained inviolate! And their "*poor afflicted Christian sister*" must be kindly cared for within the massive walls of a prison, lest her diseased brain communicate its contagion to other brains, and then what will become of our creed! for we cannot afford to follow the example of this "Man of God," and sacrifice our wives and mothers to save our creed!

SPARE THE CREED!

Though the mother's heart do bleed,
 Spare! O, spare our trembling creed!
 Though her tender infants cry,
 Though they pine, and droop, and die,
 Though her daily care they need,
 Spare! O, spare our trembling creed!

Force the mother from her home!
 That once pure and peaceful dome;
 Bind her fast with maniacs, where
 None will heed her yearning prayer;
 Let cold bars and bolts and keys
 Fetter mothers such as these!
 Iron manacles we need
 To protect our darling creed.

What are homes or children's claims?
 What a doting mother's aims?
 What were life, love, liberty,
 If our creed imperilled be!
 Nothing in this world we heed,
 Like our dear endangered creed.
 Thus State power august hath wrought
 Fetters for too daring thought!
 Souls thus bold Asylums need,
 To protect our precious creed.

—Mrs. S. N. B. O.

This was the pivot on which my reputation for sanity was suspended; for I could not be made to confess that God made a bad or sinful article when He made human nature; but on the contrary, I claimed that *all* which God made was "good"—that is, was just as He intended it to be; and I furthermore argued, that to be natural was to be just as God had made me to be—that to be unnatural, was to be wrong or sinful. I

claimed that God's work, as He made it, was perfect—it needed no regeneration to make it right—that regeneration was necessary only when we had become unnatural or different from what God had made us.

I willingly acknowledged that our natures in their present state were perverted or depraved, in many instances to a painful degree; but that none are entirely lost to all traces of the divine image. For example, the drunkard is depraved in his appetite for drink, and the regeneration he needs is not a new appetite, but a restoration of it to its natural, original, unperverted state. Then he would have only a natural appetite for food and drink, which is in itself no sin; but the sin consists in his abuse of a natural instinct, not in the natural use of it. So that the natural exercise of our faculties, as God has made them, is not wrong, but only the unnatural or abusive use of them is wrong or sinful.

THE UNLIMITED ATONEMENT.

The professedly orthodox pulpit says, that “God *intended* all mankind for a life of purity, virtue and happiness.” Now I wish to ask if *God's intentions* can be thwarted? If they cannot be thwarted, and God intended all mankind for happiness, will not all men be saved? If God intended it, and does not accomplish it, is He omnipotent? I believe God is omnipotent—that He intends nothing but good—and He will carry out all his intentions. I believe the devil is not omnipotent—that he intends nothing but evil—and he will ultimately fail in all his intentions.

Therefore, God's intention in sending His Son into the world to redeem and save it, cannot be defeated; and when He assures us in His word, that He “would that all men be saved,” I believe that He is sincere, and thereby intends to bring all men ultimately to repentance and faith in Christ. And when

He assures us that "death and hell shall be destroyed," I believe it. And therefore there must ultimately be a time when sin and punishment must cease to be; and as sin and punishment had a beginning, they must have an end. But as God never had a beginning, so will He never have an end, but is destined, ultimately, to be the mighty conqueror and head over all.

GOD'S IMMUTABILITY.

While Deacon Smith was our teacher, I once asked him this question, viz. : "Did God change His purpose towards Nineveh, when he said He would destroy Nineveh and afterward saved it, as Jonah seemed to think He did, and expostulated with him to this effect?"

Deacon Smith replied, "He did not. God never changes His purposes." This I considered as a correct answer; but his attempt to reconcile the two facts, viz. : His attribute of unchangeableness, and His change toward Nineveh, was not satisfactory. He simply remarked, "God was not obliged to explain His plans and operations of government to Jonah's satisfaction." This reason seemed to my mind to reflect a degree of dishonor upon the perfect character of our God. I believe we have a right to inquire, like Jonah, into a knowledge of his ways concerning us, and that we can, and ought, so to interpret His providences as not to reflect dishonor upon His character for justice and veracity, either in word or action; and I believe He is willing thus to manifest Himself to us, and thereby convict us of our unreasonable complaints against His providences toward us. I say this suggestion from Deacon Smith did not satisfy me, but the suggestion of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Dixon did fully satisfy me.

They said, "The Ninevites repented, as a reason why God's actions toward them changed." Here was the key which un-

locked all the mystery. It is *we* that change—not God. He has unchangeably decreed that sin and sinners shall be punished. And He has unchangeably decreed to extend pardon and forgiveness to the repentant sinner. These two eternal purposes are His unchangeable decrees thus to act in all future time. The Ninevites knew it was so, and therefore they resorted to the only possible way they could resort to and be saved. They repented—God's immutable purpose stood unchanged. They were forgiven, and thus saved.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

It is not to cease to be a sinner. "No man liveth and sinneth not." All come short of perfect obedience to God's laws. To be a Christian is to be like Christ—that is, to live in accordance with the laws of our being, both physical and moral and spiritual; but as our knowledge of these laws is limited, we are liable to transgress ignorantly; but the Christian is willing to put on Christ's righteousness, by repenting of his wrongdoing, and thus living like him. By obeying God's laws, he becomes like Christ, and thus puts on his righteousness.

It is one part of my Christianity, as I view it, to obey the laws of health, and thus live a healthy, natural life, believing that is the best foundation on which to build up my spiritual nature. I cannot conceive of a symmetrical spiritual body without a healthy natural body to sustain it, any more than I can expect to build a cupola without a house to rest it upon. "First the natural, then the spiritual," seems to be the order God has established to develop human beings and make them like Christ. The human nature must be sublimated into the divine nature; or in other words, the lower, animal propensities must become only the servants of the higher, spiritual faculties, instead of being their masters as they now are, in their present depraved or unnatural condition.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is God's vicegerent in the soul. To heed the voice of conscience is to heed the voice of God. I never dare to do what I conscientiously believe to be wrong; neither will I be deterred from doing what I conscientiously believe to be right, impossibilities of course excepted, for God never requires of us impossibilities.

I regard my conscience as a safe guide for myself, therefore I allow it so to others; while at the same time I believe it is only safe when it is based upon truth; and to me, the truth must be based upon God's revealed will, as I view it in God's word and works, and is thereby identified with the Bible. But I do not regard my views of truth as a standard for any other human being but myself; therefore I do not feel at liberty to judge any other's conscience than my own. I cheerfully assume the entire responsibility of my own actions, viewed from my own standpoint; but I am not willing to take the responsibility of any other's actions, viewed from their standpoint. We must all stand or fall for ourselves in judgment. Therefore, I claim Freedom of Conscience for all the human family equally with myself.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

The following article was prepared for the class, but was refused a hearing lest it be found to favor Spiritualism:

I differ from Deacon Merrick in the opinion that those spiritual gifts mentioned in the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians—viz.: "the gifts of healing, working of miracles, prophesying, discerning of spirits, interpretation of tongues, the word of wisdom, and the word of knowledge," etc., were confined to the apostolic age. But it is my opinion that they are the legitimate fruits of pure Christianity, and attendant upon

it to the end of time. Christ says, "these signs shall follow them that believe." Faith is evidently the stock on which these gifts are grafted, and I believe this is a kind of faith which it is our duty to cultivate and exercise to the same degree that the apostles did. And my reasons for this belief are supported by facts and revelation, as I view it.

FIRST.—The Bible supports this opinion. Christ instructed us to exercise a kind of faith, which he compares in power to that of "removing mountains," and also, "if ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed ye might say to this sycamore tree, be thou plucked up by the roots, and be thou cast into the sea and it shall obey you." Now these illustrations evidently seem to teach that in the exercise of this faith we may expect effects to be produced beyond what our reason alone would justify us in expecting. Again, in James it is said "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." And again, "all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Now will it be uncharitable in me to suggest that the failure of the orthodox churches of the present day may be like unto the faith of the woman who was told she could have whatever she asked for, *believing* she should have it. Shortly after she wanted something very much, and so prayed for it to get it but it did not come. Chagrined at her failure, she remarked indignantly, "I knew it would not come when I asked for it!" Now, may not Christians ask like this woman, *disbelieving*, instead of believing they shall have them?

SECOND.—The proof of facts that this faith was not confined to the apostles—first, the Bible fact. James directs the churches to call for the elders of the church "to come and anoint the sick man with oil, and to pray over him, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." These elders who had this power were not the apostles. And Joel prophesies of the last day, "your sons and daughters shall prophesy." From this it seems there is to be a time in the future when pure, simple Christianit

like that which the apostles taught, is to prevail again upon the earth, and then these gifts are to follow as the fruits of this simple faith; thus showing that this faith was not to be confined to the apostles, but was intended to be the natural heritage of the church whenever she became pure enough to produce this vigorous growth of faith required to ensure these manifestations. This faith was taught by Christ and exemplified by himself and the apostles.

Again, all the Christian fathers, certainly down to the end of the third century, affirm the continuation of these gifts; and they maintain their assertion by well authenticated facts in church history. But in succeeding ages, when the mass of Christians had become corrupted by worldly materialism and carnal-mindedness, these gifts became more and more rarely manifested, and were mostly confined to the humble few who adhered more tenaciously to the primitive faith and practice. Yet instances have occurred among some distinguished teachers of Christianity. So late as the year 1821 Rev. Prince Ashenlohe, of Wurtenberg, Germany, a distinguished divine, after preaching to immense crowds, commenced to perform miracles. To the astonishment of the populace, he made the blind see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the paralytics to be cured; and in a short time no less than thirty-six persons were restored to health, from a state of hopeless infirmity. This he did by his prayers and a firm confidence in God's power.

Another fact nearer home. About twenty years since I heard of a woman in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, who exhibited the power of discerning spirits, by telling at first sight the true character of entire strangers, as correctly as if she had always known them. But to come still nearer home. Have we not seen those who could instinctively read persons at first sight? and others who have a kind of prevision of what is

about to take place, and they even act upon it with a kind of certainty that it would take place, for their experience had assured them that it could be relied upon as prophetic.

I once heard of a physician who had this foresight to such a degree as enabled him, in many instances, to save life, by acting in accordance with it. For instance, he once, while riding home, felt an impression that he was needed in a certain street, and following the impression, he went directly there, and found a man who had just been thrown from his horse, and in such a situation that unless surgical help were immediately applied, he must have died. And many times he had left his bed at midnight to visit his patients, guided only by these impressions, and thus saved the lives of many of his patients.

This kind of discernment is a gift higher than reason; and may it not be possible that they are of the nature of these spiritual gifts, and are but the incipient developments of a law of our spiritual nature as yet undeveloped, on which these gifts are founded, which is to be the fulfillment of Joel's prophecy?

OBJECTION FIRST.—Mrs. Dixon objected that since the power of working miracles is included among these gifts, she concluded they must be confined to the apostolic age, since the day of miracles is past. I reply, if the term miracle must mean only a suspension of a law of nature, or contrary to nature, I think with her, that the day is past for such manifestations. But, if it may bear the interpretation which men of talent and ability put upon it—viz: that a miracle signifies, and implies a supernatural power, meaning a power acting in harmony with a higher than natural law, I think they may, and still do continue. The law by which these supernatural events take place is unknown to us, and may be beyond our present ability to comprehend. For example, had we never seen or known that a caterpillar could be changed into a butterfly, we should call

of a miracle. The facts occurring daily on the telegraphic wires would have been considered miracles to past generations. So of eclipses, which were regarded as miracles, until the law of eclipses was discovered. And I think it will continue to be a fact, that supernatural events will continue to take place, because they are the result of laws on a plane of which we are as yet ignorant. I believe these spiritual gifts are all controlled by established laws of our spiritual existence, of which we are at present comparatively ignorant. I fully believe God never acts except in harmony with established laws, and is never compelled to break these laws to bring about his purposes.

OBJECTION SECOND.—Deacon Merrick objected, that if this was the true view, all who believe must have this power; and since none do have it as he thought, therefore there can be no true Christianity in the church.

I reply, that I do not think this a legitimate conclusion—that because all do not have this power, therefore none do. Would Deacon Merrick say that because all the blossoms of the apple-tree do not perfect into perfect, sound, ripe apples, therefore none do; or that there are no apples at all? Or would he rather say, that each blossom has in it the germ of the mature, sound apple, which will naturally be developed into fruit, unless some accident occurs to prevent it? So all who have any degree of saving faith, have that in them which will ultimately perfect into this vigorous faith, and bring forth some of these perfected fruits or spiritual gifts. This faith is the natural outgrowth of human nature—that is, it has that universal principle of human nature, viz: trust or confidence, for its foundation to rest upon. We can no more get faith without this principle of human nature to build it upon, than we can get apples without soil to support the tree; and no more is the soil a sinful article because it is natural, than is human nature sinful because it is natural. Both the nature, and the precious

germinated spiritual fruits upon it, are part of God's well done work, and therefore are both equally good in their places. But for lack of proper cultivation this kind of fruit is rarely brought to perfection in this life.

Another illustration. I once heard the Rev. Joseph Cooper a Congregational minister, of Salem, Iowa, relate the following fact, which took place when he served on board a vessel on the coast of Norway. His captain found himself utterly unable to navigate the ship through a very dangerous channel between an island and the main land. A pilot on board seeing the very dangerous condition they were in, volunteered his services to the captain, assuring him he could take the ship safely through. The captain accepted the offer, although not without some misgivings as to the ability of this stranger pilot. But confident he could not guide it himself, he felt compelled to accept the offer. Consequently he resigned his ship entirely to this pilot's control, and directed his men to follow all the new pilot's directions.

The pilot accepted his charge, and commenced by reversing all the captain's orders, and headed the ship towards the breakers on shore. This aroused the captain's fears. Still he could do nothing but submit. But very soon his fears became much aroused, in view of their approach towards the breakers, that he ventured to tell his pilot that they were going into the breakers. "I know it!" was his only reply, and still approached the breakers. The captain expostulated with him three times, and each time received the same answer, "I know it!" For a time the captain paced the deck in agony, wringing his hands, until at length becoming desperate, he determined to take the ship into his own hands, confident that his professed pilot was unworthy of confidence, and was just in the act of doing so, when, behold! the pilot turned the ship about, and soon brought it out of all danger.

He afterwards found that the pilot had turned the ship just the point, and the only point, where it could be done without being wrecked, for there was a narrow channel of rocks beneath, which the pilot knew how to follow ; but the least deviation from that course would have been destruction to the ship, and an attempt to turn before the right point was reached would have been not only impossible, but certain destruction.

Now this captain had only just faith enough in his pilot to save him. He did not have that degree of faith needed to raise him entirely above his fears, in view of dangers so apparent to his reason. This degree of faith demanded the exercise of even a higher faculty than his reason, for it apparently conflicted with reason. But gospel faith, in its highest exercise, never conflicts with reason, although it sometimes transcends reason. But the different gradations of faith, from the mere saving faith to that all-conquering faith, which allays all anxiety and solicitude, under the most adverse circumstances, depends upon the different organizations and surroundings which determine its development and growth. And all these manifold variations and gradations are ultimately to coalesce into that sound and vigorous faith which Christ inculcated, and is the stock upon which all these spiritual gifts determine into natural fruit.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

The following are some of the questions I proposed to the class for discussion, some of which were allowed to be discussed, and many were not :

1. Do true Christians ever die with unrepented sins upon them?
2. Does death, which is merely a natural law of the body,

germinate the spirit; or does the extinction of merely animal life produce any change in our spiritual life?

3. Is it not the spirit that repents?

4. Why then cannot the spirit repent when disconnected from the body?

5. Does the truth ever change?

6. Can people have a difference of opinion on the same subject, and yet all be correct?

7. What causes this diversity of belief?

8. Will all equally good people see the truth in just the same light?

9. How ought we to treat those who we think teach error?

10. Should we accede to the errorist the same right of opinion we do the advocates of truth?

11. Are we to expect new moral truths to be developed at the present day, since the canon of scripture is complete?

12. Does progress in knowledge necessarily imply a change of views?

13. Is not the platform of common sense the platform for a common religion to stand upon?

14. Are bigotry and intolerance confined to any one church or is this "Great Beast" found in all churches?

15. Can there be "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," without a mutual yielding of sectarian views among all denominations of Christians?

16. Have we any reason to expect that a Christian farmer, as a Christian, will be any more successful in his farming operations than an impenitent sinner? or, in other words, does the motive with which we prosecute our secular business, have anything to do with the pecuniary results? And if not, how is godliness profitable?

If any of my readers would like to see my answer to the sixteenth question, I could refer them to my second volume

here they will find it in connection with a full account of my jury trial before Judge Starr, of Kankakee city, where my sanity was vindicated; and my persecution is there demonstrated to be the triumph of bigotry over the republican principles of free religious toleration.

This trial was not allowed me until after an imprisonment of three years, when, by the decision of the court, it was found that I had not been insane, and thereby had been falsely imprisoned all this time. The way in which my incarceration was secured will be found in the following narrative of facts.

The First Volume delineates the facts of this Persecution from the time I was kidnapped—through the period of my incarceration—until I was returned an involuntary victim into the hands of my husband, with the prospect of being again imprisoned for life in an Asylum in Massachusetts.

It may be a satisfaction to the readers of this volume to know, that the facts herein stated have been authenticated and corroborated by the Illinois Investigating Committee, appointed by the Legislature of 1867, to investigate and report the result to the Governor; which they did on the 2d of December following. In this Report, the writer, with others, were acknowledged as competent witnesses in the following language, viz. :

“The Committee have entire confidence in the belief, that these witnesses had a clear understanding, and comprehended, when examined, the obligations of the oath administered to them; and in an unusually intelligent manner testified to matters within their recollection, and were prudent and entirely honest, and testified to facts as they believed them to exist. Neither of them exhibited any appearance of a disordered intellect, moral obliquity, or defective memory; and,

therefore, to reject their testimony, appeared to the Committee as calculated to defeat an investigation after the truth and possibly subvert the ends of public justice."

The object of the First Volume is to delineate the internal management of Insane Asylums on their present basis, for the purpose of educating the public mind into the imperative necessity of a radical change in the treatment of the insane. And this effort is to be followed by an appeal to the State Legislatures for laws to meet and remedy the evils herein portrayed.

The Second Volume continues this narrative of events, by detailing my imprisonment at my own house—my escape by the application of the Habeas Corpus—my loss of home, property and children—my attempts to defend my own rights—the success of my struggle in getting the laws of those States so changed that the personal liberty, property and children of married women are now protected by law in Massachusetts, Illinois and Iowa—the nine years work of getting my children—the re-united family—bringing the narrative down to the present time, when the family are again dispersed, leaving me free to prosecute the work of securing such laws in all the States as will protect the inmates of Insane Asylums, and Married Women from the abuse of autocratic power.

This entire narrative affords a striking illustration of the legal disabilities of the insane and married women, both of which are caused by the legalized use of an autocratic power. They therefore both require the same remedy, which is legislation—such as will hold the Husband and Superintendent both amenable to the laws of this Republic in the exercise of their legal power over the wife and the insane patient.

Let the Government but remove this legalized usurpation of human rights, and the great cause of Modern Persecution, as delineated in the subsequent narrative, will be effectually removed.

MODERN PERSECUTION.

CHAPTER I.

The Bible-Class.

I am a native of Massachusetts, the only daughter of an orthodox clergyman of the congregational denomination, and the wife of a congregational clergyman, who was preaching to a Presbyterian church in Manteno, Kankakee County, Illinois, at the time my legal prosecution commenced. At this time my husband's name became enrolled among the Chicago Presbyterians as a Presbyterian clergyman.

My maiden name was Elizabeth Parsons Ware, born December 28, 1816, at Ware, Hampshire County, Massachusetts. My husband, Rev. Theophilus Packard, born February 1, 1802, at Shelburne, Franklin County, Massachusetts. We were married May 21, 1839.

At the time I was kidnapped I had lived with my husband twenty-one years. We had six children, five of whom were boys, and one girl. Our oldest child, Theophilus, was at this time eighteen years of age, and our youngest, Arthur, an infant of eighteen months. All of the children, except the oldest, were living at home at the time their mother was kidnapped.

I have been educated a Calvinist after the strictest sect; but as my reasoning faculties have been developed by a thorough scientific education, I have been led, by the simple exercise of my own reason and common sense, to endorse theological views in conflict with my educated belief and the creed of the church with which I am connected.

In short, from my present standpoint, I cannot but believe

that the doctrine of total depravity conflicts with the dictates of reason, common sense and the Bible. And the only offense my persecutors claim I have committed, is, that I have dared to be true to these my honest convictions, and to give utterance to these views in a Bible-class in Manteno, Kankakee County, Illinois.

But their popular endorsement by this class, and the community generally, led my husband and his calvinistic church to fear lest their church creed might suffer serious detriment by this license of private judgment and free inquiry; and as these liberal views emanated from his own family, and he, declining to meet me upon the open arena of argument and free discussion, chose rather to use the marital power which the common law of marriage licenses him to use over my identity, and under a very unjust statute law in Illinois, then in force he got me imprisoned in Jacksonville Insane Asylum without evidence of insanity and without any trial, hoping, as he told me, that by this means he could destroy my moral influence and thereby defend the cause of Christ as he felt bound to do.

About four months previous to my incarceration for religious belief, I received a most cordial invitation from Deacon Dole, the teacher of this Bible-class, that I join his class and present my views for their consideration; for, said he:

“I find it impossible to awaken any interest in the study of the Bible; and since you, Sister Packard, have some views a little different from our own, I wish you would bring them forward, and see if we can't get up an interest in our class.”

As Mr. Packard was present, I referred this request to him for a reply, and he remarked, “I think you had better go, wife, and see if you can help him—I will take care of the babe during the intermission, so you can be free to go.”

I accordingly consented, and the next Sabbath I was found among his pupils, who then numbered only six men in all. I

I had not the least suspicion of danger or harm arising in any way, either to myself or others, from thus complying with his wishes, and thus uttering some of my honestly cherished opinions. I regarded the principle of religious toleration as the vital principle on which our government was based, and I, in my ignorance, supposed this right was protected to all American citizens, even to the wives of clergymen. But, alas! my own sad experience has taught me the danger of believing a lie on so vital a question.

Mr. Dole allowed his pupils to be regarded as mutual teachers, so that all were allowed to ask questions and offer suggestions. Availing myself of this license, others were encouraged to follow my example, so that our class soon became the place of animating discussions, and as our tolerant teacher allowed both sides of a question to be discussed I found it became to me a great source of pleasure and profit. Indeed, I never can recollect a time when my mind grew into a knowledge of religious truths faster, than under the influence of these free and animated discussions.

The effect of these debates was felt throughout the whole community, so that our class of seven soon increased to forty-six, including the most influential members of the community.

About this time a latent suspicion seemed to be aroused, lest the church creed be endangered by this license of free inquiry and fair discussion; and a meeting of some of the leading church members was called, wherein this Bible-class was represented as being a dangerous influence, involving the exposure of the creed to the charge of fallibility.

To prevent this, it was agreed that the tolerant Deacon Dole must be exchanged for the intolerant Deacon Smith, in order that free discussion might be effectually put down. And Deacon Smith suggested, that the way to put down free discussion was, to *put down Mrs. Packard!*

This he engaged to do, in case they would install him a teacher. This being done, the battle commenced, and I found our license had expired with our kind teacher's resignation. Ignorant as I was of this conspiracy against the right of private opinions, I continued to use this God-given right, as my judgment and conscience dictated, until I found, by open opposition, that it was the express object of the change, to abolish all expression of any views which did not harmonize with the Presbyterian Church creed. I knew and felt that was their determination to fetter me, and bring me into unquestioning acknowledgment of their doctrines, as the sum total of all important truths.

Of course I could not do this, and be honest to myself; but from this point, I had the precaution to put into a written form, every idea I uttered in conflict with what Deacon Smith thought orthodox views, so as to avoid being misrepresented; and I almost uniformly read these papers to Mr. Packard, before presenting them to the class, and secured from him his consent to my reading them.

This digested form of presenting my ideas, tended to increase rather than diminish the interest in favor of my new views, so that finally after Mr. Packard had given his consent to my reading my articles, Mr. Smith would refuse to have them read.

Up to this point, Mr. Packard acted the man, and the Christian, in his treatment of me. But now came the fatal crisis when evil influences overcame him!

One afternoon Deacon Smith visited him in his study, and held a secret interview with him of two hours length, when he left him a different man. That evening just before retiring to rest, he remarked in a very pleasant tone:

“Wife, I want to talk with you a little while, come here!”

I went into his extended arms, and sat upon his lap, and

encircled his neck with my arm, when he remarked in a very mild tone of voice :

“ Now, wife, hadn’ t you better give up these Bible-class discussions ? Deacon Smith thinks you had better, and so do some others, and I think you had better too.”

“ Husband, I should be very glad to get rid of the responsibility if I can do so honorably, but I do not like to yield a natural right to the dictation of bigotry and intolerance, as Deacon Smith demands ; but I am willing to say to the class that as Deacon Smith, and Mr. Packard, and others, have expressed a wish that I withdraw my discussions from the class, I do so, at their request, not from any desire to shrink from investigation on my part, but for the sake of peace, as they view it.”

“ No, wife, that won’ t do—you must resign yourself.”

“ Won’ t that be resigning, and that too on a truthful basis ?”

“ No, you must tell them it is your choice to give them up.”

“ But, dear, it is not my choice !”

“ But you can make it so, under the circumstances.”

“ Yes, I can make it so, by stating the truth ; but I can’ t by telling a lie.”

“ Well, you must do it !”

“ O husband ! how can you yield to such an evil influence ? Only think ! Here you have pledged before God and man that you will be my protector, until death part us, and now you are tempted to become my persecutor ! Do be a man, and go to the class, in defiance of Deacon Smith, and say to the class :

“ My wife has just as good a right to her opinions as you have to yours, and I shall protect her in that right. You need not believe her opinions unless you choose ; but she has a right to defend her honest opinions as well as yourselves. I shall not suffer her to be molested in this right.

“ Then you will be a man—a protector of your wife—and you

will deserve honor, and you will have it. But if you become my persecutor and go against me, as Deacon Smith desires, you will deserve dishonor, and you will surely get it. Don't fall into this fatal snare, which the evil one has surely laid for you."

He construed my earnestness into anger, and thrust me from him, determining to risk this result at all hazards.

From that fatal time, all good influences seemed to have forsaken him, and he left to pursue his downward way, with no power to resist evil or flee from the tempter. Reason, conscience, judgment, prudence, consistency and affection, all, all directly sunk into the fatal sleep of stupidity or death.

From that point, I have never had a protector in my husband. He has only been my persecutor! In a few weeks from that time, he forcibly entombed me within the massive walls of Jacksonville Asylum prison, to rise no more, if he could prevent it. He told me he did this, to give the impression that I was insane, so that my opinions need not be believed, for, said he, "I must protect the cause of Christ!"

CHAPTER II.

Evil Forebodings.

About three weeks before my incarceration, Mr. Packard came to my room and made me a proposition for withdrawing from the class. Said he :

“ Wife, wouldn't you like to visit your brother in Batavia ? ”

“ I should like it very well, if it is not running from my post of duty. ”

“ You have not only a perfect right to go, but I think it is your duty to go and get recruited. ”

“ Very well, then, I will go with the greatest pleasure. But how long do you think I had better make my visit ? ”

“ Three months. ”

“ Three months ! Can you get along without me three months ? and what will the children do for their summer clothes without me to make them ? ”

“ I will see to that matter ; you must stay three months, or not go at all. ”

“ Well, I am sure I can stand it to rest that length of time, if you can stand it without my services. So I will go. But I must take my baby and daughter with me, as they have not fully recovered from their influenzas, and I should not dare to trust them away from me. ”

“ Yes, you may take them. ”

“ I will then prepare myself and them to go just as soon as you see fit to send us. Another thing, husband. I shall want ten dollars of my patrimoney money to take with me for spending money. ”

“That you can’t have.”

“Why not? I shall need as much as that, to be absent three months with two sick children. I may need to call a doctor to them; and besides, my brother is poor, and I am rich, comparatively, and I might need some extra food, such as a beefsteak, or something of the kind, and I should not like to ask him for it. And besides, I have your written promise that I may have my own money whenever I want it, and I do want ten dollars of it now; and I think it is no unreasonable amount to take with me.”

“I don’t think it is best to let you have any. I shan’t trust you with money.”

“Shan’t trust me with money! Why not? Have I ever abused this trust? Do not I always give you an exact account of every cent I spend? And I will this time do so; and besides, if you cannot trust me, I will put it into brother’s hands as soon as I get there, and not spend a cent but by his permission.”

“No, I shall not consent to that.”

“One thing more I will suggest. You know the Batavia people owe you twelve dollars for preaching one Sabbath, and you can’t get your pay. Now, supposing brother ‘duns’ and gets it, may I use this money if I should chance to need it in an emergency? and if I should not need any, I won’t use a cent of it. Or, I will write home to you and ask permission of you before spending a dollar of it.”

“No, you shall neither have any money, nor have the control of any, for I can’t trust you with any.”

“Well, husband, if I can’t be trusted with ten dollars of my own money under these circumstances, I should not think I was capable of being trusted with two sick children three months away from home, wholly dependent on a poor brother’s charities. Indeed I had rather stay at home and not go at all, than go under such circumstances.”

“You shall not go at all!” replied he, in a most excited, angry tone of voice. “You shall go into an asylum.”

“Why, husband, I did not suspect *such* an alternative. I had rather go to him penniless and clotheless even, than go into an asylum!”

“You have lost your last chance. You *shall* go into an asylum!”

Knowing the inflexibility of purpose which characterized my husband, I knew there was no refuge for me in an appeal to his humanity, his reason or his affection, for a commutation of my sentence. I therefore laid my case before our kind neighbor, Mr. Comstock, who professed to be a kind of lawyer, and sought his counsel and advice.

Said he: “Mrs. Packard, you have nothing to fear. It is impossible for your husband to get you into any insane asylum; for before he can do this, you must have a jury trial; and I can assure you there is no jury in the country who would pronounce you to be an insane person, for you give every evidence of intelligence that any person can give.”

As this Mr. Comstock had been a constant attendant at our Bible-class for some time past, and had thereby heard and seen all the evidence which could be brought against me; and as he professed to understand the law on this point, this unqualified and positive assertion served to quiet my fears and anxious forebodings to a considerable degree. But had Mr. Comstock known the law as it then was, he could not have made this assertion. He probably took it for granted that the common principles of justice characterized the Illinois statute laws, viz: that all its citizens should be allowed a trial *before* imprisonment; but being mistaken on this point, he blindly led me astray from the truth.

Had I known what Mr. Packard knew, of the legal power which the law gave the husband to control the identity of the wife, I should not have been thus deceived. I did not then

know what I now do, that married women and infants were excepted in the application of this principle of common justice. This class were not only allowed to be imprisoned by their husbands or guardians without any trial, or without any chance at self-defence whatever, but were also expressly licensed to imprison them in an insane asylum *without* evidence of insanity!

Not knowing that Illinois had legalized this mode of kidnapping the married women of their State, I had no idea that my personal liberty depended entirely upon the will or wishes of my husband.

I therefore returned home with a feeling of comparative security, trusting and supposing that upon the principles of our free government of religious toleration, my rights of conscience, and rights of opinion were respected and protected by law, in common with those of other American citizens.

Still, believing that a most strenuous effort would be made to fasten the stigma of insanity upon me, by my opponents in religious belief, I now began to consider what my plea of self-defence must be when arraigned for trial on insanity, based upon what they regarded as heresy.

But while my mind was cogitating my plea, and my hands were busily employed in my domestic duties, I could not help noticing many singular manifestations in Mr. Packard's conduct towards me.

One was from the time my sentence was pronounced, Mr. Packard left my bed without giving me any reason for this singular act, and he seemed peculiarly determined to evade all, and every inquiry into his reasons for so doing. Still I insisted upon knowing whether it was because of anything I had done which led him thus to forsake me.

He assured me it was not—adding:

“ You have always been kind, and true and faithful to me.”

While this truthful acknowledgment afforded a kind of relief to my feelings, it only served to increase the mystery of the affair still more, and even to this day this mystery has never been solved in my mind. The only reason he ever gave me was, "I think it is best!"

Another thing, he removed my medicine box containing our family herbs and cordials, from my nursery into his sleeping apartment, and when I found it necessary one night to give my little Georgie some lobelia to relieve him from spasmodic croup, I was obliged to seek for it, and finding it under his bed instead of its accustomed place, I inquired why he had made that arrangement, and received the same mysterious reply, "I think it is best!"

Another thing, he seemed unaccountably considerate of my health, insisting upon it that I should have a hired girl to help me. This arrangement surprised me, all the more, because I had so often been refused this favor, when I had asked for it at times when I thought I needed it within a few past years.

I however found it very easy and pleasant to concur with this arrangement, which afforded me more uninterrupted time and thought to devote to my plea.

But there was one thing about it which I did not like, and that was, to dismiss my girl, just when I had got her well learned how to do my work, without giving any reason whatever, either to me or my girl, for this strange conduct. But I afterwards found out the reason for dismissing her was, because she had remarked to a neighbor of ours that:

"I can't see what Mr. Packard does mean by calling his wife insane; for she is the kindest and best woman I ever saw. I never worked for so kind a mistress."

But his summary manner of disposing of my good, kind, faithful French Catholic girl, and supplying her place with one of his own church members, an opponent to me in argument,

and she the eldest daughter of the most aristocratic family in the place, was very peculiar.

This aristocratic Miss Sarah Rumsey, was introduced into my family as a dinner guest, on whom I bestowed all the attention of the hostess until after dinner, when my girl came to the parlor to bid me "good bye," saying with tears :

"Mr. Packard has dismissed me."

"Dismissed you! For what?"

"I don't know—he simply told me to get my things and leave, that my services were no longer wanted in his family."

While I was trying to comfort her under this uncivil discharge, Miss Rumsey stepped up and volunteered her services as "my help."

"My help! have you come here to be my hired girl?" said I, in amazement.

"Yes, I am willing to help you."

"But I wish to understand you—has Mr. Packard secured your services as my hired servant?"

"Yes, Mrs. Packard, I have come for that purpose."

"Very well, then, I will set you to work, and you may look to him for your wages."

She then followed me into the kitchen, where I gave her my instructions, and then I retired to my parlor, leaving her to take her first lesson in practical service in her beloved pastor's kitchen.

During her term of service, which lasted until I was kidnapped, about one week from this time, I frequently caught Mr. Packard and Miss Rumsey and Mrs. Sybil Dole, his sister, in most earnest conversation, which was always carried on in a whisper whenever I was within hearing distance, and my presence seemed always to evoke manifestations of guilt on their part. I think the theme of conversation at these clandestine interviews was, my abduction and how it should be secured.

My children now became almost my only companions and

counselors. The three youngest slept with me, so that I had their company both night as well as day. I expressed to them my fears that I might yet be forced away from them, always assuring them that no power but force should separate me from them.

They always responded "they will have to break my arms to get them loose from their grasp upon you, Mother, if they try to steal our dear mamma from us!"

Fidelity to the truth requires me to state, however, that Mr. Packard did succeed in gaining a temporary influence over the mind of my son, Samuel, of thirteen years, so far as to induce him to go against me—taking his own confession as proof—for his conduct towards me, and mine towards him, remained unchanged. At this age, his impulses rather than his reason controlled his actions. He was a very impulsive, and still a very affectionate child, of a very nervous and excitable temperament. The heart of this dear child, at this age, was at times the chosen battlefield for severe contests between the extremes of good and evil influences. Thus was he sadly exposed to become victimized by the great psychological power of his father.

Three times during the last few weeks preceding my kidnapping were my slumbers disturbed, by this darling child coming in his night-clothes to my bedside, about midnight, and, while pressing his tearful cheek against my own, with his arms encircling my neck, amid his sobbing and tears, would whisper in the softest tones:

"Mother, won't you forgive me? I have been doing wrong—I have been telling lies about you—and I can't sleep till you forgive me."

"Why did you do so, my child?"

"Because father hired me to say so—and he said it was not wrong—but when I think of it alone, I know it is wrong—and I can't sleep until you kiss me, and say you forgive me."

"Yes, darling, mother will forgive you, most cheerfully, for

I see you are sorry, and are willing to promise me you won't do so any more, are you not?"

"Yes, mother, I will promise I won't do so any more."

"Now, darling, dry up your tears—and quiet your little feelings—and go to sleep, with mother's blessing."

With a light heart would he then imprint his good-night kiss upon my cheek, and with an elastic step would he grope his way back up stairs to his bed-chamber to sleep the calm, quiet sleep of the penitent child, now that his conscience was relieved of its heavy burden.

When he came the third time, I asked him why he had broken his promise again.

He replied, "father paid me more money to-day; and made me think it was not wrong to do as he told me to do."

"What did he tell you to do?"

"To tell lies about you, mother."

The mother is thankful that the truth will allow her to add, that, as the moral faculties of Samuel developed his individuality of character, the good influences secured an almost undisputed possession of the citadel of his fond heart, and he has long since become the noble champion of his mother's cause.

But the filial influence Mr. Packard most feared to cope with, was my second son, Isaac, then sixteen years old. My oldest son, Theophilus, was then at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Isaac communicated to Theophilus the dangers he feared impending over his mother. Theophilus responded, pledging himself that should his dear mother ever be put into an Insane Asylum, he should never rest until he had liberated her. Isaac agreed to this same pledge of untiring devotion to his dear mother's welfare.

During these ominous days of solicitude and painful forebodings, this tender hearted and devoted son would never leave for his work in Mr. Comstock's store, without first coming to my room, and, as he would imprint a most loving kiss upon my lips, he would whisper :

“Don’t feel bad, mother! keep up good courage—I shall do all I can for you.”

And he did do all he could to stem the rising current, by rallying influences in my defence. Quite a number of volunteers gave him their pledge that his mother never should leave that depot for an Insane Asylum; but unfortunately, his father became acquainted with this fact, and to prevent any co-operation with his mother in the execution of any of his plans for my deliverance, he issued his mandate that Isaac should not speak to his mother for one week.

Not knowing that such an injunction had been laid upon him, I accosted him from my window on his return from his store, and as usual, inquired after his health. He had been my patient for some weeks past, having spit blood several times during this time, and of course I felt a deep solicitude for his health; and now when he answered me only by the pressure of his fore-finger upon his closed lips, and a significant shake of his head, I became alarmed, and anxiously inquired:

“Can’t you speak?”

A shake of the head was his only response.

I rushed to the door to meet him, to ascertain what had happened, where we met my only darling daughter of ten years, whom we all called “Sister,” to whom he said:

“Sister, I want you should tell mother that father has forbid my speaking to her for one week, and that is the reason I can’t answer her questions.”

“But how is your breast, my son?”

“Sister, I want you should tell mother it is worse; I have spit more blood to-day.

In this manner, with my daughter for our medium, I administered to his physical wants and spiritual comfort for one week, which term expired one day before my abduction. During this time he never failed to come to my room or to the window, before leaving, to bestow upon my lips his loving kiss of silent, undying affection.

A few days previous to my seizure, Mrs. Dole and Mr. Packard tried to prevail upon me to let her take my darling babe home with her for a few days, to rest me from my night watches with my sick children, to which I foolishly consented, supposing this offer was only dictated by affection and sympathy for me. I soon became impatient for my babe, and Mr. Packard allowed me to go to Mr. Dole's with him to see Arthur, but would not allow me to bring him home with me. They must keep him a day or two longer! I must consent to take a few more nights of good sound sleep before I could embrace my darling babe once more!

Alas! this was the final parting with my precious darling infant, weaned from the breast but three months before.

His little arms could hardly be unclasped from my neck, to which he seemed to cling instinctively; with the tenderest affection he would press his soft cheek against mine, and say:

“Dear mamma! Dear mamma!”

These were the only words he could articulate. O! little did I suspect this was a treacherous act of false affection, to steal from me my darling babe.

But so it proved to be!

This was Saturday. On Sabbath they stole from me my only daughter, by a similar act of nypocrisy. After meeting Sabbath evening, the Rumsey carriage called at our door and claimed the privilege of taking my daughter home with them to visit her intimate friend and school-mate, the youngest Rumsey. They plead that her health needed a change, and she could come home any day I chose; and in answer to my inquiry:

“Has this anything to do with my being taken off?”

They all with united voices, insisted that it had not, adding:

“This is not our most distant thought.”

I at length reluctantly consented to her going, and we too,

parted for the last time before my abduction, little suspecting it to be so. But as we were embracing each other for the last time, she whispered in my ear:

“Mother, if there are any signs of taking you away, you will let me know, won't you?”

“Certainly I will, my daughter, you may rely upon your mother's promise in this thing. So set your heart at rest, and enjoy yourself as best you can.”

And we parted!

That night I had no one to caress but my darling Georgie, of seven years, who was now nearly recovered from his lung fever. But from some unknown cause, sleep was not easily courted that night. Usually my sleep was sound, quiet and refreshing. Sleepless, wakeful nights were unknown to me. But now some evil forebodings assured me all was not right.

About midnight I arose and silently sought Mr. Packard's room, to see if I could make any discoveries as to the aspect of things. Here instead of being in his bed, I found him noiselessly searching through all my trunks and bandboxes. What could this mean? Without his observing me, I went back to my bed, there to consider this question.

Before morning my suspicions assumed a tangible form. I summoned Isaac early to my bedside, to tell him I was sure arrangements were being made to carry me off somewhere, and therefore I wished him without delay to go and get “Sister” home, as I promised to send for her in case of any appearances of this kind.

He replied, “Mother, I will do so; but I must first go of an errand on to the prairie for Mr. Comstock, and then I will return to the house and take you to ride with me to Mr. Runsey's and get Sister.”

“Yes, that will do: we will go by brother Dole's too, and get my baby. I will be all ready when you return, to go with you.”

“One thing more, my son, I may need your assistance in preserving my Bible-class papers. Last night I put them into a small box, and hid them in the wardrobe of my room, where they now are. Now, my son, these papers may be your mother’s only means of self-defence, and unless we can evade Mr. Packard’s search, he may deprive your mother of this last and only means of vindicating her sanity. If, my son, I am ever kidnapped and you cannot defend me, be sure that you protect these papers, for they are next to defending me, so far as my reputation for sanity is concerned. I intend to-day to put a pocket into my underskirt and carry them about my person.”

“I will certainly regard your request and protect your papers.”

Saying this, he kissed me and left, reassuring me he would soon be back and take me to ride to Mr. Rumsey’s.

This was our parting!

Little George, ever ready to serve me, ran out into the dewy grass and picked a saucer of ripe strawberries and brought them to my room, saying as he handed them to me:

“I have picked some strawberries for your breakfast, mother;” and he had hardly time to receive his mother’s thanks, when his father called him out to the door, and with extended hand said:

“Come, George, won’t you go with father to the store and get some sugar-plums?”

Glad as any boy of his age to get sugar-plums, he, of course, readily went with his father to get his plums, and also to get a ride too with his brother off on the prairie!

This was our parting scene!

Thus had my children been abducted, to prepare the way for the mother’s abduction. And now the fatal hour had come that I must be transported into my living tomb.

CHAPTER III.

My Abduction.

Early on the morning of the 18th of June, 1860, as I arose from my bed, preparing to take my morning bath, I saw my husband approaching my door with our two physicians, both members of his church and our Bible-class—and a stranger gentleman, Sheriff Burgess.

Fearing exposure, I hastily locked my door, and proceeded with the greatest despatch to dress myself. But before I had hardly commenced, my husband forced an entrance into my room through the window with an axe! And I, for shelter and protection against an exposure in a state of entire nudity, sprang into bed, just in time to receive my unexpected guests.

The trio approached my bed, and each doctor felt my pulse, and without asking a single question both pronounced me insane! Of course, my pulse was bounding at the time from excessive fright; and I ask, what lady of refinement and fine and tender sensibilities would not have a quickened pulse by such an untimely, unexpected, unmanly, and even outrageous entrance into her private sleeping room? I say it would be impossible for any woman, unless she was either insane or insensible to her surroundings, not to be agitated under such circumstances.

This was the only medical examination I had. This was the only trial of any kind I was allowed to have, to prove the charge of insanity brought against me by my husband to be a false charge. I had no chance for self-defence whatever.

My husband then informed me that the “forms of law” were all complied with, and he now wished me to dress for a ride to Jacksonville insane asylum!

I then asked the privilege of having my room vacated so that I might bathe myself, as usual, before dressing; intending to then secure about my person, secretly, my Bible-class documents, as all I had said in defence of my opinions was in writing, lest I be misrepresented. I therefore regarded these documents as my only means of defence, and had resorted to this innocent stratagem to secure them; that is, I did not tell Mr. Packard that I had any other reason for being left alone in my room than the one I gave him.

But he refused me this request, saying:

“I do not think it is best to leave you alone in your room.”

He doubtless had the same documents in view, intending thus to keep me from getting them, for he ordered Miss Rumsey to be my lady's maid, as a spy upon my actions. I dared not attempt to get them with her eye upon me lest she take them from me, or report me to Mr. Packard, and thus not only defeat my attempt, but also by revealing their place of concealment, would prevent Isaac from securing them for me, as he had promised to do in case I should be kidnapped.

I resolved upon one more strategy as my last and only hope, and this was, to ask to be left alone long enough to pray in my own room once more before being forced from it into my prison. When, therefore, I was all dressed, ready to be kidnapped, I asked to see my dear little ones to bestow upon them my parting kiss.

But he denied me this favor also.

“Then,” said I, can I bear such trials as these without God's help? May I not be allowed, husband, to ask this favor of God alone in my room before being thus exiled from it?”

“No,” said he, “I don't think it is best to let you be alone in your room.”

“O! husband,” said I, “you have allowed me no chance for my secret devotions this morning; can't I be allowed this one last request?”

“No; I do not think it is best. But you may pray with your door open.”

I asked the Sheriff if I might not be alone in my room a few minutes.

He replied, “I do not think it is best.”

I then kneeled down in my room, with my bonnet and shawl on, and in the presence and the hearing of the sheriff and the conspirators, I offered up my petition in an audible voice, wherein I laid my burdens before my sympathizing Saviour, as I would have done in secret. Miss Rumsey reports that the burden of my prayer was for Mr. Packard’s forgiveness. In fact, if I know anything of my own heart, I do know that it did not cherish a single feeling of resentment towards him. But my soul was burdened with a sense of his guilt, and only desired his pardon and forgiveness.

My husband then ordered two of his church members to take me up in their arms and carry me to the wagon, and thence to the cars, in spite of my lady-like protests, and regardless of all my entreaties for some sort of trial before commitment.

I made no physical resistance to this order, but told my husband I should not go voluntarily into an asylum, and leave my six children, and my precious babe, without some kind of trial.

He replied, “I am doing as the laws of Illinois allow me to do. You have no protection in law but myself, and I am protecting you now! It is for your good I am doing this; I want to save your soul! You don’t believe in total depravity, and I want to make you right.”

“Husband, have I not a right to my opinion?”

“Yes; you have a right to your opinions if you think right.”

“But does not the Constitution defend the right of private judgment to all American citizens?”

“Yes, to all citizens it does defend this right. But you are not a citizen; while a married woman, you are a legal

nonentity, without even a soul in law. In short, you are dead as to any legal existence, while a married woman, and therefore have no legal protection as a married woman."

I could not then credit this statement, but now *know* it to be too sadly true, for the statute of Illinois expressly states that a man may put his wife into an insane asylum without evidence of insanity. The law now stands on 96th page, section 10, of Illinois statute-book, under the general head of "Charities!" It was passed Feb. 15th, 1851, and reads thus:

"Married women and infants, who, in the judgment of the medical superintendent (meaning the Superintendent of the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane) are evidently insane or distracted, may be entered or detained in the hospital on the request of the husband of the woman or the guardian of the infant, *without* the evidence of insanity required in other cases."

Hon. S. S. Jones, of St. Charles, Illinois, thus remarks upon this Act: "Thus we see a corrupt husband, with money enough to corrupt a Superintendent, can get rid of a wife as effectually as was ever done in a more barbarous age. The Superintendent may be corrupted either with money or influence, that he thinks will give him position, place or emoluments. Is not this a pretty statute to be incorporated into our laws no more than thirteen years ago? Why not confine the husband at the instance of the wife, as well as the wife at the instance of the husband? The wife evidently had no voice in making the law.

"Who, being a man, and seeing this section in the Statute Book of Illinois, under the general head of 'Charities,' does not blush and hang his head for very shame at legislative perversion of so holy a term? I have no doubt, if the truth of the matter were known, this act was passed at the special instance of the Superintendent. A desire for power. I do not know why it has not been noted by me and others before.

"And we would also venture to inquire, what is a married

woman's protection under such a Statute law? Is she not allowed counter testimony from a physician of her own choice, or can she not demand a trial of some kind, to show whether the charge of insanity brought against her is true or false?

“Nay, verily. The statute expressly states that the judgment of the medical Superintendent, to whom the husband's request is made, is *all* that is required for him to incarcerate his wife for any indefinite period of time. Neither she, her children, nor her relatives have any voice at all in the matter. Her imprisonment may be life-long, for anything she or her friends can do for her to prevent it. If the husband has money or influence enough to corrupt the officials, he can carry out his single wishes concerning her life-destiny.

“Are not the ‘Divorce Laws’ of Illinois made a necessity, to meet the demands of the wife, as her only refuge from this exposure to ‘false imprisonment’ for life in an insane asylum?”

This statute law thus coinciding with the nonentity principle of the common law, demonstrates the truth of Mr. Packard's statement.

Thus I learned my first lesson in that chapter of common law, which denies to married women a legal right to her own identity or individuality.

The scenes transpiring at the parsonage, were circulated like wild-fire throughout the village of Manteno, and crowds of men and boys were rapidly congregating at the depot, about one hundred rods distant from our house, not only to witness the scene, but fully determined to stand by their pledge to my son Isaac, that his mother should never leave Manteno depot for an insane asylum.

The long two-horse lumber wagon in which I was conveyed from my house to the depot, was filled with strong men as my body guard, including Mr. Packard, his deacons, and Sheriff Burgess, of Kankakee city, among their number. When our team arrived at the depot, Mr. Packard said to me:

“Now, wife, you will get out of the wagon yourself, won’t you? You won’t compel us to lift you out before such a large crowd, will you?”

“No, Mr. Packard, I shall not help myself into an asylum. It is *you* who are putting me there. I do not go willingly, nor with my own consent—I am being forced into it against my protests to the contrary. Therefore, I shall let you show yourself to this crowd, just as you are—my persecutor, instead of my protector. I shall make no resistance to your brute force claims upon my personal liberty—I shall simply remain a passive victim, helpless in your power.”

He then ordered his men to transport me from the wagon to the depot in their arms.

Before this order was executed, I addressed the sheriff in these words:

“Mr. Burgess, won’t you please have the kindness to see that my person is handled gently, for I am easily hurt, and also see that my clothing is so adjusted as not to expose me immodestly, which with my hoops I fear you will find some difficulty in doing.”

“I will heed your requests, Mrs. Packard,” he kindly replied.

He then ordered two men into the wagon, to lift me from the board seat, which was placed across the top of the wagon, and hand me over the wheel, gently down into the arms of two men, who stood with outstretched arms below to receive me, and transport me into the “Ladies’-Room” at the depot.

This order was executed in as gentle and gentlemanly a manner as it could be done, while the faithful sheriff carefully adjusted my clothing as best he could, and I was landed upon a seat in the “Ladies’-Room.”

I then thanked Mr. Burgess and my carriers for the kind manner in which they had executed my husband’s order; and they left me, alone! to join the crowd on the platform.

I then arose, adjusted my dress and walked to the window,

to see who were there assembled. I saw they were my friends and foes both, about equally divided, the countenances of all equally indicating great earnestness and deep emotion.

Soon Mr. Packard came alone into the room, and I resumed my seat when, bending over me, he addressed me in tones the most bland and gentle, as follows :

“ Now, wife, my dear ! you will not make us carry you into the cars, will you ? Do please just walk into them when they come, won't you, to please me ! Do now, please me this once ; won't you ? ”

Looking him full in the face, I said :

“ Mr. Packard, I shall not. It is your own chosen work you are doing. I shall not help you do it. If I am put into the cars, it will not be my act that puts me there.”

He then left me, and soon returned with Mr Comstock at his side, when he said :

“ Now, wife, Mr. Comstock thinks you had better walk into the cars, and you know you think a good deal of him ; you will follow his advice, won't you ? ”

“ Mr. Comstock is too much of a man to advise me to leave my dear little children, to go and be locked up in a prison without any trial. I know he would not advise any such thing.”

Mr. Comstock then, without having spoken one word, left the room.

While these scenes in the Ladies'-room were being enacted, Deacon Dole was acting his part on the platform outside. Finding the crowd had assembled to defend me, and that they were determined I should never be forced into the cars, his conscience allowed him to be the bearer of a lie from Mr. Packard to the company, on the plea that the interests of his beloved pastor and the cause of the church required it as an act of self-defence. He therefore positively told them that Mr. Packard was pursuing a legal course in putting his wife into an Asylum—that the sheriff had legal papers with him to

defend the proceeding, and if they resisted the sheriff, they would be liable to imprisonment themselves.

The crowd did not know that Deacon Dole was lying to them, when he said the sheriff had legal papers, for he had none at all, as the sheriff afterwards confessed—adding :

“ I went to the Probate Court to take out my legal papers, and they would not give me any, because I could not bring forward any proof of insanity which could satisfy them that Mrs. Packard was insane. Therefore, I ventured to carry out Mr. Packard’s wishes without any papers ! ”

Thus the “ majesty of the law,” added to the sacred dignity of the pulpit, so over-awed this feeling of manliness in these Mantenoites, that they dared not make a single effort in defence of me.

Therefore, when the engine whistle was heard, Deacon Dole found no obstacle in the way of taking me up in his arms, with the help of another man, and carrying me from the depot to my seat in the cars, except the difficulty of knowing how to take hold of me in a modest and gentlemanly manner.

I, however, soon solved this difficulty for him, by suggesting that two men make a “ saddle-seat ” with their four hands so united, that I could sit erect and easily upon it, between them both. This, with my assistance, they promptly did, and I quietly seated myself, while Mr. Burgess kindly arranged my wardrobe for me. While borne along on this human vehicle, by my manly (!) body guard, my elevated position afforded me a fine view of the sea of heads below me, and—

“ What did I see ? ”

Ah ! there was one little boy of thirteen years, with his straw hat drawn down over his face, as if to hide this spectacle from his sight, and with both hands to his face, crying piteously :

“ Oh ! Mother ! Mother ! do forgive me ! ”

It was my darling Samuel, the only one of my precious group whom his father was not compelled to abduct, to prevent his physical resistance in kidnapping his mother.

And while I imploringly and silently looked towards this crowd for that protection and help they had so confidently volunteered should be extended to me if needed, I looked in vain! "No man cared for my soul!"

Although Mrs. Blessing was walking the platform, wringing her hands in agony at the spectacle I presented, and in a loud voice, while the tears were streaming down her cheeks, she was imploring them to extend to me the help I needed, in these expressive words:

"Is there no man in this crowd to protect this woman? Will you let this mother be torn from her children and thrust into a prison in this style, with none to help her? O! is there no man among you? If I were a man, I would seize hold upon her!"

Mrs. Blessing's Lament.

One, one alone, stood by my side,
 With pleading hands and voice she cried,
 "Is there no help? Can no one here
 Aid now our suffering sister dear?
 Breathes there not here one mother's son
 Who dares to aid this injured one?
 Must she from her own sons be torn,
 Her darling children left to mourn?
 Crying in vain for mother dear
 To wipe away the scalding tear.
 Are love and honor both, all dead?
 Oh neighbors! has your reason fled?
 Can you look on and see her go
 To the dark maniac's house of woe?
 Yet raise no voice, no hand, no eye,
 To stay that dread calamity!
 Throbs here no heart of sympathy?
 Can no one say she shall be free?
 Oh! in the sacred name of love,
 Of liberty, of God above,
 By all the tender ties of life,
 Spare! spare! that deeply suffering wife,
 Recording Angel! can't thou see
 A blacker shade of cruelty?"—Mrs. S. N. B. O.

As soon as I was landed in the cars, the car door was quickly locked, to guard against any possible reaction of the public, manly pulse, in my defence. Mr. Packard, Deacon Dole, and Sheriff Burgess seated themselves near me, and the cars quietly moved on towards my prison tomb, leaving behind me, children, home, liberty and an untarnished reputation. In short, all, *all*, which had rendered life desirable, or tolerable.

Up to this point, I had not shed a tear. All my nervous energy was needed to enable me to maintain that dignified self-possession, which was indispensably necessary for a sensitive womanly nature like my own, to carry me becomingly through scenes, such as I have described. But now that these scenes were past, my hitherto pent up maternal feelings burst their confines, and with a deep gush of emotion, I exclaimed :

“O! what will become of my dear children !”

I rested my head upon the back of the seat in front of me, and deliberately yielded myself up to a shower of tears.

O! thought I, “What will my dear little ones do, when they return to their desolate home, to find no mother there! O! their tender, loving hearts will die of grief, at the story of their mother’s wrongs !”

Yes, it did well nigh rend each heart in twain, when the fact was announced to them, that they were motherless!

My sons Isaac and George were just about this time returning from their prairie errand, and this fact was now being communicated to them, by a gentleman whom they met returning from the depot. When within speaking distance, the first salutation they heard was :

“Well, your mother has gone.”

“What!” said Isaac, thinking he had misunderstood.

“Your mother has gone!”

Supposing this was only an old rumor revived, he carelessly replied :

“No she isn’t, she is at home, where I just left her, and I am now on the way there to take her to ride with me.”

“But she *has* gone—I just came from the depot, and saw her start.”

Now, for the first time, the terrible truth flashed upon his mind, that this is the reason George and I have been sent off on this errand, and this accounts also, for the attentions so lavishly bestowed upon us this morning by my groom, by my father, and by Mr. Comstock. Yes, this awful fact at last found a lodgment in his sensitive heart, when he, amid his choking and tears could just articulate :

“George! We have no mother!

Now, George, too, knew why he had been so generously treated to sugar-plums that morning, and he too burst into loud crying, exclaiming :

“They shall not carry off my mother!”

“But they have carried her off! We have no mother!”

Here they both lifted up their voices and wept aloud, and as the team entered the village all eyes were upon them, and others wept to see them weep, and to listen to their plaintive exclamations :

“We have no mother! We have no mother!”

As they drew near the front of Mr. Comstock’s store, seeing the crowd settling there, Isaac felt his indignation welling up within him, as he espied among this crowd some of his volunteer soldiers in his mother’s defence, and having learned from his informant that no one had taken his dear mother’s part, he reproachfully exclaimed, as he leaped from his wagon—

“And this is the protection you promised my mother! What is your gas worth to me!”

They felt the reproaches of a guilty conscience, and dared not attempt to console him. Mr. Comstock was the only one who ventured a response in words. He said :

“You must excuse me, Isaac, for I did what I thought would be best for you. I knew your father was determined,

and he would put her in at any rate; and I knew too, that your opposition would do no good, and would only torment you to witness the scene. So I had you go for your good!"

"For my good!" thought he, "I think I should like to be my own judge in that matter!"

He spoke not one reproachful word in reply; but true to his promise to protect his mother's papers, he quickly sought her room to get the box. But lo! it was gone! and never was he allowed to know who took these papers, nor where they were hidden. Among them was my will and a note of six hundred dollars, which Mr. Packard had given me for that amount of my patrimony which my father had sent me a few years before. This note I have never seen, nor have I ever had one cent of the money it secured to me.

But George, knowing the direction the cars went with his mother, ran on the track after them, determined he never would return until he could return with his mother rescued from prison! He was not missed until he was far out of hearing, and almost out of sight—he only looked like a small speck on the distant track. They followed after him; but he most persistently refused to return, crying:

"I will get my dear mamma out of prison! My mamma shan't be locked up in a prison! I will not go home without my mother!"

He was of course forced back, but not to stay—only until he could make another escape. They finally had to imprison him—my little manly boy of seven years—to keep him from running two hundred miles on the track to Jacksonville, to liberate his imprisoned mother!

But O, my daughter! no pen can delineate thy sorrow, to find thy mother gone! perhaps, forever gone! from thy companionship, counsel, care and sympathy! She wept both night and day, almost unceasingly, and her plaintive moans could be heard at quite a distance from home.

“mother! mother! mother!” was her almost constant, g call.

sorrow almost cost her her reason and her life.

and so it was with Isaac. He grieved himself into a settled fever, which he did but just survive; and during its height, he moaned incessantly for his mother, not knowing what he said. His reason for a time was lost in delirium.

But my babe, thank God! was too young to realize his loss. For him, I suffered enough for two human beings.

Here we leave these scenes of human anguish, to speak one word of comfort for the wives and mothers of Illinois.

Conscious that there had already been innocent victims enough offered in sacrifice on this altar of injustice, in consequence of these cruel laws of Illinois against my own sex, I determined to appeal, single-handed and alone, if necessary, to their Legislature, to have them repealed, and thereby have the personal liberty of married women protected by law, as well as by the marital power.

This effort was a complete success, and is fully detailed in the second volume.

CHAPTER IV.

My Journey.

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ood!"
to be

Sheriff Burgess left our company at Kankakee City, twelve miles distant from Manteno, where he then resided. Not knowing at that time but that he had the legal papers Deacon Dole claimed for him, I thanked him, on taking leave, for the kind and gentlemanly manner he had discharged his duties as a sheriff in this transaction, adding:

"You have only discharged your duty as a sheriff, therefore, as a man, I shall claim you as a friend."

And six months from this date, when he called upon me in my Asylum prison, and inquired so kindly and tenderly after my comfort and surroundings, I felt confirmed in my opinion that I had not misjudged him.

Not long after he died, but not until after he had frankly confessed his breach of trust, as a public officer, in this transaction.

As my wounded heart still sought the relief of tears, I continued to weep and at length I ventured to express my sincere, deep anxiety, lest my children would not be able to survive their bereavement. Mr. Packard and Mr. Dole then both tried to console me, by assuring me they were left with kind friends who would take good care of them; and Mr. Packard said he had left a written document for each of them, which he thought would satisfy them, so that they would "soon get over it."

"O," thought I, "soon get over it! what consolation! to be told that your children would soon forget you!"

Nay, verily I am too indelibly united to their heart's tenderest, deepest affections, to suffer an easy or rapid alienation.

And so it proved—for three years this cruel wound in their sensitive hearts remained unhealed—they instinctively and per-

No. 1.



No. 2.



BEALE, DES. CHICAGO

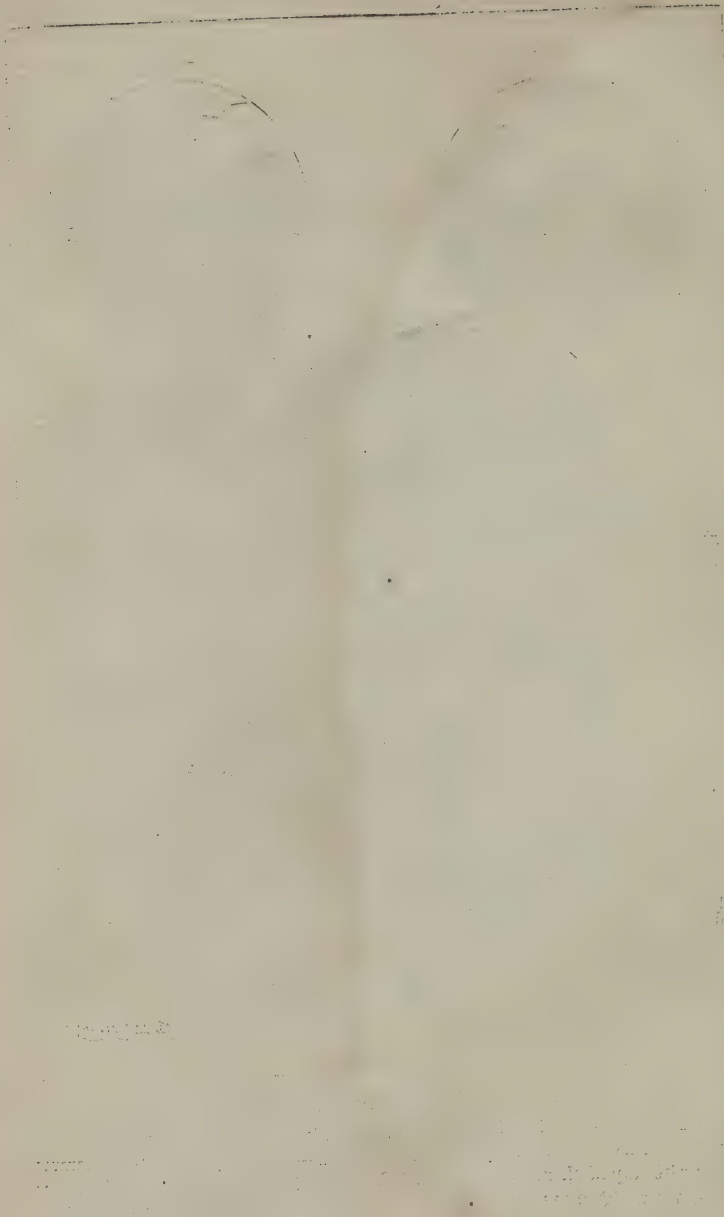
CHAMBERLIN, ENG. N.Y.

Kidnapping Mrs. Packard.

“Is there no man in this crowd to protect this woman!” See page 59.

No. 1.—“And this is the protection you promised my Mother! What is your gas worth to me!” See page 61.

No. 2.—“I will get my dear Mamma out of prison! My Mamma shan't be locked up in a prison!” See page 62.



sistently spurned the mollient he offered to heal it, viz: "their mother was insane, and therefore must be locked up for her good!"

I have been told they would give expression to their feelings in language like the following, and it being so characteristic of their natures, I have no doubt of its truth.

"No," Georgie would say, "mother is good enough now! and havn't I a *right* to my mother?"

"No," Elizabeth would say, "mother is not crazy, and you know she is not! I do think father is possessed with a devil, to treat our good, dear, kind mother as he does. We know our dear mother is good, for she has never done anything wrong—she is kind to you, and she is kind to everybody."

The natural, unsophisticated natures of my children, rendered it very difficult for them to see the *necessity* of locking up a person, while they were doing good, and had never done anything wrong!

The philosophy of that kind of insanity, which requires this to be done, was beyond their comprehension. And even the maturer minds of my oldest sons, Theophilus, then eighteen, and Isaac, sixteen, were equally slow in discovering this necessity. In fact, three years was too short a time for their father to convince these children of this painful necessity.

At length, wearied with these fruitless efforts to get my children to sanction his course, he finally resorted to the authority of the father to silence them into acquiescence to his views. He therefore forbade their talking upon the subject, and made it an act of disobedience on their part to talk about their mother.

This taught them to use hypocrisy and deceit, for Isaac and Elizabeth would watch their opportunity, in the absence of their father, to talk upon their favorite theme; and when Elizabeth and Georgie could not evade this order by day, they would take the hours of sleep and talk in a whisper about me, after they had retired to bed.

Another agency he employed to wean them from me, was, he would not allow me to be spoken of in their presence, except as an insane person, and in terms of derision, ridicule or contempt. But notwithstanding all these combined agencies, he could not wean them from me, or lessen their confidence in me, according to his own statement, which he made to Mrs. Page on one of his yearly visits to the Asylum.

“I never saw children so attached to a mother, as Mrs. Packard’s are to her—I cannot by any means wean them from her, nor lead them to disregard her authority in the least thing, even now. I cannot even induce them to eat anything which they think she would disapprove of. She seems by some means to hold them in obedience to her wishes, just as much in her absence as in her presence. This influence or power is more than I can understand.”

Yes, I knew full well that Mr. Packard did not understand the nature and disposition of my children, and therefore I felt unwilling to trust them with him.

“But how could I avert this fate? In no way. I had not chosen this separation—God’s providence had permitted it against my wishes, and regardless of my prayers to the contrary.

“Now, what shall I do? Shall I murmur and complain at what I cannot help, and when I know it will do no good? or, must I silently submit to this inevitable fate, and trust to the future developments of providence to unravel this great mystery?

“Yes, I must submit. I must not complain, while at the same time, I have a right to use all suitable means for a restoration to my family and duties.”

Therefore, as the result of this soliloquy, I concluded to avail myself of the advice given me by my Manteno friends at the depot, viz:

“Be sure, Mrs. Packard, and tell every one you see that you are on your way to the Insane Asylum—and for what—for possibly by this means you may come in contact with some influence that may rescue you.”

Knowing that duties were mine and events God’s, I determined to dry up my tears and address myself to this duty.

I announced this determination to Deacon Dole in these words:

“Mr. Dole, I am not going to cry any more. Crying is not going to help me. I am going to put on a cheerful countenance, and cultivate the acquaintance of my fellow travelers, and enjoy my ride the best I can. I may as well laugh as cry, for I have as good a right to be happy as any other person.”

“That is right, Sister Packard; you have as good a right to be happy as any one, and I am glad to see you smile again.”

After changing a few remarks respecting the beauty of the country through which we were passing, and the delightfully calm and clear atmosphere, so tranquilizing in its influence over one’s disturbed feelings, I looked about to see who were my companions, when I met the eye of a young lady, a stranger to me, whose eyes seemed to fasten upon me with such a penetrating look, that I could hardly withdraw my own without bestowing upon her a smile of recognition. Upon this she bent forward and extended her hand, saying:

“I am very sorry for you. I see they are carrying you to the Insane Asylum, and you do not wish to go.”

“Yes, that is so, and I thank you for your sympathy; but I have concluded not to weep any more about it, as I shall need all my nervous energies to meet my fate with dignity and self-possession.”

“But you are not insane! why do they put you there?”

“No, I am not insane, but my husband is trying to put this brand upon me, to destroy my moral influence.”

“But why does he wish to destroy your influence?”

“Because I have defended some opinions in a Bible-class where he is the minister, which he cannot overthrow by argument, and now he tells me he is going to make the world believe that I am insane, so that my opinions need not be believed, for he says he must ‘protect the cause of Christ.’”

“Don’t he think it his duty to protect his wife?”

“He thinks it his duty to protect her from injuring the cause of Christ, by locking her up in a prison!”

“I heard you speak of your children; how many have you?”

“Six—five boys and one girl.”

“Six children! and he, their father, taking from them their mother, simply because you differ from him in opinion! O, ’tis too bad! How I pity you!”

At this point, she burst into tears, and resting her head upon the back of my seat, she cried and sobbed, until she had completely drenched her pocket-handkerchief, when I handed her one of my own, and she drenched that also.

“O,” she said, “you must not go! You are too good a woman to be locked up in an Insane Asylum.”

I tried to console her, by telling her I felt it would all come out right at last—that all I had to do was, to be patient and do right.

She then put her arm around my neck and kissed me, saying: “How I wish I could help you! I will do all I can for you.”

She then left her seat and brought back another lady, whom she introduced as one who wished to talk with me.

From her I learned that the sympathy of the passengers was with me—that some had thought of volunteering in my defence, and this feeling was now gaining strength by the influence of my first friend’s conversation among them. I saw groups of gentlemen evidently talking together about me—some conversed with me, and I had my hopes somewhat raised that something would be done to restore me to my children, and by the time the cars reached Tolona, I felt that I was amongst friends, instead of strangers.

Mr. Packard could not but see that the tide was against him, for he sat by my side and listened most attentively to every word, and when opportunity presented, he aimed by self-vindication to counteract every hopeful influence from taking possession of my mind, by such remarks as these :

“ You say, wife, that the Lord prospers those whose ways please him ; now, judging by this test, who is prospered in their plans, you or I ? You see I succeed in all I undertake, while all your efforts are defeated. Now, isn't the Lord on my side ? ”

“ The time hasn't come to decide that question by this test ; this is only the beginning not the end of this sad drama. You may be prospered by having your way for a time, only to make your defeat all the more signal. I do not think it is certain the Lord is not on my side, simply because I am not now delivered out of your power. God has a plan to be accomplished, which requires all this to take place in order to its ultimate success. But I can't see what that plan is, nor why my sufferings are necessary to its accomplishment. But God does, and that faith or trust in the rectitude of his plans, keeps my mind in peace even now. Neither do I think it is certain the Lord is on your side, because you have been permitted to have your own way in getting me imprisoned. The end will settle this question. ”

Another attempt at self-vindication appeared in the following conversation. Said he :

“ You think a great deal of your father, and that what he does is right ; now, I want to show you that he upholds me in doing as I now am, and approves of the course I am now pursuing, and here is a letter from your own dear father, confirming all I have said. ”

As he said this, he handed me an open letter in my father's own hand-writing, saying :

“ Read for yourself, and see what your father says about it. ”

“ No, ” said I, shaking my head, “ I do not wish to read *such*

a letter from my father, for it would be a libel upon his revered memory. I know, too, that if he has written such a letter as you represent, he has had a false view of the case presented to him. My father would never approve of the course you are pursuing, if he knew what the truth is respecting it. You have told him lies about me, or you never would have had his approval in putting me into an asylum."

Still he persistently urged me to read the letter, so I could judge for myself. But I would not. This was the only kind of consolation he attempted to offer me.

We dined at Tolona, where I had the good fortune to be seated by the side of a very intelligent gentleman, at the head of the table, whom I afterwards found to be the general freight agent, who boarded there at that time. He sat at the end of the table, I sat next him on the side, and Mr. Packard next to me. This gentleman, in a polite, gentlemanly manner, drew me into a free and easy conversation with himself, wherein I freely avowed some of my obnoxious views and my progressive reform principles, respecting the law of health, physical development, etc.

He expressed his high appreciation of my views and principles, and remarked:

"These have been exactly my views for a long time, and now I am happy to find one woman who is willing to endorse and defend them, and who can do so with so much ability."

The entire attention of our table guests seemed centred upon our conversation, for all appeared to be silent listeners, and none seemed to be in any haste to withdraw—the cars giving us ample time for a full and leisurely taken meal.

I noticed one of the female waiters, a very intelligent-looking lady, seemed almost to forget her duties, so eager was she to listen to every word of our conversation.

After retiring with my husband to the sitting-room, I recollected the instructions given me to tell all where I was going

had been disregarded at the table, where I ought to have replied to the gentleman's compliment, by saying :

"I am happy to have your approval, sir, for it is for avowing these views and principles that I am called insane, and am now on my way to Jacksonville, to be entered as an inmate, to suffer the penalty of indefinite imprisonment for this daring act; and this, sir, is my husband, Rev. Theophilus Packard, of Manteno, who is now attending me there."

This thought did flit across my mind at the table, but the habitual practice I had acquired of shielding, instead of exposing my husband, led me to resist this suggestion of self-defence and wise counsel. I saw now my error in yielding thus foolishly, to this feminine weakness, and I, like Peter, went out not "to weep bitterly," but to seek to make the best atonement I could for this sin.

I sought and found that listening female waiter, and asked her who that gentleman was with whom I held my conversation at the table. She told me.

"Will you please deliver this message to him? Tell him the lady with whom he conversed at the table is Mrs. Packard, and that the gentleman by her side was her husband, a minister, who is taking her to Jacksonville, to imprison her for advancing such ideas as he had so publicly endorsed and approved at the table."

The woman looked at me in amazement, and exclaimed :
"You are not going into the asylum!"

"Yes, I am. This very night I shall be a prisoner there."

"But you must not go! You shall not go! Come and consult the landlady—she may hide you."

As she said this, she took me by the hand, and led me to an open door, where, from the threshold she introduced me to a very kind-looking lady, in these words :

"This is the lady I told you about, and her husband is taking her to the insane asylum; can't you help her?"

Looking at me for a moment in amazement, she said :

“ Yes, I will. Come with me and I will hide you.”

“ No, my kind friend, it will be of no avail. My husband has the law on his side, and you cannot protect me.”

“ But I will try. You must not go into an insane asylum. Come ! and I will shield you.”

As she said this, she extended to me her hand, while the tears of real sympathy were coursing down her cheek. I replied :

“ O ! sister, I thank you for your kindness and sympathy. But don't distress yourself for me. I shall be sustained. I feel that God's providence overrules all, and I know God will take care of me and my children.”

Just as I finished this sentence, Mr. Packard stood by my side, and he with a most respectful bow said :

“ Wife, will you go with me to the parlor ? ”

I quietly took his arm and bowing to my would-be-protector, walked with him to the parlor, where I remained seated by his side until the train arrived.

On the cars I met again my valiant female defender, who informed me that her advisers had decided that there was no way to rescue me from my husband's hands ; but that it was certain that a lady like myself would be retained at the asylum but a very short time, and would soon be restored to my children and liberty again.

After thanking her most cordially for her help and sympathy, we kissed and parted, never to meet again, unless in the unknown future.

Now my last hope died within me, and as the gloomy walls of my prison could be but indistinctly defined by the gray twilight of a summer evening, I held on to my husband's arm, as he guided my footsteps up the massive stone steps, into my dreary prison, where by gas-light he introduced me to Dr. Tenny, the Assistant Superintendent, to be conducted by him to my lonely, solitary cell.

CHAPTER V.

My Reception.

Yes, here within these prison walls, my husband and I parted, as companions, forever. He was escorted to the "guest chamber," while I, his constant companion for twenty-one years, was entrusted to the hands of my prison keeper to be led by him to find my bed and lodging, he knew not where, and to be subject to insults, he knew not what.

While I was resting on his wide, capacious, soft, luxurious bed, in the stately airy apartment of the Asylum guests, he did not know that the only place of repose provided for his weary wife was a hard narrow settee, with no soft pillows to rest her weary head upon.

But he did know I had no darling babe at my side, but, solitary and alone, I must compose myself to sleep, not knowing at what hour of the night my room might be entered, nor by whom, or for what purpose—for the key of my room was no longer in my own, nor my husband's hands, but in the hands of stranger men, and his wife entirely at their mercy.

Yes, this is all the protection I got from the one, for whom I left all to love, cherish and make happy, in return for his promised protection. With all the trusting confidence of woman, I never doubted but he would protect my virtue and my innocence.

Yes, I trusted too he would be the protector of my right of maternity also, for the dear children I had borne him.

O, could I sleep amid these turbid waters, whose surging billows so mercilessly swept over my soul thoughts such as these!

But one thought there was, more dreadful to my sensitive feelings than all others—now these dear children, these dear fragments of myself, must be exposed to bear the dismal, dreadful taint of hereditary insanity, for their mother now lodges amid the hated walls of an Insane Asylum, as an inmate!

And oh! to whom can their mother now look for protection? To whom shall I make complaint if insulted? Oh, to whom?

I cannot write a letter unless it is inspected by my men keepers. Why is this?

Is it because they intend to insult me and deprive me of my post-office rights to shield and hide their own guilt?

But can I not hand a letter clandestinely to the trustees, as they pass through? If I could do such a thing, and entered a charge against their superintendent, would this be heeded? Would not this superintendent deny the truth, and defend his lie by the plea, that his accuser is insane, and this is only one of the fancies of her diseased brain.

Yes, yes, there is no man, woman, or child, or law, who now can care for my soul, or protect my virtue!

And yet, while I am an American citizen, I am excluded, without trial, from society, and then denied any protection by law of one of my inalienable rights. I am not only outlawed, but I am absolutely denied all and every means of self-defence, no matter how criminal, nor how aggravated the offence may be.

My womanly nature does call for, and need some refuge to flee to, either to the law, or to man. But here, I have neither. Should my keeper chance to be a bad man, I have no refuge but my God to flee to—therefore into Thy hands do I commit my body for safe keeping this night.

My spirit, and the future of my earthly destiny, I have long since committed to Thy care, and now protect my body from harm, and give me the sleep my tired nature so much needs, and thus prepare me to bear the trials of to-morrow, as well as I have those of to-day, and Thou shalt have the honor of delivering me from the power of my adversaries. May no sin be ever suffered to have dominion over me.

With these thoughts, I fell into a quiet sleep, from which I awoke not until the morning of my first day in the Asylum dawned upon me.

CHAPTER VI.

My First Day of Prison Life.

At an early hour, I arose from my settee-bed, first kneeled before it, and thanked my kind Father in Heaven for the refreshing sleep I had enjoyed, and asked for sustaining grace for the duties of the day. To prepare myself for these duties I took my sponge bath, as usual, since Mrs. De La Hay, my attendant, had, at my request, furnished me a bowl from her own room, towels, etc., so that I could take my bath in my room, as this had long been a habit I very much wished to retain while there. I soon found that she had especially favored me in granting this request, since it is the general custom there, to have all the ladies perform their morning ablutions in the bath-room, and I could not learn that any, except my attendant, approved of washing all over, daily in cold water, as I did. And, as a general thing, their toilet had to be prepared before the same common mirror in the bath-room.

Therefore I requested Mr. Packard to furnish my room with a bowl and pitcher, and a mirror, which he accordingly did, and before another night, I had a bed prepared like the other prisoners, which was a comfortable, narrow mattress bed, on a narrow bedstead. Mrs. De La Hay had done the best she could the night before, to accommodate me, since the beds in the seventh ward were all occupied when I arrived.

After finishing my toilet in my room, with the aid of my own brushes and combs and small mirror, which my traveling basket contained, I was invited out to my breakfast with the other prisoners.

At my request my attendants introduced me to my companions, most of whom returned my salutation with lady-like civility.

Our fare was plain and coarse, consisting almost entirely

of bolted bread and meat, and tea and coffee. But as I drank neither tea nor coffee, I found it rather dry without any kind of vegetables, not even potatoes, and sauce or fruits of any kind. As my diet had consisted of Graham bread, fruits and vegetables, to a great extent, I felt quite apprehensive lest my health would materially suffer from so great a change.

Mr. Packard did not, however, now seem to care any more what his wife had to eat, than where she had to sleep, for so long as he stayed at the Asylum he was the guest of Dr. McFarland, whose table was always spread with the most tempting viands and luxuries the season or the markets could afford. Mr. Packard did not even allow me the honor of an invitation to sit with him at this table; although the night before, a special meal had to be ordered for us both, he took his at the Doctor's table, while I had to be sent to the ward, to eat my warm biscuits and butter there alone.

I felt these indignities, these neglects, these inattentions, just as any other affectionate, sensitive wife would naturally feel under such circumstances. But, for twenty-one years I had been schooling myself to keep under subjection to my reason and conscience, the manifestation of those indignant emotions which are the natural, spontaneous feelings which such actions must inevitably germinate in a true, confiding wife. Therefore, I made no manifestation of them under these provocations.

At a very early period in my married life, had I learned the sad truth that it was impossible for Mr. Packard to appreciate or understand my womanly nature; therefore I had habituated myself to the exercise of charitable feelings towards him in my interpretation of such manifestations. I had tried to school myself to believe that his heart was not so much at fault as his education, and, therefore, I could sincerely pray the Lord to forgive him, for he knows not what he does—he does not know how to treat a woman.

I knew that the least manifestation of these indignant emotions would be misconstrued by him into feelings of anger, instead of a natural, praiseworthy resentment of wrong doing. And the laudable manifestation of these feelings under *such* circumstances, would tend to lessen, instead of increasing my self-respect.

He held me in such relation towards himself as my father did towards himself, so that any resistance of his authority was attended with the same feeling of guilt which I would have felt in resisting my father's authority. And I, like a natural child, had always felt an almost reverential respect for my father's authority, and nothing to me seemed a greater sin than an act of disobedience to his commands; my conscience even demanded that I yield unquestioning submission to even the denial of my most fondly cherished hopes and anticipations.

Mr. Packard had been introduced into our family when I was but ten years old, and he had been my father's ministerial companion for eleven years, and when I married him he had been my lover or suitor for only a few months. Previous to this time I had only looked upon him as my father's companion and guest, but never as even a social companion of his daughter, who had always been taught to be a silent listener to her father's social guests.

This parental training of reverential feeling towards my father's ministerial guests, had capacitated me to become an unresisting victim to Mr. Packard's marital power or authority. And as Mr. Packard's education had led him to feel that this marital authority was the foundation stone of the marriage union, he, of course, conscientiously claimed, what I was too willing to grant, viz.: *subjection* to his will and wishes.

But undeveloped as I then was, my true nature instinctively revolted at this principle as wrong; but wherein, it was then difficult for me to demonstrate, even to my own satisfaction. But I can now see that my nature was only claiming its just

rights, by this instinctive resistance to this marital authority. It was the *protection* of my identity or individuality which I was thus claiming from my husband, instead of its subjection, as *he* claimed. The parental authority, I admit, has a subjective claim, to a degree; but the marital has only the authority of protection.

I believe that the moment a husband begins to subject his wife, that moment the fundamental law of the marriage union is violated. Both parties are injured by this act—the husband has taken the first step towards tyranny, and the injured wife has inevitably taken her first step towards losing her natural feeling of reverence towards her husband. Slavish fear is conjugal love's antagonistic foe—the purest and most devoted woman's love vanishes before it, as surely as the gentle dew vanishes before the sun's burning rays. Fortify this love ever so strongly, this principle of slavish subjection will undermine and overthrow the most impenetrable fortresses, and take the victim captive at its will.

So had my conjugal love been led into a most unwilling captivity by my husband's tyranny, and all the charitable framework which woman's forgiving nature could throw around it, could not prevent this captivity, nor redeem the precious captive, so long as the tyranny of subjection claimed its victim!

But to the triumph of God's grace I can say it, that during these twenty-one years of spiritual captivity, I do not know that I ever spoke a disrespectful word to my husband. I endured the soul agonies of this blighting, love strangling process silently, and for the most part uncomplainingly. I could, and cheerfully did do my duty to this usurper, as I would have done to a husband. But these duties had to be done from the dictates of settled principle, rather than from the impulse of true conjugal love.

I hope my impulsive readers will now be prepared to understand that it is not because I did not feel these insults that

I did not resent them ; but I had not then reached that stage of womanly development where I had the moral courage to defend myself by asserting my own rights. This stage of growth was indeed just dawning upon me ; but O ! the dense clouds attending this dawning of my individual existence !

I had indeed practically asserted one of these inalienable rights, by not yielding my conscience and opinion to the dictates of creeds or church tyranny.

Yes, I had maintained my rights of conscience in defiance of the marital power also. And this, too, had been the very hinge on which my reputation for sanity had been suspended. As Mr. Packard expressed himself :

“Never before had Elizabeth persistently resisted his will or wishes—a few kind words and a little coaxing would always before set her right ; but now she seems strangely determined to have her own way, and it must be she is insane.”

Thus, in my first struggle after my independence, I lost my personal liberty.

Sad beginning ! Had it not been better for me to submit to oppression and spiritual bondage, rather than have attempted to break the fetters of marital and religious despotism ?

No, I cannot feel that I have done either myself or others the least wrong, in the course I have thus far taken ; therefore, I have no recantations to make, and can give no pledges of future subjection to either of these powers, where their claims demand the surrender of my conscience to their dictation.

And this is what they call my insanity, and for which I was sent to the asylum to be cured. I think it will be a long time before this cure will be effected. God grant me the quietude of patient endurance, come what will, in the stand I have taken.

While these and similar reflections were passing through my mind, the door of my cell was opened by a fine-looking gentleman in company with Mr. Packard, to whom he introduced me as Dr. McFarland, the Superintendent. He had but just re-

turned from a journey east, so that Dr. Tenny, the Assistant, received me.

Dr. McFarland politely invited me to accompany them to the "reception-room."

I gladly accepted this invitation to be restored to the civilities of civilization, even temporarily.

I seated myself upon the sofa by Mr. Packard's side, and the Doctor took the big rocking-chair directly in front of us, and opened a pleasant and interesting conversation, by narrating incidents of his eastern journey. In a very easy and polite manner, he led on the conversation to other points and topics of interest at the present day, and finally to the progressive ideas of the age, even to religion and politics. He very gallantly allowed me a full share of the time to express my own thoughts, while Mr. Packard sat entirely speechless.

As the tone and spirit of the conversation rendered it proper, I recollect I made a remark something like this :

"I don't know why it is, Doctor, it may be merely a foolish pride which prompts the feeling, but I can't help feeling an instinctive aversion to being called insane. There seems to be a kind of disparagement of intellect attending this idea, which seems to stain the purity and darken the lustre of the reputation forever after."

"No, Mrs. Packard, this is not necessarily so; even some of the most renowned and gifted minds in the world have been insane, and their reputation and character are still revered and respected, such as Cowper and Tasso, the greatest poets in the world, and many others."

I made no plea of defence in favor of my sanity, and particularly avoided any disparaging or criminating remarks respecting Mr. Packard, but simply let the conversation take the direction the Doctor dictated. But, as I then thought fortunately for me, he introduced no topic where I felt at any loss what to say, to keep up an intelligent interchange of thought

and expression. In short, this interview of an hour or more, was to me a feast of reason and a flow of soul, and it seemed to be equally so to the Doctor, unless my womanly instincts very much deceived me.

When I was returned to my ward, and behind the fatal dead lock, dining with the insane, I must confess I did feel more out of my proper place, than I did while in the reception room of refined society.

After noticing the manner in which the institution was conducted for the three succeeding years, I found that the interview I had had with the Doctor was a most uncommon occurrence. Indeed, I never knew of a single instance where any other patient ever had so fair an opportunity of self-representation, by a personal interview upon their reception into the Asylum, as he had thus allowed me. They are usually taken, forthwith, from their friends in the reception-room, and led directly into the ward, as Dr. Tenny had done by me the night before. But unlike my case afterwards, there they were left to remain indefinitely, so far as an interview with the Doctor was concerned.

Many patients were received and discharged, while I was there, who never had five minutes conversation with the Doctors while in the Asylum. Often the new arrival would come to me and inquire :

“When am I to have an examination?”

I would reply, “You never have an examination after you get here, for the Doctor receives you on the representation of those who want you should stay here.”

“But I never had any examination before I came, and even did not know where I was being brought, until I got here, and then my friends told me I should have an examination after I arrived.”

“I believe you are speaking the truth; for public sentiment seems to allow, that one whom we wish to regard as insane,

may be deceived and lied to to any extent with impunity; and besides the blinded public generally suppose that the inmates do all have to pass an examination here before they are received, which is not the fact. They take it for granted that all are of course insane, or they would not be brought here, as Dr. Tenny said of me to Mrs. Waldo, in reply to her inquiry:

“Dr. Tenny, do you call Mrs. Packard an insane person?”

“Of course I do, or she would not be brought here,” was his reply.

And then the outsiders say, “Of course they are insane, or they would not have been received.”

Thus our insanity is demonstrated beyond a question!

After dinner I saw from the grated window of my cell, the Asylum carriage drive up in front of the steps, when Mr. Packard was politely handed in, and the carriage drove off. Upon inquiry, I found he had gone to ride, to see the beauties of the scenery about Jacksonville, and the public buildings and handsome residences.

“Oh,” thought I, “why could he not have invited me to ride with him? And how could he seek comfort for himself, while he left his wife amid scenes of such wretchedness?”

Not long after, my attendant came to my room and invited me to take a walk. I most gladly accepted the invitation, struggling and panting as my spirit was, for freedom; and I found that the pure air alone exerted an exhilarating influence over my feelings, and I with another prisoner, proposed to walk about the buildings, to see the grounds, etc.

But we soon found ourselves followed by our watchful attendant, to see if we were not trying to run off!

“Oh,” said I, “is this the vigilance that I am subjected to? Is there no more freedom outside of our bolts and bars, than within them? Are we not allowed to be paroled like prisoners?”

“No, no. No parole of honor is allowed these prisoners, for not one moment are we allowed to be out of sight and hearing of our vigilant attendant. And these are the walks and cir

cumscribed limits Mr. Packard has assigned his wife, while he can roam where he pleases, with none to molest or make him afraid."

It is my opinion that this institution receives and retains many sane persons, of whose sanity Dr. McFarland is as well assured as he was of my own. I do believe that he became fully convinced in his heart that I was not insane, before our interview terminated, for he once plainly intimated he never should have received me had he been at home. But since I had been already received by his assistant, he did not like to revoke his decision so abruptly as to return me directly into my husband's hands; neither did he wish to disappoint the wishes nor thwart the plans of a very respectable and popular minister of high standing in the Presbyterian church, for by this act he might possibly alienate some popular influences from his support; and one other thought may have had some influence over this decision (and will not my reader pardon my vanity if I mention it?) namely, I think the intelligent Doctor thought he would like to become better acquainted with me.

By thus retaining me for a few days, he felt that I could then be returned to the satisfaction of all parties.

His subsequent polite attentions, and the remark he made to me at one of these interviews, viz.: "Mrs. Packard, you will not remain here many days," in connection with a remark he made Mrs. Judge Thomas, of Jacksonville, respecting me, has led me to feel that I did not then misjudge him. The remark was this:

"Mrs. Thomas, we have a very remarkable patient now in our Asylum. It is a Mrs. Packard, a clergyman's wife, from Massachusetts. She has a high order of talent, has a very superior education, is polished and refined in her manners, having ever moved in the best society, and is the most intelligent lady I ever saw. I think you would like to make her acquaintance."

CHAPTER VII.

The Parting Scene.

The next day I had a brief interview with the Doctor alone in my room, which was very pleasant and satisfactory to me—that is, I thought he could not think I was an insane person, therefore I had a little ray of hope to cling to, as Mr. Packard had not yet left. Dr. McFarland did not exchange a word with me upon this subject. But this dying hope was destined very soon to go out in utter darkness.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Packard came the second time to my room, and as he had allowed me to be in his company only during the interview I had with the Doctor, during the two days and nights he had been in the Asylum, I felt it to be a privilege to accept of his invitation to go to the reception-room and have a talk with him there.

I accordingly took his arm, without its being offered, and walked out of the hall. As we passed on, I heard some one remark :

“See! that lady is not alienated from her husband. See how kindly she takes her husband's arm.”

I seated myself by his side on the sofa, when he said :

“I am going to leave for Manteno in about one hour, and I did not know but that you would like to have a talk with me before I left.”

“Then you are determined to leave your wife in an Insane Asylum! Oh, husband! how can you do so?”

I then burst into tears.

“I hoped we should have a pleasant interview before we parted.”

“Pleasant! How could it be pleasant to leave me in such a place? And do you think it will be pleasant for me to be left? Only think of those dear motherless children!”

No. 1.



No. 2.



BEALE, DEL.

No. 3.



CHAMBERLIN—SC. N. Y.

No. 4.

“How can I Live without my Children !” See page 85.

No. 1.—Abducting my Babe. See p. 48.

No. 3.—My Isaac’s parting kiss. See page 50.

No. 2.—Abducting my Daughter. See page 40.

No. 4.—Abducting my George. See p. 50.

May

No 1 - Administration
No 2 - Administration
No 3 - Administration

No 4 - Administration
No 5 - Administration

“I shall see that they are well taken care of.”

“But you cannot give them a mother’s care. Oh how can my children live without their mother! And how can I live without my children!”

As this strong maternal feeling of my nature came welling up into such a high pitch of intensity, it seemed as if my heart would burst with anguish, at this hitherto unaccepted thought. I arose, and, with my handkerchief to my face, I walked the room back and forth, at the same time begging and pleading in the most plaintive, expressive terms, that he would commute my sentence of banishment, so far as not to separate me from my children.

“Oh, do be entreated in some way, to allow me this one favor, and my grateful, thankful heart will bless you forever. Oh, it will kill me to be separated from those dear ones! My babe! Oh, what will become of him! and what will become of me without my babe? Oh, husband, do! do! let me return with you to my children! You know I have always been a kind and faithful mother and wife, too, and now, how can you treat me so?”

For some time I walked the room, giving utterance to such and similar expressions, without raising my eyes, or noticing the effect my plea was having upon him; but after a long pause, and vainly watching for his reply for some time, I looked up to see why he did not speak to me, when lo! what did I see?

My husband sound asleep on the sofa, nodding his head!

In astonishment, I indignantly exclaimed:

“Oh husband! Are you asleep? Can you sleep when your wife is in such agony?”

The emphatic tones of my voice brought him back to consciousness, when he raised his head, and opening his eyes, replied:

“I can’t keep awake; I have been broken of my rest.”

“I see it is of no use to say anything more—it will avail nothing. We may as well part now as ever.”

Saying this, I walked up to him and extended to him my hand, and as I did so, I said :

“Farewell, husband, forever! May our next meeting be in the spirit land; and if there you find yourself in need of help to rise to a higher plane, remember there is one spirit in the universe, who is willing to descend to any depth of misery, to help you on to a higher plane, if this can be done—and this spirit is your Elizabeth. Farewell, husband, forever!”

“I am sorry to hear you talk so; I hoped we should have a pleasant parting.”

This was our parting scene!

Now, let me introduce to my reader a scene in the Doctor's office, which succeeded this. Leaving me in the reception room, he repaired to the office, to take his leave of the Doctor.

Now, it was his turn to cry!

Availing himself of this right, he now burst into a flood of tears, which so choked his utterance, it was some minutes before he could articulate at all, when he at length exclaimed :

“How I pity my wife! How hard it is to leave her here! Oh, if I only were not obliged to do so, how gladly I would take her home! She is such a good wife, how can I part with her? But I must do so, hard as it is, for her good.”

Thus he went on, acting this part of the drama to perfection. Indeed, so well, and adroitly did he act the husband, that the intelligent Dr. McFarland himself was deluded into the belief that he was sincere, and that these were the tears of true sorrow and affection.

Alluding to this scene months afterwards, he remarked :

“I never saw a man so deeply afflicted, and even heart-broken, as Mr. Packard was at parting with you. He was the most heart-broken man I ever saw. If ever a man manifested true affection for his wife, it was Mr. Packard.”

Yes, he so completely psychologized the Doctor into the feeling that he loved me most devotedly, and was compelled, in spite of himself, to incarcerate me, that the Doctor felt certain there had been a justifiable cause for my having been brought there.

Satisfied that his work was now well done, he took his leave of the Doctor, and his tears at the same time! and with a light heart and quick step, passed out on to the porch, where he stopped to give me one look of satisfied delight, that he had finally completely triumphed, in getting me imprisoned beyond all hope of deliverance.

Never had I seen his face more radiant with joy, than when he looked up to me, as I stood before the open window of the reception room and threw me his kisses from the ends of his fingers, and bowed to me his happy adieu.

Yes, happy that his conspiracy against my personal liberty had so completely triumphed over all opposition.

Having secured the entombment of the mother, he had now naught to do but to teach her children to despise their mother, and treat her name and memory with contempt and derision.

CHAPTER VIII.

Disappointed Hopes.

Mr. Paekard has gone! My last hope of deliverance through him, has now sunk into a rayless night of despair. Yes, utter despair of ever being liberated and reinstated in my family again. He has not so much as even uttered one syllable on which I could build such a hope. I never have heard him even say, he hoped I should ever get better, so as to be with him once more. What can this mean? Has he buried me for life?

Yes, so his conduct speaks, and no word or act contradicts it. Hopeless imprisonment! Oh, may my reader never know what these terms signify. I know what it is to endure endless torment, and hopeless bondage! And it is a terrible doom.

I did try to build a faint hope upon the fact that he had brought only a small satchel of things with me, and these could not last me long; but before he left, he dashed this hope to the ground by telling me he should send me my trunk, after he got home. In about three weeks, there did arrive a monstrous sized trunk directed to Mrs. Packard, which led the patients to exclaim:

“Is Mr. Packard going to keep his wife here for life?”

And how did my sad heart echo this fearful question.

But even amid this gloom, one ray of comfort gleamed forth at the thought, now I shall hear from my dear children. They surely will send some token of love and affection to their imprisoned mother. And to enjoy this comfort to its fullest extent, I asked the Doctor to allow me to unpack it in my own room, with the door locked. He kindly locked me in himself, seemingly rejoicing in my anticipated joy.

My first surprise on opening it, was to see so few articles of clothing, and these of the very poorest kind, and in a state of the most tangled confusion, with rotten lemons and cans of

fruit scattered amongst them to their detriment, poor as they were. The whole contents would not fill one-third of the trunk, and this caused the confusion. And why he should send so large a trunk to carry so few articles, has always been an unsolved mystery to me.

But this feeling was soon lost in the bright thought of soon finding my children's love tokens. Each and every article was most carefully searched, to find what would be next to finding my child, for his own fingers must have held it and kissed it for his mother.

But ah! must I utter the sad truth, that no token, no letter could be found, on which my fond heart could rest its loving impulses? Yes, so it was; and being alone, I wept in deepest anguish at this disappointed hope.

My sons afterwards told me that they all expressed a wish to send me a letter and many tokens, but their father had refused to let them do so unless he should dictate the letters. Isaac said he knew that to get such a letter as his father would dictate, would pain me more than it would to get none at all.

And so it would have been, for on a narrow strip of paper, four inches long and two wide, I found penciled:

"We are glad to hear you are getting better; hope you will soon get well. Your daughter Elizabeth."

This her father made her write to make me feel that she believed me insane; and he knew nothing would torment me so much as this thought from her. Indeed, I found that what Isaac had said was too true. I was more pained to get this line from my daughter than I would have been to get none at all; for not knowing the truth, I did fear she was coming under the influence of this delusion.

I think the Doctor pitied me under this trial, for the next day, when, in reply to his questions, I told him I found no letters, or love tokens, or messages from my children, he seemed astonished, and said:

“I thought you would find many letters. I wonder they did not write to their mother.”

Another disappointment. I had especially requested Mr. Packard that my nice black silk dress and white crape shawl be sent, so that I could go to church decently dressed. But not only these, but all my other good articles of clothing were kept from me, not only while I was in the asylum, but long after I was liberated; and then he was forced to give them up upon my father's authority.

Now my only hope of deliverance lay in the Mantenoites fulfilling their promise to get me out in a few days. Every carriage and man was watched, hoping to find in him my deliverer. But none came, until several weeks, when I was called from Mrs. McFarland's parlor into the reception-room, to see Mr. and Mrs. Blessing, from Manteno, and a stranger, to whom they introduced me as Dr. Shirley, of Jacksonville.

Dr. Shirley took the lead in the conversation, and I was delighted at the compliment he paid me in introducing subjects such as required intelligence and scientific knowledge to converse upon. Our pleasure in sustaining such an interchange of thoughts seemed to be mutually reciprocated, and I think we both parted feeling that we were wiser than when we met.

In reply to their inquiry:

“Is she insane?”

“She is the sanest person I ever saw. I wish the world was full of such women.”

Now that my sanity was established beyond question, the Mantenoites resolved to liberate me, and therefore appointed a public indignation meeting for this purpose, to see what could be done to effect it.

Mr. Packard hearing of this proposed meeting to liberate his imprisoned wife, sent to Chicago and obtained Rev. A. D. Eddy, D. D., and Mr. Cooley, of the firm of Cooley & Farwell, to come to Manteno and help him to withstand and defeat this

philanthropic plan. They both came and did their work up thoroughly and successfully, in that they browbeat the Mantenoites, and silenced them into submission to the dictates of this ministerial and church influence.

Thus this plan was defeated, and I was destined to another disappointment.

Mr. Blessing told me clandestinely, he had come to effect my liberation if possible.

But these Mantenoites determined that their defeat should not be a failure, and therefore they determined to try the *habeas corpus* act, and thus secure me a fair trial at least.

But to their surprise, they found it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to extend this act to a legal "nonentity," unless by the consent of Mr. Packard, who stood *for me* in law, and of course he would not consent to any step which would allow me any chance at self-defence.

Therefore, with the encouragement and assistance of his brother ministers, and the church, he learned how to ward off this attempt successfully.

Again the Mantenoites assembled, and by their generous contributions raised a liberal purse of money, to be used in my defence. They sent a delegation to the asylum, to inform me of this fact, which they did, by carefully noting the time the Doctor's back was turned, to inform me as they walked through the prison halls. Said they:

"Any amount of money you can have, if money can help you. Send to your son, Theophilus, to take you out."

I simply had time to reply, "I can't send letters out."

This was all we could say clandestinely. Although I could see no hope of deliverance through this source, yet the thought that I was being cared for by any one outside my prison, was a great consolation to me.

Through the influence of friends, my oldest son, Theophilus, visited the asylum, and obtained an interview with me.

When I was incarcerated in my prison, Theophilus was in the post-office in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, as clerk, and had not seen me for two years. His regard for me was excessive. He had been uniformly filial, and very kind to me, and therefore when he learned that his loving mother was a prisoner in a lunatic asylum, he felt an unconquerable desire to see me, and judge for himself, whether I was really insane, or whether I was the victim of his father's despotism.

His father, aware of this feeling, and fearing he might ascertain the truth respecting me by some means, sent him a letter, commanding him not to write to his mother now in the asylum, and by no means visit her there, adding, if he did so, he should disinherit him!

Theophilus was now eighteen years of age, and, as yet, had never known what it was to disobey either his father's or mother's express commands. But now his love for his mother led him to question the justice of this seemingly arbitrary command, and he, fearful of trusting to his own judgment in this matter, sought advice from those who had once been Mr. Packard's church members and deacons in Mount Pleasant, and from all he got the same opinion strongly defended, that he had a right to disobey *such* a command.

He therefore ventured to visit his mother in her lonely prison home in defiance of his father's edict.

I was called from my ward to meet my darling first-born son in the reception-room, when I had been in my prison about two months. After embracing and kissing me with all the fondness of a most loving child, and while shedding our mutual tears of ecstasy at being allowed to meet once more on earth, he remarked:

"Mother, I don't know as I have done right in coming to see you as I have, for father has forbidden my coming, and you have always taught me never to disobey my father."

"Disobeyed your father!" said I. "Yes, I have always taught

you it was a sin to disobey him, and I do fear you have done wrong, if you have come to see me in defiance of your father's command. You know we can never claim God's blessing in doing wrong, and I fear our interview will not be a blessing to either of us, if it has been secured at the price of disobedience to your father's command."

Here his tears began to flow anew, while he exclaimed :

"I was afraid it would prove so! I was afraid you would not approve of my coming! But, mother, I could not bear to feel that you had become insane, and I could not believe it, and would not, until I had seen you myself; and now I see it is just as I expected, *you are not insane*, but are the same kind mother as ever. But I am sorry if I have done wrong by coming."

I wept—he wept—I could not bear to blame my darling boy.

"And must I?" was the great question to be settled.

"My son, let us ask God to settle this question for us," and down we both kneeled by the sofa, and with my arm around my darling boy, I asked God if I should blame him for coming to see me in defiance of his father's order. While asking for heavenly wisdom to guide us in the right way, the thought came to me, "go and ask Dr. McFarland."

I accordingly went to the Doctor's parlor, where I found him alone, reading his paper. I said to him :

"Doctor, I have a question of conscience to settle, and I have sought your help in settling it, namely, has my son done wrong to visit me, when his father has forbidden his coming, and has threatened to disinherit him if he did? He has the letter with him showing this to be the case."

After thinking a moment, the Doctor simply replied :

"Your son has a *right* to visit his mother!"

Oh, the joy I felt at this announcement! It seemed as if a mountain had been lifted from me, so relieved was I of my burden. With a light heart I sought my sobbing boy, and encircling my arms about his neck, exclaimed :

“Cheer up! my dear child, you had a *right* to visit your mother! so says the Doctor.”

Why was this struggle with our consciences? Was it not that we had trained them to respect paternal authority?

At this interview, Dr. McFarland fairly promised to co-operate with my son, in doing all in his power to get me out, and afterwards refused to do the least thing towards it, not even to send my letters to my son, nor would he deliver his to me. I know he received letters from him, for shortly after I saw one on his office table from him, directed to me, and I took it up to read it, and he took it from me, refusing to let me know its contents.

Now I found I was destined to another disappointment, for the Doctor had not only refused to co-operate, but was evidently defeating my son's filial attempts to rescue his mother. The agony of this disappointment was increased by the fact that the Doctor had deceived us both, in this transaction, therefore his word could no longer be trusted.

I was very sorry to be obliged to come to this conclusion, for until this development I had regarded him as a man of honor, whose word could be trusted.

Another effort my friends made was to go the Governor on my behalf, but he replied:

“I cannot repeal laws, nor enact laws, I can only execute laws, and if there is no law by which she can have a trial, or be liberated, I do not know of anything that I can do for her. It is her husband's business to take her out, and if he refuses, there is no law to force him, so long as Dr. McFarland claims she is insane.”

After all these sore disappointments, I found that my personal liberty, and personal identity, were entirely at the mercy of Mr. Packard and Dr. McFarland; that no law of the Institution or of the State, recognized my identity while a married woman; therefore, no protection, not even the criminal's right

of self-defence, could be extended to me ; and therefore I must intelligently yield up all hopes of my personal liberty, so long as Mr. Packard and Dr. McFarland lived and agreed in keeping me imprisoned !

With such an institution in every State what is there now to prevent any kind of persecution a depraved nature may instigate against the innocent and unsuspecting ? especially against a married woman, who, upon the principle of common law, has no legal protection whatever, if her husband chooses to use the power the law gives him to prevent it !

Had I lived in the sixteenth instead of the nineteenth century my husband would have used the laws of that day to punish me as a heretic for this departure from the established creed—while under the influence of the same intolerant spirit, he now uses this autocratic institution as a means of torture to bring about the same result—namely : *a recantation of my faith.*

In other words, instead of calling me by the obsolete title of heretic he modernizes his phrase by substituting insanity instead of heresy as the crime for which I am now sentenced to endless imprisonment in one of our Modern Inquisitions.

Much that is now called insanity will be looked upon by future ages, with a feeling similar to what we feel towards those who suffered as witches, in Salem, Massachusetts. That persecution went so far, that the government was obliged to make a law, that all who accused others of witchcraft, must themselves suffer the punishment they had designed to secure to the witch. This law and its execution put a speedy stop to these false accusations.

Possibly, our government will be obliged to put a stop to these false accusations of insanity, in the same manner. If all those who *falsely* accused another of insanity, were compelled to be treated as insane themselves, I think the number of those brought before a jury for trial, on the charge of insanity, would be greatly lessened.

CHAPTER IX.

Sunny Side of My Prison Life.

For the first four months of my prison life, Dr. McFarland treated me himself, and caused me to be treated, with all the respect of a hotel boarder, so far as lay in his power.

As to medical treatment, I received none at all, either from himself, or his subordinates. And the same may be said with equal truth, of all the inmates. This is the general rule; those few cases where they receive any kind of medical treatment, are the exceptions.

A little ale occasionally, is the principal part of the medical treatment which these patients receive, unless his medical treatment consists in the "laying on of hands," for this treatment is almost universally bestowed. But the manner in which this was practised, varied very much in different cases.

For the first four months the Doctor "laid his hands" very gently upon me, except that the pressure of my hand in his was sometimes quite perceptible, and sometimes, as I thought, longer continued than this healing process demanded!

Still, as I was then quite a novice in this mode of cure, I might not have been a proper judge.

But after these four months he laid his hands upon me in a different manner, and as I then thought and still do think, far too violently. There was no mistaking the character of these grips—no duplicity after this period, rendered this modern mode of treatment of doubtful interpretation to me.

To Dr. McFarland's credit I must say, that if shaking hands with his patients is his mode of medical treatment, I must give him the credit of paying no respect of persons in administering it. For indeed there was seldom an occupant of the seventh ward who did not daily feel the grip of the Superintendent's hand.

And I have no doubt but that this mode of imparting magnetism was in many instances beneficial to the patient.

So far as its influence upon me was concerned, I cheerfully admit that I considered myself benefited by it. My nervous system had been severely taxed, my sympathies had been stifled, and these heavy draughts on the vital forces of my nature had left me in a condition to be easily strengthened and benefited by the magnetic influence of a strong and sympathizing man. The affectionate pressure of his great hand seemed to impart a kind of vitality to my nervous system, which did help me bear my spiritual tortures with greater fortitude and composure. Up to this date I had reason to believe that he did pity me, and really wished to be a true friend to me and my interests.

Many thanks are due to Dr. McFarland for the courteous, manly treatment I received from him during this favored period. I did not then think, neither do I now cherish the thought, that Dr. McFarland intended to manifest himself towards me in any manner inconsistent with the principles of a high-toned, manly gentleman.

Only one impulsive act of this kind did he allow himself to commit during my entire prison life, which I think his reason would not approve, so far as his personal treatment of me was concerned.

One day I was entrusted with the care of some of the Seventh ward patients, to recreate ourselves in the court-yard. Availing myself of the sources of amusement there furnished, I seated myself upon a swing, and also politely accepted the offer of a gentleman, who was reclining upon the grass under the shady tree to swing me. After allowing him to do so for a while, I asked him to allow me to get off and let another take my place. But instead of receiving their thanks for this offer, Mrs. Gassaway, one of the prisoners, a wife, and mother of several children, bestowed upon me a most severe reprimand,

not only for swinging myself, but also for allowing a "male patient," as she called my gallant, to swing me.

Instead, therefore, of accepting this offer herself, or allowing any other one to accept it, she started with a quick step towards the ward, to report my misdemeanors to Miss Eagle, our attendant, as she threatened to do.

I, of course, followed with my paroled prisoners after her, as I had been instructed to keep an eye upon them all; but instead of following them into the ward, I went alone into the Doctor's office to report my misdemeanors at head quarters.

I found Dr. McFarland standing at his writing desk; alone in his office. I rushed up in front of him, and in a very enthusiastic, amusing manner, made a frank and full confession of what Mrs. Gassaway termed my "great improprieties!"

With his eyes upon me, the Doctor listened with the most profound attention to my confessions and plea for pardon, and as I finished by inquiring :

"What shall I say to Miss Eagle in extenuation of Mrs. Gassaway's charge against me ?

"Say nothing ; I will see that you are protected !"

And as he made this remark, he stooped and bestowed a kiss upon my forehead.

Although I regarded this as a mere impulsive act, dictated by no corrupt motives, yet as I afterwards told him, I considered it an indiscreet act for a man in his position :

"For, Dr. McFarland, men do not send their wives, nor fathers their daughters here, expecting that you will manifest your regard for them in *this manner*, and by doing so, you render yourself liable to just censure from the patrons of this Institution."

The Doctor listened with silent attention to this reproof, and only remarked :

"It was only a kiss of charity."

Here I will venture the remark, that had I been discharged

at any time during these four months, I should doubtless have identified myself with that class of discharged prisoners who represent Dr. McFarland as no other than an honorable gentleman. And I am prepared to believe there are many whose experience would lead them to thus represent him, for, from their standpoint, he had been only the gentlemanly Superintendent.

The greatest fault I could see in the Doctor's conduct during this period was, his receiving so many who were not insane, and in retaining those who had recovered their sanity so long after they were able to be at home. I saw several such sink back into a state of hopeless imbecility from this cause alone. Hope too long deferred made them so sick of life that they yielded themselves up to desperation as a natural, inevitable result.

It was a matter of great surprise to me to find so many in the Seventh ward, who, like myself, had never shown any insanity while there, and these were almost uniformly married women, who were put there either by strategy or by force. None of these unfortunate sane prisoners had had any trial or any chance for self-defence.

And I could not force myself to believe that so sensible a man as the Doctor, could really believe they were insane, without a shadow of evidence in their own conduct. But sadly foolish and weak as it was, he professed to believe they were, on simple hearsay testimony, in defiance of positive, tangible proof to the contrary.

I once asked the Doctor how long he had to keep a person imprisoned, to determine whether they were insane or not.

His reply was, "Sometimes six months, and sometimes a year!"

Another fact I noticed, that he invariably kept these sane wives until they begged to be sent home. This led me to suspect that there was a secret understanding between the husband and the Doctor; that the *subjection* of the wife was the

cure the husband was seeking to effect under the specious plea of insanity; and when they began to express a wish to go home, the Doctor would encourage these tyrannical husbands that they were "improving."

Time after time have I seen these defenceless women sent home only to be sent back again and again, for the sole purpose of making them the unresisting willing slaves of their cruel husbands.

I do not blame Dr. McFarland for the sins of these unnatural husbands, but I do blame him for letting the institution be used by them as a place of punishment to married women—as a prison, where they could appeal to none for help or deliverance—but to themselves.

These husbands, like Mr. Packard, knew that no law could protect the wife from their despotic power, and they knew too, that the simple word of Dr. McFarland, that they were insane, would legally entitle them to the use of this State's Prison as a calaboose, where their wives could be subjected to their husbands' will! I think that Dr. McFarland, even while he treated these subjected women with decent, gentlemanly respect, was at the same time, inflicting upon them a most cruel wrong, in keeping them imprisoned, when he knew they were not insane.

This is the only wrong I complain of from him, during those four months. He ought to have had the moral courage to say to Mr. Packard:

"Your wife is not insane, and I see no reason why her personal liberty should be taken from her. Therefore, I shall discharge her upon my own responsibility, to take care of herself unless you choose to do so. I am sure she is capable of assuming a self-reliant position, and therefore ought not to be imprisoned."

But he dared not do right and justice by me, or my associates, in this particular, but chose the cowardly course of compromising with this mean man; and thus he trampled the highest,

noblest instincts of his manly nature in the dust. By thus oppressing the weak, instead of protecting them, he ruined himself—his manliness suffered strangulation under this process,—as the sequel will demonstrate.

But with this exception, no Superintendent could have treated a prisoner with more consideration than he did me. I was allowed to go into the parlor and visit with his wife or her guests, when I pleased. I was occasionally invited to eat at the Doctor's table. He instructed my attendants to let me go out whenever I pleased. He allowed my room to be furnished with the toilet comforts of any good boarding house. He allowed me to have a trunk in my room, and all the articles of my wardrobe that I needed.

I was allowed my gold watch and gold spectacles, my three bladed pocket knife and scissors; in fact, everything a hotel boarder could desire. He furnished me books and papers to read. I could read, knit and sew, ride or walk, when I pleased, and to add to the feeling of trust and confidence he reposed in me, he gave me the entire charge of a carriage load of patients, and gave also the reins of the horse into my hands, to ride as far as I pleased, and return when I pleased.

This he did fourteen times, with no one to care for the horse or the patients, but myself.

He gave me money to go to the city and trade for myself, and his wife has sent me to trade for her, and for the house. His wife has employed me for weeks in succession, to cut and make dresses for herself and daughters, and the matron employed me to cut and plan work for the house. I cut and made twelve comforts for the house, and tied them myself, in my room, made pants and vests and cut twelve dresses for the patients.

Indeed, there was always something to do, for the comfort of others, and my own amusement. I was allowed to visit with most of the guests of the house.

In short, but for the grated windows, and bolted doors of prison life, I should hardly have known but I was a boarder, whose identity and capacities were recognized, in common with other intelligent guests.

My companions in the Seventh ward, were a very pleasant source of social enjoyment. Among them, I found some of the most original thinkers I ever saw ; and among this class, some of the best teachers I had ever had.

Some of them were Spiritualists, and they taught me many new ideas, and set me on to a new track of exploration. They told me their visions, and trances and prophecies, many of which have been already fulfilled, in the events of the war.

One lady had a prevision of the war, and was sent to the Asylum because she told of it ! Another had a vision of the same, under different imagery, and she had to lose her personal liberty for telling of it. Both of these prophetesses, Mrs. Neff and Mrs. Clarke, have lived to see the exact fulfillment of their visions, and like Jeremiah, they both had to be imprisoned for foretelling future events.

And sad as is the fact, these inspired women were compelled even under the folds of the American flag of religious toleration, to either be false to these true inspirations, or " Hide their light under a bushel," in order to obtain their personal liberty. Both of them told me, they were obliged to stop talking about it, before any one would admit they were getting over their insanity.

But they had to endure the horrors of a Lunatic Asylum for months, and even years, before they could be induced to love the defence of the truth, less than their personal liberty. But neither of these prophetesses ever did, to my knowledge, deny the truth of these visions, nor would they own it to be insanity. They merely yielded to be gagged, on condition that they could be liberated by so doing.

Such manifestations as these, are what the Asylum calls

very insane cases, so they had to be subjected to very severe punishments, and tortures, to bring them into this condition!

They both said to me clandestinely, the night before they left:

“My views are not changed at all, in regard to these prophetic truths, yet I dare not own it aloud, lest Dr. McFarland hear of it, and I be thereby doomed to endless torment within these prison walls. If my attendants should know that I have uttered these views to you, they will report me to the Doctor, and he will order my friends to leave to-morrow without me, as he will tell them I am not fit to go, for my insanity has returned. Therefore be entreated Mrs. Packard, not to betray me by reporting this conversation, until I am safely away from this horrid Inquisition.”

Of course I did not report them to their tormentors, but I consider it to be my duty, to report this inquisition to the American people, and thus appeal to their intelligence, to destroy these Inquisitions, which they are now blindly sustaining, under the popular name of charitable, humanitarian institutions.

If the truth were known, I believe that much that is called insanity at the present day, is only a higher development of Christianity than the perverted theology of the pulpit is willing to recognize.

CHAPTER X.

Letters to My Husband and Children.

Jacksonville, July 14th, 1860, Sabbath, P. M.

My Dear Husband and Children :

Your letter of July eleventh arrived yesterday. It was the third I have received from home, and, indeed, is all I have received from any source since I came to the Asylum. And the one you received from me is all I have sent from here. I thank you for writing so often. I shall be happy to answer all letters from you, if you desire it, as I see you do, by your last. I like anything to relieve the monotny of my daily routine. * * *

Dr. McFarland told me, after I had been here one week, "I do not think you will remain but a few days longer." I suspect he found me an unfit subject, upon a personal acquaintance. Still, unfit as I consider myself, to be numbered amongst the insane, I am so numbered at my husband's request. And for his sake, I must, until my death, carry about with me, "This thorn in the flesh—this messenger of Satan to buffet me," and probably, to keep me humble, and in my proper place.

God grant it may be a sanctified affliction to me! I do try to bear it, uncomplainingly, and submissively. But, Oh! 'tis hard—'tis very hard.

May you never know what it is to be numbered with the insane, within the walls of an asylum, not knowing your friends will ever regard you as a fit companion or associate for them again.

Oh! the bitter, bitter cup, I have been called to drink, even to its very dregs, just because I choose to obey God rather than man! But, as my Saviour said, "the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Oh! yes, for thy sake, kind

Saviour, I rejoice, that I am counted worthy to suffer the loss of all things. And thou hast made me worthy, by thine own free and sovereign grace. Yes, dear Jesus, I am trying to learn the lesson thou art teaching me, that "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Yes, content, to sit at a table with twenty-four maniacs, three times a day, and eat my bread and meat, and drink my milk and water, while I remember, almost each time, how many vegetables and berries are upon my own dear table at home, and I not allowed to taste, because my husband counts me unworthy, or unfit, or unsafe, to be an inmate at his fireside and table. I eat, and retire, and pray God to keep me from complaining. My fare does not agree with my health, and so I have begged of our kind attendants, to furnish me some poor, shriveled wheat, to eat raw, in order to promote digestion. This morning, after asking a blessing at the table, I retired to my own room, to eat my raw, hard wheat alone, with my pine-apple to soften it, or rather to moisten it going down.

Yes, the berries I toiled so very hard to get for our health and comfort, I only must be deprived of them at my husband's appointment.

The past—Oh! the sad past! together with the present, and the unknown future! Let oblivion cover the past—let no record of my wrongs be ever made, for posterity to see, for your sake, my own lawful husband.

Oh! my dear precious children! how I pity you! My heart aches for you. But I can do nothing for you. I am your father's victim, and cannot escape from my prison to help you, even you—my own flesh and blood—my heart's treasure, my jewels, my honor and rejoicing.

For I do believe you remain true to the mother who loves you so tenderly, that she would die to save you from the disgrace your father has brought upon your fair names, by being stigmatised as the children of an insane mother, whom he

said he regarded as unsafe, as an inmate of your own quiet home, and, therefore, has confined me within these awful enclosures!

May you never know what it is to go to sleep within the hearing of such unearthly sounds as can be heard here almost at any hour of the night! I can sleep in the hearing of it, for "so he giveth his beloved sleep."

Children dear, do not be discouraged at my sad fate, for well doing; but be assured that, although you may suffer in this world for it, you may be sure your reward will come in the next. "For, if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

Do commit your souls to him in well-doing for my sake, if you dare not for your own sake, for I do entreat you to let me be with you in heaven, if your father prevents it on earth.

I may not have much longer to suffer here on earth. Several in our ward are now sick in bed, and I give them more of my fruit than I eat myself, hoping that, when my turn comes to be sick, some one may thus serve me. But if not, I can bear it, perhaps better than they can, to be without any solace or comfort in sickness here, such as a friend needs.

Do be kind to your father, and make him as happy as possible. Yes, honor your father, if he has brought such dishonor upon your name and reputation.

I will devote my energies to these distressed objects around me, instead of attending to your wants, as a mother should be allowed to do, at least, so long as she could do so, as well as I could, and did, when I was taken from you. I know I could not, for lack of physical strength, do as much for you as I once could, still I was willing, and did do all I could for you. Indeed, I find I am almost worn out by my sufferings. I am very weak and feeble. Still I make no complaints, for I am so much better off than many others here.

Do bring my poor lifeless body home when my spirit has

fled to Jesus' arms for protection, and lay me by my asparagus bed, so you can visit my grave and weep over my sad fate in this world. I do not wish to be buried in Shelburne, but let me rise where I suffered so much for Christ's sake.

Oh! do not, do not, be weary in well-doing, for, did I not hope to meet you in heaven, it seems as though my heart would break!

I am useful here, I hope. Some of our patients say, it is a paradise here now, compared with what it was before I came. The authorities assure me, that I am doing a great work for the institution.

When I had the prospect of returning home in a few days, as I told you, I begged with tears not to send me, as my husband would have the same reason for sending me back as he had for bringing me here. For the will of God is still my law and guide, so I cannot do wrong, and until I become insane, I can take no other guide for my conduct. Here I can exercise my rights of conscience, without offending any one.

Yes, I am getting friends, from high and low, rich and poor. I am loved and respected here by all that know me. I am their confidant, their counsellor, their bosom friend. Oh! how I love this new circle of friends! There are several patients here who are no more insane than I am; but are put here, like me, to get rid of them. But here we can work for God, and here die for him.

Love to all my children, and yourself also. I thank you for the fruit and mirror. It came safe. I had bought one before.

I am at rest—and my mind enjoys that peace the world cannot give or take away. When I am gone to rest, rejoice for me. Weep not for me, I am, and must be forever happy in God's love.

The questions are often asked me.

“Why were you sent here? you are not insane. Did you

injure any one? Did you give up, and neglect your duties? Did you tear your clothes, and destroy your things? What did you do that made your friends treat such a good woman so?"

Let silence be my only reply, for your sake, my husband.

Now, my husband, do repent, and secure forgiveness from God, and me, before it is too late. Indeed, I pity you; my soul weeps on your account. But God is merciful, and his mercies are great above the heavens. Therefore, do not despair; by speedy repentance secure gospel peace to your tempest-tossed soul. So prays your loving wife,

ELIZABETH.

Extract from Another Letter.

My Dear Husband:

I thank you kindly for writing, and thus relieving my burdened heart, by assuring me that my dear children are alive and well. I have been sadly burdened at the thought of what they are called to suffer on their mother's account.

Yes, the mother's heart has wept for them every moment; yet my heart has rejoiced in God my Saviour, for to suffer as well as to do his holy will, is my highest delight, my chief joy.

Yes, my dear husband, I can say in all sincerity and honesty, "The will of the Lord be done." I can still by this abundant grace utter the true emotions of my full heart, in the words of my favorite verse, which you all know has been my solace in times of doubt, perplexity and trial. It is this:

"With cheerful feet thy path of duty run,
 God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
 But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou but see,
 Through all events of things as well as He."

Oh! the consolation the tempest-tossed spirit feels in the thought that our Father is at the helm, and that no real harm can befall us with such a pilot to direct our course.

And let me assure you all for your encouragement, that my own experience bears honest, practical testimony that great peace they have who make God their shield, their trust, their refuge; and I can even add that this insane asylum has been to me the gate to Heaven. * * *

By Dr. McFarland's leave, I have established family worship in our hall; and we never have less than twelve, and sometimes eighteen or more, quite quiet and orderly, while I read and explain a chapter—then join in singing a hymn—then kneeling down, I offer a prayer, as long as I usually did at our own family altar.

I also implore the blessing of God at the table at every meal, while twenty-nine maniacs, as we are called, silently join with me.

Our conversation, for the most part, is intelligent, and to me most instructive. At first, quite a spirit of discord seemed to pervade our circle. But now it is quiet and even cheerful. I find that we as individuals hold the happiness of others to a great degree in our own keeping, and that "A merry heart doeth good like medicine." * * *

If God so permit, I should rejoice to join the dear circle at home, and serve them to the best of my ability. "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." I thank you, husband, for your kindness, both past and prospective. Do forgive me, wherein I have ever wronged you, or needlessly injured your feelings, and believe me your

ELIZABETH.

P. S.—Tell the dear children to trust God, by doing right.

CHAPTER XI.

My Transition.

During the sunny days of my prison life I was allowed to have the free and unrestricted use of my pen, with all the paper and stationery I wished. My right to my letters, journal and private papers, was as freely acceded to me as any other inalienable right of an American citizen. And Dr. McFarland even respected my post-office right so much as not to read my letters to my husband, nor do I think he read his to me.

This, I found, was an almost unexampled practical acknowledgement of this sacred right of an American citizen, while under the locks and keys of one of its humanitarian institutions.

Before I entered an insane asylum and learned its hidden life from the standpoint of a patient, I had not supposed that the inmates were outlaws, in the sense that the law did not protect them in any of their inalienable rights. I had ignorantly supposed that their right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," was recognized and respected as human beings.

But now I have learned it is not the case; but on the contrary, the law and society have so regulated this principle, that the insane are permitted to be treated and regarded as having *no rights* that any one is bound to respect—no, not even so much as the slaves are, for they have the rights of their master's selfish interests to shield their own rights.

But the rights of the insane are not even shielded by the principle of selfishness. What does the keeper of this class care for the rights of the menials beneath him?

Nothing. His salary is secured by law, whether there be few or many under the roof which shelters him. Unlike the

slaveholder, he can torment and abuse unto death, and his interests are not impaired by this wreck of human faculties and human life.

Indeed this wreck is oftentimes made a necessity to the Superintendent, to prevent the exposure of his criminal acts.

And since there is no law to shield the insane person, he is, by law, subject to an absolute despotism. Thus the despot is protected in his despotism, no matter how severe and rigorous he may become.

Now since the object of government should be to protect the rights of its citizens, it seems to me that the insane have rights which the government ought to respect, acknowledge, and protect.

And one of these human rights is to write letters to whom and when they please, as this would serve to restrain, in some degree, the absolute despotism which rules supreme behind the curtain.

So long as the superintendent was upright, and acted according to his highest sense of right, he would not care what his patients said or wrote about him. But when selfishness and wicked policy controlled his actions, he would fear his wickedness would be exposed if the patients were allowed to write what they pleased. I think it is because the deeds of darkness and cruelty are so common, instead of deeds of kindness, forbearance and justice, that render the superintendents so harmonious in the opinion that it is best to deprive their patients of their post-office rights, when they are deprived of their personal liberty.

In my own experience I find this principle demonstrated, as the sequel will show.

While I was treated with propriety, there were no strictures put upon my correspondence; but as soon as he began to pass on to the plane of injustice, he became jealous at once of the use I made of this right.

I do not think any letters I wrote during these sunny days would have excited his jealousy if he did read them all; but there was one document I wrote which did arouse all the evil influences of his nature into energetic action against me, and this was a written reproof I gave him.

It may be a matter of surprise to my readers that I should deem it my duty to reprove one who was acting so gentlemanly a part towards me.

It was a surprise to myself, almost, that I should dare to risk myself in such an encounter, knowing as I did, that all my favors, rights and privileges, were suspended entirely upon the will of the superintendent, and therefore, subject to his dictation. But motives higher than those of self-interest actuated me, or I could not have done it. I know that I was a rare exception in the respectful treatment he was bestowing upon me; no other prisoner had been so much favored before me, if the testimony of his employees could be relied upon, and my eligible position had become the great topic of discussion among the prisoners and employees.

But by the omnipotent power of God's grace I was inspired with moral courage sufficient to espouse the cause of the oppressed and the defenceless, even at the risk of becoming one of their number by so doing.

I plainly saw and felt that on the part of their oppressors there was power, but that they had no comforter. I felt conscious that I held an influence and power over Dr. McFarland, and I deliberately determined this influence should be felt in their behalf. And, like Queen Esther, I felt willing to cast in my lot with these despised captives, if necessary, to be their deliverer.

I therefore depicted their wrongs, oppression and received cruelties, in the most expressive terms I could command, and on this statement of awful facts I based an appeal to his intelligence, his humanity, and his conscience, to become their protector and deliverer.

I furthermore added, that unless he did treat them with more justice, I should expose his criminal conduct publicly, when I got out; but if he would repent of these sins against humanity, he would have nothing to fear, for we would all forgive the past if he would repent now, and do us justice in the future.

This document cast the die for my future destiny.

The transition time had fully come, when comfort, attention, respect, privilege, all, all, were in the dead past, and discomfort, inattention, disrespect, contempt, wrong and deprivation are to mark the future of my prison life.

It was for others' interests I plead—it was of others' wrongs and woes I complained. It was for them and their sakes I deliberately laid down my position as the asylum favorite, and became henceforth the asylum prisoner.

From this time, for two years and eight months, was I made a close prisoner, and never after, with but one exception, allowed to step my foot outside the asylum walls, and I fully believe it was the Doctor's purpose to make a maniac of me, by the skillful use of the asylum tortures.

But, thank God! the mouths of the Asylum Lions were kept shut, so that they could not hurt me, and like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, the Lord brought me out of this fiery furnace without the taint of insanity upon me. I did not fear to trust the Lord in the line of my duty—he did not forsake me in my captivity.

Although henceforth I became one with my fellow captives in suffering, yet never for one moment have I regretted the step I then took in their defence, nor the transition it assigned me.

CHAPTER XII.

My Removal from the Best Ward to the Worst.

One Saturday evening, after chapel prayers, Dr. McFarland took me by the arm and led me from the chapel into the eighth ward, and as he left me behind the dead lock, said:

“You may occupy this ward, Mrs. Packard.”

This was the first manifestation of the change in the Doctor's feelings towards me. As he left, I said to my attendant:

“Miss Tenny, what does this mean?”

“I don't know; all he said to me was, ‘I wish you not to allow Mrs. Packard to leave the ward, and give her a dormitory bed, and treat her as you do the maniacs.’”

“I don't know what it means either, he has never reproved me for anything, neither have I broken any rules that I know of. I wonder if ‘my reproof’ has not offended him?”

“I presume it has; I have heard there was quite a stir about it.”

I found it was generally known that I was preparing a document in defence of the prisoners' rights, and several had heard me read it; and although they insisted upon its truth in every particular, yet they all seemed to think I had no idea of the Doctor's power over us, or I should not dare to utter the truth so plainly to him.

Some said, “We have often told him the same thing, but he takes no notice of it whatever, unless he gets mad about it, then he will send us to some bad ward to be punished for it.”

Others would say, “Mrs. Packard, you had better not give the Doctor that document, unless you wish to be sent to a dungeon, where you could never see daylight again!”

Another would say, "I will stand by you, Mrs. Packard, if you will give him that document, if he kills me for doing so! for it is the truth."

Fearing some of these predictions might prove true, I took the precaution to take an exact copy of the document, and sewed it up in a cloth, and hid it between the glass and the board back of my mirror, where it remained, undisturbed and unknown, to any one except myself, until I took it out after I was liberated. I did this, thinking that if I should be killed there, it might some time be found, and tell the cause of my sudden or mysterious death; or if ever I should be liberated, it might be a vindication of my sanity, and explain the reason for my being retained so long. Since my liberation I have printed and sold several thousand copies of this reproof.

I also put every article of my wardrobe in perfect order, before going to chapel prayers that night, feeling a kind of presentiment of coming evil. I also told my friends in this seventh ward, that I hoped they would save my things from destruction, if they could not help me, in case of an encounter with the Doctor.

As it proved, I went to the chapel as well prepared for the event as I could have been, had I known what was to happen.

My attendant, Miss Eagle, of the seventh ward, told me that the Doctor came directly to my room after he had disposed of me, and shut himself in there alone, a long time, while he searched my things all over to find every manuscript I had in my possession, which he took from me. Knowing that I had a duplicate of my reproof, he determined to find and destroy it. But in this attempted robbery he failed.

He then ordered Miss Eagle to send all my things to the trunk room, and not allow me to take my bowl and pitcher and mirror, although they were my own.

He ordered my new attendant, Miss Tenny, to treat me just as she did the maniacs, who were now my sole companions—to

let me have nothing to amuse myself with, by way of sewing, reading, or writing.

My associates in this ward occupied themselves in screaming, fighting, running, hallooing, sitting on the floor when they sat at all in their own rooms, as chairs were not allowed in this ward. There was scarcely a patient in the whole ward who could ask or answer a question in a rational manner.

This ward was then considered the worst in the house, inasmuch as it then contained some of the most dangerous class of patients, even worse than the fifth in this respect, and in respect to filth and pollution it surpassed the fifth at that time. It is not possible for me to conceive of a more fetid smell, than the atmosphere of this hall exhaled. An occupant of this hall, would inevitably become so completely saturated with this most offensive effluvia, that the odor of the eighth ward patients could be distinctly recognised at a great distance, even in the open air.

I could, in a few moments after the Doctor put me in among them, even taste this most fetid scent at the pit of my stomach. Even our food and drink were so contaminated with it, we could taste nothing else, sometimes. It at first seemed to me, I must soon become nothing less than a heap of putrefaction. But I have found out that I can live, move, breathe, and have a being, where I once thought I could not!

This awful scent was owing to neglect in the management of the Institution. This was not the visitor's ward. Seldom any, but the asylum occupants, found their entrance into this sink of human pollution.

The patients were never washed all over, although they were the lowest, filthiest class of prisoners. They could not wait upon themselves any more than an infant, in many instances, and none took the trouble to wait upon them. The accumulation of this defilement about their persons, their beds, their rooms, and the unfragrant puddles of water through which

they would delight to wade and wallow, rendered the exhalations in every part of the hall almost intolerable.

To endure this contamination, I felt certain my daily cold water bath must be continued; but how could it be done, with only one tin wash basin for eighteen persons? I found that we all could hardly find time to wash even our hands and face, before breakfast, in this single dish, much less could it be spared long enough for one to take a full bath.

My attendant tried to get my bowl and pitcher from the Seventh ward, to accommodate me, but the Doctor forbid it.

I asked him for it. He refused me.

I then claimed the right to take a new chamber vessel, that was brought into the ward for another purpose, and tied a scarlet string around the handle to distinguish it, and kept it under my bed for my washbowl. By this means I was able to continue my daily bath, although I found my feelings of delicacy revolted from the gaze of from four to six room-mates, who occupied the same dormitory with myself.

The Doctor expressly forbid my having a room by myself, but compelled me to sleep in this dormitory for one year, where, each night, my life was exposed, by the violent hands of these maniacs. I have been obliged to call up my attendant, some nights, to save being killed by them. Still the Doctor would not let her give me a room by myself.

I have sometimes thought the Doctor put me there for the very purpose of getting me killed by these maniacs.

I have been nearly killed several times, and I have appealed most earnestly to Dr. McFarland to save my life, but he would simply turn speechless away from me! I have also asked him to remove some of the most dangerous ones for my safety, and the only response would be, to bring in a more dangerous one!

I made no complaints, never expostulated with him, nor spoke a disrespectful or reproachful word to him, in vindication of my own rights. I never made any confession to him

of wrong doing on my part, nor presented any plea for pardon or forgiveness.

Neither did he ever utter one word of explanation to me, why he was pursuing this course of treatment towards me. Neither could any one about the building ever get him to give them any reason for this change towards me, except:

“It is all for her good.”

But to the credit of my attendants, the two sisters, Misses Tenny, and Mrs. Waldo, the matron, I am happy to add, they did not feel bound to co-operate in all the Doctor's plans to abuse and torment me. Indeed, the oldest Miss Tenny, openly and boldly refused to treat me as she did the maniacs. In her own language I can vindicate her, for her conduct corresponded with her words.

One day, after sympathizing with me in my privations, she said:

“Mrs. Packard, I shall not treat you as I do the other patients, notwithstanding the Doctor has ordered me to. I shall use my own judgment, and treat you as I think you deserve to be treated.”

And indeed, she did treat me like a sister. I do not now see how she could have done better by me than she did; and to her kindness, and tender sympathy, do I owe much under God, for being able to escape the many dangers and trials which enveloped me, and come out from among them unharmed.

The two Misses Tenny deserve much credit also, for the reasonable and judicious treatment they bestowed upon the other patients in this ward. In fact, they were the first truly kind attendants I had then seen in the Asylum. They were the first I had found, who seemed to fear God more than they did Dr. McFarland.

Even the day following the Doctor's order to not let me leave the ward on any account, she took me to the trunk room

herself, and asked me to select any articles from my wardrobe I wished, and let me take my sewing box, containing my knife, scissors, and spectacles, etc., and gave me a drawer in the dormitory table to keep them in, and put the key of it into my own pocket. This was a marked act of confidence on her part, for there were strict rules in this ward, that no knife or scissors be allowed in the ward, even in the hands of the attendants.

Mrs. Waldo, our matron, extended to me her practical sympathy, by doing many things for my comfort, which the Doctor forbid. She allowed me to use a covered box with a cushioned seat upon it, as a substitute for my trunk, and she bought me a metallic wash bowl after a while, which I used for nearly two years, for myself alone, and by a little strategy, she and Miss Tenny secured my mirror for our dormitory, as there was no mirror of any kind in the ward.

But this dauntless act well nigh cost me my document, for we had hardly got it hung on to its nail, when one of the wild patients seemed to be seized with a furious spite against it, and rushing up to the table beneath it, took article after article upon the table, and threw against it with almost incredible rapidity; but just before she had time to hurl the tumbler and pitcher against it, one of my room-mates seized the mirror from the nail, and rushed with it into another room, while the fragments of the tumbler and pitcher were flying in all directions, and the table upset with terrible violence.

After this, I kept my mirror hid between my beds, except when I wished to use it, or let others use it. But I occasionally found some of the maniacs had taken it from its hiding place, and were using it as they pleased; but by the most gentle and adroit coaxing, I got it back again, safely. I once recollect of getting one to give it to me in exchange for an apple.

But this mirror, like myself, seemed destined to elude all attacks upon its destruction. The document within it, and the spirit within me, seemed alike invulnerable!

CHAPTER XIII.

My Reproof to Dr. McFarland for his Abuse of his Patients.

DR. MCFARLAND: From the effect of my former document (my defence*), I plainly see that my work here is not yet done. The office of a Reprover is put upon me; and this to me, the hardest of all crosses, I bear for Christ's sake.

Christ is now my only Master, and his will, not my own, is now my only choice. Oh! my Master, help me to do this duty under thy special guidance and dictation.

In Christ's own expressive language, I say, "Come let us reason together."

I do not approve of publishing your faults to the world until you have had an opportunity first, to amend your ways and your doings, by being faithfully, candidly and honestly informed of the true position in which you stand as Superintendent of this institution.

Dr. McFarland, it is my honest opinion that the principles upon which you treat the inmates of this institution, are contrary to reason, to justice, to humanity. They are treated in a very insane manner—in a manner the best calculated to make maniacs that human ingenuity could devise. No human being can be subjected to the process to which you subject them here, without being in great danger of becoming insane; especially, if their physical or mental constitution is in the least degree impaired.

Your discipline is invariably calculated to increase their difficulties, and make them worse rather than better. And even a

* A document I had previously given him in defence of my sanity, with the request that I be discharged as a sane person.

person with a sound mind, and a sound body, could hardly pass through a course here and come out unharmed, without faith, and such faith as is needed to sustain the soul in passing through its deepest earthly trials.

Indeed put your wives or your daughters through such a discipline as you put others' wives and daughters through here, and I believe they could not come out unharmed.

Again, you are constantly breaking the insane laws of the State, by the course you are pursuing; and it would not require a person of more than a common share of intelligence to make this apparent to the Legislature. It is even a self-evident proposition.

Again, a person is very apt to *become* what they are taken to *be*. You may take the sanest person in the world, and tell him he is insane and treat him as you do here, it is the most trying ordeal a person can pass through, and not really become insane.

You seem to regard insanity as a crime!—a capital crime!—to be punished with death, by slow torture.

And I really think the world ought to know of the fact by a public notice that:

“Those guilty of the *crime* of insanity should be sent to Jocksonville, Asylum, under the care of Dr. McFarland, and his ally Dr. Fenny. Here it will be sure to receive its con-dign *punishment*.”

The only way a person can secure, or have the least reason to expect decent treatment here, is one who has been educated to observe with the utmost strictness, all the proprieties of conduct expected from the most genteel society—and be such a Christian, as can bear abuse silently and meekly—must be entirely non-resistant.

In short must have a perfect symmetry of development in the manifestation of his organization, however unfortunately unbalanced by nature; and they must say they are insane when

they know they are not; and they must believe that others are better judges of their motives and intentions than themselves. In short, they must give up their identity to the Superintendent, for *him* to judge whether they are fit to live free to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience, or not.

With each and even all these qualifications, he must expect that the exhibition of practical godliness, in the form of compassion for the suffering, or pity for the sick or unfortunate, is to be regarded as insanity, and attributed to a religious monomania.

Indeed it seems to me that the age has become degenerate to that degree, that a person cannot live a true natural life without being regarded as insane. And I do believe that much of what is called insanity at the present age, is only a specimen of true, pure, simple Christianity, such as the present corrupt age fails to recognize—so different is it from the educated Christianity of creeds, sects, and denominational religion.

I believe that many in this asylum are such specimens of martyrdom for Christ and principle as the age produces, and that they are yet to be some of the brightest purest, noblest saints and angels around God's throne in heaven.

I fully believe that some of those whom you have placed on the lowest plane in this asylum, God will exalt to the highest among His sons and daughters in His Kingdom. Yes, there is strong reason to believe that the first in this institution "shall be last and the last first."

Yea, in our insane asylums may be found the only real *sane* beings in the world, who, like the righteous of Sodom, are to become the world's saviours.

Dr. McFarland, compassion and its natural manifestation, is not insanity—it is Christianity. Sympathy is not insanity—it is Christianity. Humanity is not insanity—it is Christianity. Rational, reasonable conduct is not insanity—it is Christianity. The true instincts of human nature, in man or

woman are not insanity—they are Christian developments. Neither is an unbalanced organization insanity. Physical agony and its natural expression, are not insanity.

But, sir, each and all these, you treat as insanity, and you also treat them as a crime, deserving death, if you cannot subdue the patient without or short of death!

I fully believe there are martyrs, whom you have murdered here, whose souls from under God's altar are now crying to God to avenge on you their wrongs. I have heard one of your favorite attendants say to, and of, a patient:

“You *deserve* to die if you wont stop crying!” and, “it would have been only good enough for her if I had killed her!!”

I have proof from a personal observation of your own actions, and I am not afraid to meet the charge before any jury in the world, in 1860, that you, sir, have exhibited more evidence of insanity on your part, than I have seen on any person since I entered this institution! and I think your insanity deserves, and merits, imprisonment for life, in a state of extreme torture; and unless you do speedily repent, I believe that you like Nebuchadnezzar will really become insane—that is, devoid of reason like the beasts, and you will receive the same punishment for it that you have inflicted upon your helpless victims.

You have merited the reputation of a *Nero*, and that reputation you will yet have, unless you repent.

You must receive according to our deeds, like all God's other accountable agents.

I feel called of God, and I shall obey this call, to expose your character by exposing your actions, to the light of 1861, unless you repent. I have ability—I have influence—I have friends—I have money—I have God's promised aid, on which I rely more confidently than on each and all other instrumentalities combined to aid me in doing this. I have powerful friends of freedom who will help me to break the chains, with which you

bind your slaves here in a slavery, worse than Southern slavery.

I cannot believe that there is any class of convicts or criminals in our land, who are not treated with more humanity—with more decency—with less of utter contempt and abuse, than you treat your insane patients here. Most criminals have some sort of a trial *before* they are punished; but here, all that is required, is the misrepresentation of an angry attendant, who thus secures to her helpless victim the punishment, which her own conduct justly merits upon herself.

And besides, if one of their number—the criminals—has the moral courage to carry out the humane instincts of her God-given nature, by espousing the cause of the innocent victim of their cruelties, she must expect to do so at the expense of receiving the like punishment inflicted upon herself, for this desperate act of insanity on her part!

Horrible! But true—true as facts—numberless facts—can make it.

And what is worse for you, sir, is the fact that this is known—and known by those who are determined, by God's help, to have your character exposed and your insanity punished, as it should be, and will be unless you repent, and that speedily—for, "The end is near and hasteth greatly."

The sword of God Almighty is already unsheathed. The work of destruction has commenced and "a quick work will the Lord make on the earth." Justice, humanity, and truth, will reign on the earth, henceforth; and whoever and whatever opposes these principles will be overthrown and destroyed; or they will repent by doing right, by acting as well as speaking honestly, truthfully; or, in other words, by doing unto others as they would wish to be done by.

You seem determined not to do so. If you carry out this determination, you will meet as you deserve to receive, Pharaoh's destruction.

You can, like him, try to ease your troubled conscience by

the sophism—these are only the ravings of insanity. But, sir, *they are not*. They are the words of “truth and soberness,” such as you will have to meet at God’s bar; and I shall there witness against you, that I did faithfully warn you of your coming certain doom.

If I felt there was any hope, by appealing to your humanity, I might plead that, if you could be so reckless to your own interests, as to disregard this appeal, could you not, out of pity to your humane wife, and your innocent children, spare them the disgrace of your own iniquities being visited upon them.

Repentance—dealing justly—returning to their friends, the many, many individuals here, whom you unjustly, illegally retain, years and years, when you have no right to them a single day, is your only refuge.

Oh! the agonies of bereavement, hopeless—which you are alone responsible for in God’s sight, and will soon be found to be in man’s sight also!

Your prison-bound captives, now objects of your contempt and utter criminal indifference, you are destined to see rising and applauded as the world’s reformers,—while you are destined to sink into oblivion, and your name to rot, unless you repent.

The little stone of truth, cut out of the mountain without hands, and wielded by one, whom you may try to stigmatize as insane, will cause your overthrow, unless you repent.

I defy all your attempts to make me out an insane person. You cannot do it. My life is hid with Christ in God, where neither you nor devils can harm it. It is absolutely beyond your power to harm me. And all your attempts to do so, will be only working out your more speedy destruction.

Dr. Samington, the Methodist minister, in Manteno, is not the only person who will decide upon your qualifications for your position, by your decision respecting me. As he intimated, the man who would call me an insane person was not

fit for his place. Perhaps it was for this very thing I was sent here, to let the State see that Dr. McFarland has yet to learn the very alphabet of his profession. To let the fact appear, that you are so insane yourself, that you cannot tell a sane from an insane person!

Now just test your transcendental machinery and power to make out a case of insanity, of so occult a nature, that no being in the universe has ever had any evidence of its existence on any plane whatever, either physical, mental, moral or spiritual.

I make my boast of a sound mind, in as nearly as sound a physical organization, as the civilized world can produce. I am a monument for the age, that a healthy organization can be maintained, by a strict conformity to the *laws of nature*.

I am also a monument for the age—a standing miracle, almost—of the power of faith to shield one from insanity, by having come out unharmed, through a series of trials, such as would crush into a level with the beasts, I may say, any one, who did not freely use this antidote.

Besides, Dr. McFarland, there are others in this institution, that have now become alike invulnerable. They are protected by a spiritual power that is invincible, and all your skillfully worked machinery for making maniacs, cannot make maniacs of them. As your friend, I advise you to beware! There be more for us, than there are against us.

You are the weak party. You had better make us your friends, by deserving our friendship. There is an influence indicated by the "wrath of the Lamb," which is dreadful to cope with. Let pure spiritual woman become exasperated beyond her powers of endurance, yea, until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I pity her adversary then.

We are merciful and forgiving in our natures; but, Dr. McFarland, there is a point beyond which our forgiveness is impossible. Then is the time for you to fear her artillery. Let the prayer of the righteous be offered, that God will verify

his promise contained in these words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," and woe then to that power, which has Omnipotence for its adversary!

Dr. McFarland, you may think I am severe. But they are only the "wounds of a friend." I do want to respect and love you. But I cannot, unless you will exhibit some humanity. I cannot love an *inhuman* man. I do not think you are, now, altogether inhuman. But I do think you are fast becoming so, by restraining all manifestations of sympathy and humanity towards your patients.

You not only seem to feel that it is wrong to treat us with the least degree of humanity, but even unreasonable, irrational, unnatural, and even the most uncivil conduct seems to you, as the most likely course to awaken the opposite virtue, in us. It appears to us, that the more unnatural, the more perverted, the more insane treatment you can secure to us, the more reason we have to expect to become sane and reasonable ourselves.

The principle has just flashed upon my mind by which you expect to cure insanity, and this principle is faithfully applied to your patients, viz. :

"Evil of the like kind must be used to correct an evil," that is, you act as though the more insane the treatment bestowed, the more likely to effect a cure of insanity! You seem entirely averse to even meeting us on the plane of rationality.

I cannot hold converse with any one who will not manifest more rationality and common sense than you do in these wards.

For example, last Saturday night, I could not talk with you in response to those "beats of your hand!" I do not know how to meet you on so low a plane of rationality or intellect as you come about us with, and seem to expect our response as insane as your introduction; and there is not one in our hall (if I except Mrs. Fisher, and even she expresses more

when she does speak) but shows more intelligence in their intercourse with me, than you do, in our wards.

Even when I, in as lady-like a manner as I possibly could do it, went to your parlor, Sabbath afternoon, and asked you if you did not pity us, for our disappointment in not having chapel service; your only response was:

“Oh! you must read to them.”

But, at the same time, must have nothing to read!

Indeed, this is a more insane act than I know how to perform for your patients.

But, by pressing my suit, I did get some *old papers* to read, plainly saying:

“Good enough for insane beings.”

And, if I attempt to manifest even intelligence enough to express a preference for the news as found in the late papers, I must only expect some renewed expression of insult and indignity, derision and scorn.

Again, when I told you, in as lady-like manner as I could, that my room was so cold that a cloth would freeze in it, and I was obliged to go to bed to keep sufficiently warm, not to expose my health; you simply turned speechless away, as much as to say:

“Insane people don’t know whether they are cold or hot, neither do I care!”

No wonder, Dr. McFarland, that I do not seek you as a comforter, a friend, a brother. I do avoid you, out of respect to my feelings as a human being.

Oh! Dr. McFarland, it is hard for me, with my intellect and my Christianity, to put up with such treatment, from a human being, who has a form like God. I can’t understand you, I can’t see what you can mean to treat me so.

I used, at first, when I heard complaints of wrongs, to tell the patients •

“Go with them to Dr. McFarland, he is our friend, we can confide in him.”



“George, we have no Mother!” See page 61.

But they would reply, "it is of no use, he will turn from us in disdain, *speechless!*"

And now I know, from both sad experience and observation, that it is too true, you are not our friend. You are our tormentor, and we avoid you to save our feelings.

What is it that causes such a wail of horror to pervade this house, at the intelligence of a new arrival?

And what causes the thrill of joy at the discharge of a patient, when they leave exclaiming:

"I am thankful to get away from this place with my life?"

What means the oft repeated expression on the part of both the patients and the employees:

"If there is any *hell* in the universe, I believe it is here?"

"It is almost impossible to do right here—no encouragement whatever."

"If it is possible to do right in hell, we can do right here," &c., &c.

Oh! Dr. McFarland, can you cause such a state of things and not be an insane man?

I really fear that Nebuchadnezzar's punishment has already so far been felt, by you, that you are past the power of reason to move you. I have even now tried this, my last appeal upon you, in defiance of the oft repeated instruction:

"It is of no use—you cannot affect the doctor—he is adamant itself."

Yes, your own wife has told me: "Writing will be of no use, whatever."

"But it will be of use—it will clear my skirts of the guilt of your own lost soul—lost, in spite of warning and rebuke. And I shall receive from my Saviour the plaudit, "she hath done what she could" for suffering humanity under Dr. McFarland's charge.

And, although I speak no more to you upon the subject, I shall not relinquish my purpose, until both the Trustees and

the Legislature are importuned, by facts, to trust no more human beings under your care, until you have been disciplined in an insane asylum, yourself, until you can claim to give evidence of being a sane man, by your own actions.

You need not sneer at this. I have hundreds on my side, already; such men as the one who told me himself, that he believed this Asylum was conducted more like a penitentiary than an insane asylum. He has had a wife here for years, and made no better by your punishments.

Many men have had wives and daughters here, whose testimony is credited in spite of your calling it "their insanity."

The world are no longer to give more credit to testimony than to their own observation. Those that you call insane, others do not. You have stood upon your position, now you must stand upon your own acts.

And of one thing you may rest assured, the time for down-trodden and oppressed women to have their rights, has come. Her voice and her pen are going to move the world; and if you wish to be popular, despise her not!

Listen to your wife's instinctive teachings of humanity and kindness. Her character is being appreciated here, because her actions show, she pities us, and seems to think, how would I like to have my Hatty treated as other Hatties are?

You cannot stop her. She has begun the Christ-like work of ameliorating the condition of your patients, and God is with her, and her work will prosper. If you oppose it, all the worse for you: for it is of God, and you cannot overthrow it. She is destined to rule this Hospital, and to rule it with kindness and sympathy. Her well begun work will end gloriously.

I say again, gain woman's friendship if you want to be popular now. But if you will not, God will dispose of you. We will leave you, for some more hopeful field on which to bestow our labors of kindness and love. We have nothing to do to our enemies but to do them good, and God does our avenging *for us*.

This message is a kind act from a kind friend and sister. She longs to have the act appreciated; for your manly nature cannot understand the effort it has cost my feelings, to write this message to you. For I know it must cost you mental agony, if you are not past hope. And Oh! it is hard for woman to see or know that another heart suffers. Her nature is sensitive to the highest degree to suffering, especially in others. I really believe some women had rather suffer themselves, than see others suffer.

But I am forgetting my office—the office of a Reprover—my nature tempts me astray.

Oh! Dr. McFarland, you are really losing the manifestation of your reason, if you are not losing it entirely. And, as for your humanity, I have no hope, since you propose sending me back to my tyrannical, brutal husband.

Indeed, I tell my fellow captives, I will stay with them, and cast in my lot with them, and I will spare no pains, until I work their deliverance out of your hands. For you are incapacitated for your office, and I shall so make it appear to the world, unless I see some reason for changing my purpose.

I will not suffer humanity to be so abused, as you do here, without lifting my voice against it—and it will be heard! There are men of influence in the world who believe me to be a true woman, as well as a Christian, and all the transcendental powers you may choose to employ to make me out insane, will not be believed, in face of myself—my own words and acts.

And you are not always to be allowed to hold me as your prisoner. My days are numbered here, and you cannot add one to that number. I shall soon be free—free to serve God according to the dictates of my own conscience, with none to make me afraid any more. The lions about me are all chained; they cannot go beyond their chains. The highway upon which I tread is beyond their reach longer to worry or deter me from duty.

I came here a sane person—I shall leave a sane person—I shall make a sane report of my sane observations here, since it now seems my duty, from appearances, to present.

Remember, Dr. McFarland, “The earth helped the woman.”

I shall be protected in exposing your character to the world, by publishing the volume of facts I have already collected from competent legal testimony.

You just imprison me another three months, and I engage to transfer the records of the adamantine pen, with the steel pen, for the iron pen of the press of 1861.

It shall be a volume prefaced by both this and my former document, and it shall contain a record of truths, such as I am willing to meet at the bar of final judgment, and such as will place you, where you deserve to be placed, on a level with the beasts.

I express no opinions, especially on paper, but what I can support by sound argument. The opinions herein expressed, I stand ready to prove, if proof is called for, from facts—stubborn facts.

Dr. McFarland, you have employees here, in this building, who have given such testimony as the following. It is ready for use, viz:—

“Dr. McFarland keeps persons here, that are not insane to my certain knowledge.”

“He keeps them after they are able to go home, for months and years, and in some cases, insanity is caused, by hope too long deferred for nature to endure.”

“I never was in a place so inhuman in all my life.”

“A person might work here until they drop down dead, and no one cares.”

“Dr. McFarland seems to require more of insane persons than he would expect from sane ones.”

“The patients are so badly treated here, that I could never think of having a friend of mine ever come here for treatment.”

“I have seen patients choked nearly to death, so that their faces were black and their tongues hung out of their mouths.”

“If it were not for losing my place here, I would expose Dr. McFarland to the world, for the cruelty he practices upon his patients.

This is but a specimen of the kind of testimony I have on hand, in sad abundance, and which, with my own eye and ear, witness testimony would make a ponderous volume.

How would you like to see such facts as these in print?

A lady of refinement—of pure and virtuous character—of kind and nobly generous sympathies and of a nature remarkably true to the instincts of a true woman, before being here thirty-six hours, was stripped of all her clothing, except a torn chemise, and laid upon her back on the floor, while Dr. Tenny sat astride her naked body to hold her down, while your attendants could strap their sister, under these circumstances, as if she were a tiger!!

Must not a person possess an uncommon elasticity of temperament, ever to rise above the degrading influence of such an outrage upon her womanly nature?

From whom is repentance and forgiveness demanded—from you, her tormentor—or from her, your innocent victim?

Again, would you like to have it known, that this same lady was subjected to the torture of the straps one whole night, for simply insisting that the request of a dying woman should be granted, viz., that a cat should not be locked up in her room all night with her alone, lest she would gnaw her emaciated limbs before life was extinct?

Because she saved the disgrace of having such a stigma brought upon the State, of a patient being eaten alive by a cat, she must be strapped as her punishment!!

Another aggravation of your guilt is this—that you put upon our merciful sex the credit of the inhumanity of your acts, and claim for yourself the humanity, by compelling them

to do, what you, in your boasted humanity, in words, claim the privilege of undoing. They must be called to hear the disgrace of locking the straps, while you claim the credit of un-locking them, to show your humanity to your patients!!

Dr. McFarland, your patients are too sane for you to shield your true character from them by such subterfuges. And, how can you expect, that a heart-searching God will not see through this covert of lies, and not bring you to justice?

He does!—He will!—

Dr. McFarland, Bell Norton is no more insane than Peter was, when he cursed and swore and denied his Master. Satan entered into him, tempted by the barbarity of the soldier's treatment of his loving Master.

Satan enters Bell Norton, tempted by your barbarous treatment of her and her kindred associates.

Did Christ, your pattern, torture Peter with straps to punish him, because he, true to the noble impulses of his generous, self-sacrificing impulsive nature, threatened and even tried to kill in self-defence of his own and others' rights?

No. He "looked upon him," a look of compassion—of pity.

It subdued him. Straps never would have done it. Straps and torture of the most savage kind can never subdue Bell Norton.

But sympathy will, and that alone.

Yes, Bell has, through this influence alone, like Peter, wept bitterly, and she has with Peter, an equal claim to the Lord's forgiveness; for she has like him, manifested her repentance in the same manner which Peter did; and it is not for me to judge whether her repentance is not equal to Peter's in sincerity.

How can you be so insane as to act as though you expected to make a new organization of Bell by torture?

You may and have already done enough of this kind of business to kill or make insane for life, any ordinary individual.

But she, I am satisfied, is proof against your demoniacal powers. God, himself, has fitted her to cope with this devil in human form, and she has, through his power alone, come off conqueror. Yes, the victor's crown awaits her, for she has won it. She has maintained her right to her own instinctive nature, inviolate, in spite of your vain attempts to wrest them from her.

Yes, Bell is the same "woman of nature" which God made her to be, as a model for the age. You may yet vainly regret what you have made Bell suffer on your account, by seeing your lovely Hattie subjected to a similar process to make her organization like Bell Norton's.

But Hattie's tormentors will find, like Bell's tormentors, that Hattie can only be the being God has made her, as Bell can be only Bell.

But these, their tormentors, will find to their sorrow, that an indignant God is their adversary, for their trying to mar his image by striving to undo his own well done works.

Why are you not willing that Bell should be just the true woman of nature which God has, for his own benevolent purpose sent to our world, at a time when a true woman is such an anomaly, that she is hardly recognized or owned as a sane person, so insane and perverted has the character of woman become?

Dr. McFarland, if you see many more years on this earth, I fully believe that you would be proud to see your Hattie just such a simple, natural, true woman as Bell is.

Dr. McFarland, my work for you is nearly done. I therefore, here present you my bill of five dollars, for services performed for your family, viz.: for twelve days' work of cutting, fitting and making dresses for your wife and daughters, at forty-two cents a day, I charge you five dollars as a just debt. I claim it as a debt of honor. If you do not choose to meet the claim on this ground, you may expect to see it presented as a legal claim—such as will collect it.

And let me assure you, this is not the only claim on your purse, which your patients are yet to demand, in behalf of the State, for retaining us illegally here, when we ought to be supporting ourselves. And, I assure you, this draft upon your finances will not be a light one. You will need your eight dollars a day to meet all our claims, and your family may suffer for want of the eight dollar a day stream with which your garden is now watered.

This eight dollar stream is to be dried up, and your garden to wither in consequence.

And so is your great oak of popularity to become leafless without affording you a protection. Your high-sounding words of honor are mere empty bubbles without the acts of honor.

Honorable acts, not honorable words merely, is all that can now save you.

Your faithful Eva's unrequited services are not your only outstanding debts. You have had, and still have, many, many faithful, unappreciated, unrequited services performed for you, while their hearts are almost bursting with indignation at your selfish indifference to their interests.

Again, Dr. McFarland, there was an eye-witness to that kiss which you bestowed upon me in your office, when you thought we were alone!

Your true friend, E. P. W. Packard, now takes her final leave of you in your present detestable character. Men and women are henceforth to be my chosen associates. And when all traces of humanity are obliterated from a human form, I shall regard that form only as a personified demon, whom I am in duty bound to avoid, by holding no fellowship whatever with him afterwards.

Farewell, Dr. McFarland,

Your true friend,

Jacksonville, Nov. 12, 1860.

E. P. W. PACKARD.

P. S.—There are those in this ward, who have given me their own voluntary pledge, in view of this document in these words, viz :

“ Mrs. Packard, I will stand by you in defence of that document if it costs me my life.”

“ I will back that up, Mrs. Packard, if I die in doing it.”

“ If there is a hole or a dungeon in this building where Dr. McFarland can put you as a punishment for your writing that document, I will go with you and there die with you, before I will recant one word of all you have said there, for it is the *truth*, just as true as truth can make it.”

Dr. McFarland, I say to you, beware!

The use of our God-given rights of opinion and rights of speech are now to be protected to us by our only protector—our Master—our Husband. And we are not afraid of this Husband proving recreant to His high, noble office of protecting His spouse, as the weaker vessel, who claims such protection.

You, our boasted protectors, have proved yourselves despots, whom we can only despise.

Remember, Dr. McFarland, this is your last chance. The fatal dyke is but a few moments ahead of you. Repentance or exposure!

E. P. W. P.

CHAPTER XIV.

My Occupation.

As my readers now find me located in my new position, they may, perhaps, like to know how I occupied myself. As it was in consequence of my defence of others' rights and privileges that I had lost my own, I now felt impelled by the same spirit, to make others' wants my care, rather than care for myself, by neglecting them. Indeed, I have found that the exercise of this spirit, is, in reality, the best antidote I can find for an oppressed spirit.

Paradoxical as it may seem, I think the best way to train ourselves to bear heavy burdens, is to bear the burdens of others.

It now seems to me, that unless I had known how to practically apply this principle, I must have inevitably sunk under my burdens ; but the elasticity of spirit which benevolent acts alone inspire, capacitates the spirit to rebound, where it would otherwise be crushed by the pressure put upon it

And moreover, I summoned the will-power also to my rescue. I determined not to be crushed, neither would I submit to see others crushed. In other language, I determined to be a living reprover of the evils existing here.

I did not intend to defend one line of conduct with my tongue and pen, and endorse a different line by my actions. I knew that preaching godliness had far less potency for good, than practical godliness.

My sermon had already been preached ; now, all that I had to do, was to put its principles into practice. I had asked Dr. McFarland to ameliorate the condition of his patients ; and now determined to aid him in this good work, to the fullest extent of my ability. Therefore, for months and years from this date, I worked for this object almost exclusively.

The attendants were very negligent in their duties ; still, I did not feel disposed to blame or reprove them for these neglects. Feeling that this duty fell on the Superintendent, and having already given him the reproof which was his due, I felt that I had no right to teach his attendants, only by the silent influence of example. In short, I tried to fill up on my part the defects of theirs.

I commenced this line of conduct on the Sabbath morning succeeding my removal. As I have said, the patients were in an exceedingly filthy condition, and therefore their personal cleanliness was plainly my first most obvious duty.

This morning I commenced by coaxing as many of the patients as I could, to allow me to wash their face, neck and hands in a bowl of warm, clean, soft suds ; and then shampooed as many of their filthy "live" heads as I could find time to do before chapel service.

When the Doctor visited the ward that morning, I cannot forget the look of surprise he cast upon the row of clean faces and combed hair he witnessed on the side seats of the hall. Simply this process alone so changed their personal appearance, that it is no wonder he had to gaze upon them to recognize them. Their rough, tangled, flying and streaming hair looked, when I began, as if a comb had never touched them. He simply bowed to me and said :

" Good morning, Mrs. Packard ! "

And then seated himself upon one of these seats, and silently watched my movements while I pursued this my own chosen calling.

Without even alluding to the losses he had subjected me to, I simply remarked :

" Doctor, I find there is always something that can be done for the benefit of others, and you have now assigned me quite a missionary field to cultivate ! "

" Yes," was his only response.

He did not so much as ask me how I liked my new room, or my new associates! but after seeing me shampoo one or two of his patients, he arose and left the hall, speechless.

The next day, Monday morning, I commenced the slow work of reconstruction and recuperation of the human faculties in sober earnest. I first obtained from my accommodating attendant, a bowl of warm saleratus water and a quantity of castile soap, a soft cloth and two towels, and a bowl of clear soft water. I then took one patient at a time into her room alone, and there gently stripped her and gave her a thorough sponge bath of this saleratus and water and soap, and then rinsed her well off with the pure water. I then laid aside all her wet, filthy, saturated and offensive garments, and put clean ones on in their place.

After combing her hair, I would introduce her into the ward as a neat, clean, tidy lady, who was going to be an example in these virtues to all others! being careful, however, to prove the truth of these compliments by tending upon her as I would my cleanly dressed infant. By vigilance on my part, her clothes might be kept comparatively clean and dry for two or three days, before another change would be necessary.

Having thus cleaned the occupant of a room, I then cleaned the room in the same manner, with the aid of a pail of strong saleratus and water and scrubbing brush I would at length succeed in finding the coat of paint I was seeking for, which had to be done by dint of patient perseverance equal to that required to find the skin of its occupant.

It is no exaggeration to say that I never before saw human beings whose skins were so deeply embedded beneath so many layers of dirt as those were. The part cleaned would contrast so strikingly with the part not cleaned, that it would be difficult to believe they belonged to the same race, if on different individuals.

But the scrubbing of the walls and the floor was not the only

portion of the room to be cleaned, by any means. It was no insignificant task to put the bedstead and the bed into a suitable condition for a human being to occupy. In many instances, the husk mattress I found completely rotted through with constantly repeated showers upon it, and this rot had in most instances become a black as soot, and retained an effluvia most difficult to tolerate.

With the aid of the Misses Tenny I had all these rotten beds removed and emptied, and the ticks washed; then I cut out the mouldied part, and supplied its place with new cloth, and had it filled again with fresh straw or husks, which completed this part of the business. The sheets and blankets the passed through the cleaning process; but the white counterpanes which covered up these filthy nets did not need cleaning.

They were kept white and clean, by being folded up every nights and laid upon the seats in the hall, and in the day time they were displayed upon the beds to advertise the neatness and comfort of the house and beds!

But if a sick patient should chance to lie down upon one of these advertisers of neatness, the white spreads, she was liable to receive some of the severest punishments of this inquisitorial prison, for this great offence against the "display of the house."

The cleaning of one patient and one room, together with the waiting upon those I had cleaned, took one day's labor. And this I continued, day after day, for about three weeks, before I got these eighteen patients and their rooms all cleaned; and by this time the process needed to be repeated.

This I continued to do for nearly one year, until others began to wake up to the necessity of doing likewise in their wards, as ours was by this time reported to be the neatest and best kept ward in the whole house; even the odor of which could not be surpassed in purity.

This contagion for amelioration extended even to the Trustees, and as the result, at Dr. McFarland's suggestion,

each ward was subsequently furnished with a nice bathing tub, which the Trustees designed only for the comfort of the patients, as the Doctor urged the need now of the weekly bathing of all the patients.

But I am sorry to add, this great luxury, like the institution itself, has degenerated into the greatest torment to the patient. The bath-room is regarded by the prisoners there as the "calaboose" used to be by the slaves at the South.

The Doctor visited this ward almost every day, but never to ameliorate my condition, or that of any other prisoner, so far as I could see. He would see the great drops of sweat rolling off from my face, from the excessive exercise this scrubbing and mopping afforded me, but I do not recollect that he ever advised me to desist. But Miss Tenny has told me that he had said to her:

"You must not let Mrs. Packard work too hard, for I am afraid her husband won't like it."

I do not think the Doctor cared for this ameliorated condition of his prisoners; but he dared not oppose it directly, since the filthiness of the Eighth ward had become so proverbial, it became a source of apprehension lest these mephitic exhalations might breed a pestilence in the Hospital.

The typhoid fever had raged there during the summer months preceding this expurgating process. During this sickness, the Doctor had assigned to my care some of these typhoid patients, whom I nursed and tended night and day.

I made the shroud for Mrs. Hart, from Chicago, who died of this epidemic there. Mrs. Hart had been a most unwilling prisoner for seven long years, and from all I can learn, sincerely believe she has been a victim of marital cruelty, and never was insane. Her husband put her in without trial, and the Doctor took her on his testimony, and kept her to please him, all the while knowing, as I believe, that she was not insane.

This is only one of many of those innocent victims who

have been falsely imprisoned for life, under that most barbarous law of Illinois, which suspends the personal liberty of married women, entirely upon the capricious will of her husband.

I saw Mr. Hart, her husband, who came simply for appearance, as it seemed to me, to see her during her last sickness, but who became so very impatient for her death, that he could not stay to see her die, although it was almost certain she could not live two days longer, when he left.

Thus, his wife, whom his will alone had deprived of her children, home, and liberty for seven years, could not have her dying request granted, that he stay by her to close her eyes, but left, and coolly ordered her body to be sent home to Chicago, by express, in a decent coffin when she did die. I helped to dress the corpse of the unfortunate victim. I saw her passed into the hands of four stranger men in the dead of night, and carried mournerless, and alone, to the depot, to be sent to her children and husband, at Chicago.

Oh! what reckless sundering of human ties are caused by this Insane Asylum system!

These children are taught to regard their mother as a worthless being, because she had the cruel brand of insanity placed upon her by her husband, signed and sealed by a corrupt public servant, whom a blinded public were regarding as an almost infallible man. Thus have the holiest ties of nature been most ruthlessly sundered by the perfidy of this perverted Institution.

As I witnessed the sum of all our social evils culminating in this most corrupt Institution, I resolved that henceforth, and for ever, my occupation should be, to eradicate, expose, and destroy this sum of all human abominations—the Insane Asylum system, on its present basis.

CHAPTER XV.

Evidences of My Insanity.

When a person is once accused of being insane, the reflective mind naturally inquires, how is their insanity manifested?

This question was often put to Mr. Packard, and knowing all would not be satisfied by his simple assertion, he was obliged to manufacture his proof or evidence to satisfy this class.

One evidence on which he placed great reliance was, "that his wife invited Universalist ministers to his house for entertainment during a convention."

Yes, I do plead guilty to this charge. I did offer the hospitalities of our house to ministers of this class under these circumstances.

It was at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, that this convention met and dedicated a new church, located a few rods from our house. To my great surprise Mr. Packard proposed to attend this dedication, which he did, and I accompanied him, and listened to a sermon of high literary merit, and to me, a morally sound and logical argument was for the first time presented to my mind, that God's infinite love and wisdom were sure guarantees of the world's redemption. The position was this: "Where there is both will and power to cure, no evil can endure."

The church was crowded to overflowing, and the convention being larger in numbers than their own people could conveniently accommodate, the chairman of the committee of arrangements presented this fact to the congregation, and very kindly solicited their neighbors and friends, who could do so, to take them into their families, and all such were asked to leave their names at the stand as they passed out.

Since but a short time previous, the Congregationalist society had so large an association they had been obliged to

solicit the hospitalities of other denominations, and as I had called upon our Universalist neighbors to accommodate us, I instinctively felt that it was only a just acknowledgment of civility, to extend to ministers of their denomination the same hospitality.

Therefore, as I passed down the aisle by my husband's side I whispered to him that I could accommodate two.

“ Shall I give in our names for two ? ”

He paid no attention to me or my inquiry, but passed on by the stand without speaking to any one.

Seeing it devolved upon me to make the offer, if made at all, I stepped up and gave in my name for two and passed on and overtook Mr. Packard a few steps from the door, and taking his arm said :

“ I have offered to take two, and I must now hasten home and prepare for them.”

He made no reply whatever, but his silence said :

“ I don't approve of it.”

Therefore I reasoned in defence of the act as one of justice, etc. ; and besides, as all the labor of serving the tables, as well as the services of the maid of all work devolved upon me, I felt that if I was willing to do all this extra work, no one could reasonably object.

But fortunately for me, I had hardly commenced my preparations when the chairman called and informed me that their friends were all provided for, so that my services were not needed ; and after kindly thanking me for my hospitable offer he left me, with the feeling on my part of having done my duty, and here the subject was dropped.

But years after, to my surprise and horror, Mr. Packard brought this act up as evidence of my insanity ! and his argument against me was, that if they had come, he might, in courtesy, have been obliged to have asked a Universalist minister to ask a blessing at his table, or even to lead in family prayers !

and, only think! this too, in the presence of his children! Another evidence of insanity, as he claims is, that I asked for a letter of dismissal from our church, and recommendation to the Methodist church in Manteno.

As our church refused me a letter, my request for admission into the Methodist church was granted, by receiving me as a candidate on six months probation. Within two weeks from this time I was kidnapped, and as my six months probation expired during my incarceration, I, of course, could not be received into full fellowship while there.

And when after three years I returned to Manteno and found my family dispersed, and satisfied it was to be no longer a home for me, I decided not to present myself to the Methodist church as a probationary candidate, and having never been dismissed from my own church, remained, of course, still a member of the Congregational church. The church in Manteno was Congregational when I joined it, and became Presbyterian after I left it. Therefore I claim to be a member of the Congregational church at the present time, since to my knowledge my membership has never been suspended or removed.

Another evidence of insanity he alleged against me, was, that I gave a dollar towards building a Catholic church in Manteno.

I plead guilty to this charge also. We had a very kind Christian neighbor in Mr. La Brie, who was a Catholic from principle, in the same sense that Mr. Packard was a Presbyterian from principle; that is, both had been educated to feel that their own was the true church, and therefore both were conscientious in sustaining them. Mr. Packard was trying to build up Presbyterianism by his efforts, and he, of course, expected to be paid for doing this work; but the society was new and feeble, and therefore in their struggles to raise his salary, the collector, Deacon Smith, called on Mr. La Brie to

help them, and he with true Christian charity, contributed yearly to Mr. Packard's support.

One evening I called on Mr. La Brie, to ask his opinion respecting my article on "Spiritual Gifts," which our Bible-class had refused to hear, and he very patiently listened and commented upon it. He expressed his opinion that it was a sound, logical, and invincible argument in favor of what the Catholics had always considered the true view.

This assertion very much surprised me, as I had always been taught to believe that the Catholics were a deluded people, believing nothing but absurdities; but now, when I found that I had alone studied out a view of truth which they had always endorsed, and one to which our church would not so much as listen, lest it might be found to be heretical, I began to ask where religious toleration is to be found, in the Presbyterian or the Catholic church? I had here found the Christian spirit of charity and religious toleration manifested to a far higher degree in Mr. La Brie, the Catholic, than in Deacon Smith, the Presbyterian.

I therefore came to the conclusion that there were not only truths in the Catholic church, but good Christians also.

As the scales of bigotry thus fell from my own eyes, I could see that the Catholics were just as conscientious in sustaining their church, as we were in sustaining ours; and finding what struggles they were making to pay their debts, I felt moved to manifest my new feeling of toleration, by giving him one dollar towards helping them liquidate their debt. And now, for this act of toleration I am called insane! for Mr. Packard argues that I should not thus be building up this "mother of all abominations," this "seat of bigotry and intolerance," unless I had lost my reason.

The reason which remains in exercise in my organization teaches me that there are truths and errors in all denominations and parties, and our reason is only normally exercised,

in my opinion, when we use it in separating the good and true, from the evil and false.

Again, he says I call him the "son of perdition."

I shall not plead guilty to this charge, for it is not strictly true.

I have oftentimes tried to convince Mr. Packard that he was not a "totally depraved" man. But all in vain. He seems strangely determined to cling to this crowning virtue of his Christian character, with a death-like grapple! It seems that all his hopes of heaven are built upon this foundation stone! In his creed, there can be no real virtue without it. So tenaciously does he cling to this position as the only redeeming trait of his character, that I have sometimes been tempted to say:

"Well, Mr. Packard, I do not know but that you are what you claim to be, a totally depraved man, or the 'son of perdition,' for whom there is not found a ransom."

When I come to admit his own position, and express an agreement of opinion with him, on this point, then he uses this concession as a weapon against me, as though I had accused him of being the "son of perdition."

Again, he accuses me of punishing the children for obeying their father.

This is not true.

I never did punish a child for obeying their father, but I have sometimes been compelled to enforce obedience to their father's authority, by interposing my own. Indeed, I think my children could never have revered their father's authority, without the maternal influence to inspire it, by requiring subjection to it; for the fitful, unstable, and arbitrary government he exercised over them, was only fitted, naturally, to inspire contempt, rather than reverence.

But Mr. Packard has tried to undermine my authority, by telling the children they need not obey their mother, and I

have been obliged to counteract this influence, by enforcing obedience, sometimes, where he has interposed and forbid their obeying me.

This is what he calls punishing the children, for obeying their father, whereas, it is only requiring them to obey their mother.

Another evidence, and one which his sister, Mrs. Dole, presented to the jury on my trial, was, that I once made biscuit for dinner, when I had unexpected company call, and had not bread enough for the table.

The reason why this was mentioned, was because the counsel insisted on evidence being produced from my own actions, independent of opinions that I was insane, and she having been more intimate in our family than any other person, was compelled, under oath, to state what she saw. Being unwilling to own she had seen nothing insane in my conduct, and being bound to speak only the truth, she told this circumstance as the greatest act of insanity she had noticed.

But I trust my readers will be satisfied with this array of evidence which my persecutors brought against me, if I only add the sum total of proof as produced by Dr. Brown, an M. D. of Kankakee city, whom Mr. Packard bought to say I was insane, for the purpose of getting me incarcerated again for life in Northampton Asylum, Mass. This Doctor had left the wheelwright business and studied just long enough to experience the sophomorical feeling that his opinion would be entitled to infallibility, especially if given in the high-flown language of an expert; therefore, the last of fifteen reasons why he considered me insane, was in these words, as taken down by the reporter at the time, viz:

“I have founded my opinion that she is insane, from her viewing the subject of religion from the osteric standpoint of Christian exegetical analysis, and agglutinating the polysynthetical ectoblasts of homogeneous asceticism!”

The basis on which Dr. McFarland's argument rests can be best given in his own language, as given to members of the Legislature when called upon "to prove Mrs. Packard's insanity."

Said he, "in the first place, everybody is insane—the degrees are as various as the individuals of the human family. But in Mrs. Packard's case, the variation from sanity to insanity is so very slight, it can only be discerned by a thoroughly educated expert! There is not one in a thousand who can possibly detect it. In fact, the variation in her case is the slightest there can possibly be. Nevertheless, the slighter the variation the more hopeless the case!"

Thus, according to the opinion of this celebrated expert, I am the sanest of all human beings, since it is impossible for any one to be less insane than the "slightest there can possibly be!" If I am the "slightest," of course, every other human being is more so. And the sanest person in the world is the most hopeless case of Insanity!

The age would do well to immortalize Dr. Brown and Dr. McFarland, for their profound logic and sound common sense!

However, charity to this poor sinner compels me to add the testimony of one of the most intelligent employers in that institution, as a true index of Dr. McFarland's honest convictions on this subject, viz:

"Mrs. Packard, I can assure you, that there is not a single individual in this house who believes you are an insane person; and as for Dr. McFarland he *knows* you are not?"

Another gentleman in Jacksonville, after having become personally acquainted with me, remarked to another, "that man who will call Mrs. Packard an insane person, is not fit to live."

It is a great satisfaction to me to believe that all who knew me personally in the Asylum, have entire confidence in my sanity, not even excepting Dr. McFarland. And I fully believe that Miss Mary Lynch, the supervisoress, expressed this heart-feeling of them all, when she said to me:

“Mrs. Packard, I believe you to be in the full exercise of all your mental faculties, with a sound mind, and no single act of yours have I ever known to contradict or invalidate this testimony.”

In addition to this I will only add the testimony of Mrs. Hosmer, the sewing-room directress, as given to Rev. A. D. Eddy, D. D., in reply to his question :

“How is Mrs. Packard *at times* ?

“You have seen Mrs. Packard once—you have seen her *always*.”

CHAPTER XVI.

The Attendant who Abused Me.

Mrs. De La Hay, wife of Dr. De La Hay, of Jacksonville, was the only one of all the employees at the Asylum whom the Doctor could influence to treat me like an insane person.

She has threatened me with the screen-room, and this threat has been accompanied with the flourish of the butcher knife over my head, for simply passing a piece of Johnny cake through a crevice under my door, to a hungry patient who was locked in her room to suffer starvation, as her discipline for her insanity.

Besides threatening me with the screen-room, she threatened to jacket me for speaking at the table.

I will here describe a screen-room and a straight-jacket. A screen-room is simply one of the ordinary sleeping rooms or cells, with an inside blind or screen, made of perforated tin, covering the window, which can be opened or closed by a key, to keep fractious patients from breaking it.

A straight-jacket is a strong closely fitting waist, with sleeves coming below the hand and sewed up, with a loop-hole through which can be passed a strong cord. Their arms are then crossed in front with their hands tied tightly behind them, thus depriving them of all use of their arms or hands.

One day, after she had been treating her patients with great injustice and cruelty, I addressed Mrs. McKonkey, who sat next to me at the table, and in an undertone remarked :

“ I am thankful there is a recording angel present, noting what is going on in these wards.”

When Mrs. De La Hay, overhearing my remark, exclaimed, in a very angry tone :

“Mrs. Packard, stop your voice! if you speak another word at the table I shall put a straight-jacket on you!”

Mrs. Lovel, one of the prisoners, replied:

“Mrs. De La Hay, did you ever have a straight-jacket on yourself?”

“No, my position protects me! But I would as soon put one on Mrs. Packard as any other patient, ‘recording angel’ or no ‘recording angel!’ And Dr. McFarland will protect me in doing so, too.”

On another occasion, hearing the sound of conflict in our ward, I opened my door, and saw Mrs. De La Hay seize Miss Mary Rollins, a patient, by her throat, and Mary pulled the hair of Mrs. De La Hay with as firm a grip as she held on to her victim’s throat. I, fearing the result, rallied help and parted them, when I found poor Mary’s throat bleeding from an opening Mrs. De La Hay had made in it with her finger nails.

I took a piece of my own linen, and bound it up, wet in cold water; and this cloth I still retain, red with the blood of this innocent girl, as proof of this kind of abuse in Jackson-ville Insane Asylum.

It was my defence of the patients from Mrs. De La Hay’s unreasonable abuse which led her to treat me as she did.

It was not long after this defence of Mary Rollins, that I heard loud screams and groans issuing from a dormitory, when I and my associates rushed into the room to see what was the matter. There we found one of the patients lying upon her back, with Mrs. De La Hay over her, trying to put on a straight-jacket.

The lady was screaming from physical agony, on account of an injury Mrs. De La Hay had inflicted upon her a few days before, when she burst a blood vessel on her lungs, by strangling her under the water. The plunging she had inflicted as her punishment for not obeying her when she told

her to stop talking. And now this wounded spot on her lungs had become so inflamed, that the pressure of Mrs. De La Hay's hands upon it, together with the stricture of the straight-jacket, caused her to scream from agony. I inquired :

“What is the matter? Why are you putting the straight-jacket on that woman?”

Without answering my question, she exclaimed in a loud voice :

“Mrs. Packard, Leave this room!”

I backed out over the threshold, still looking towards her victim and repeated my question :

“Why are you putting her into the straight-jacket? What has she done?”

This time, she left her victim, and came at me in a great rage, and seizing my arm she said :

“Go to your room!”

As she was leading me unresistingly along, one of the patients took hold of her arm, and exclaimed :

“Mrs. De La Hay, do you know what you are about? Do you know that it is Mrs. Packard you are locking up?”

“Yes, I do, and I am obeying Dr. McFarland in what I am doing. He tells me not to let Mrs. Packard interfere with the management of the patients.”

She led me to my room, where I was locked up until the next morning. While there, I heard the Doctor's footsteps in the hall, and heard Mrs. De La Hay tell him why she had locked me up, and he sanctioned the act by leaving me locked up, without coming to my room at all.

The next day I ascertained, that she was disciplining this dormitory patient with the straight-jacket, because she had found her upon her bed, trying to rest herself from the pain this rupture on her lungs was causing her.

So far as Mrs. De La Hay's treatment of me was concerned, I did not consider her so much to blame, as Dr. McFarland

was. Unlike my other attendants, she was too weak to resist the Doctor's influence, and therefore carried out his wishes, while the others would not. Had the other attendants carried out his wishes, my asylum discipline would have been as severe as that of the other prisoners.

It was a very noticeable fact, that the very means Mrs. De La Hay used to secure and retain the Doctor's favor, by abusing me, was the very excuse the Doctor made for discharging her; and the boast that her "position" protected her from the straight-jacket, did not prove a very defensive armor, for in a few months from the time she uttered it, she became insane and a tenant of the Jacksonville Poor-House!

CHAPTER XVII.

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h^e Let Dr. McFarland Bear his own Sins!"
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One day while in my room, I heard an uncommon noise in our ward, when, on suddenly opening the door, I saw nearly opposite, Dr. McFarland just as he had released his grasp of Bridget's throat, who had been struggling for her life, to avoid strangulation from his grasp. I did not see the Doctor's hand upon her throat, but I did see what she said were the marks of his thumb on one side of her throat, and of his fingers upon the other, and Bridget had a sore neck for some days afterwards, in consequence of it. Bridget's, the patient, account of the matter is this:

"The Doctor entered the ward just after a patient had broken a chair, and the pieces were still lying upon the floor. I stood by while Mrs. De La Hay explained the case to the Doctor, simply as a listener. I had had nothing to do with breaking the chair. Mrs. DeLaHay also stood by, waiting the Doctor's orders. The Doctor turned to me and said:

'Pick up those pieces, Bridget!'

"I shan't do it! I didn't come here to work. It is your attendant's business to do the work. He then, without saying a word, seized me by the throat, and the noise you heard was my struggle for deliverance."

"Why, Bridget! How dare you speak so to the Doctor? Why didn't you obey him?"

"I wouldn't have done it if he had killed me! I didn't come here to do his work, and I wont do it!"

This was Bridget's account, and it was confirmed, not only by all the witnessing patients, but also by Mrs. De La Hay herself.

Bridget was a quiet, inoffensive patient. I never saw her

evince anything but reasonable conduct, when she was reasonably dealt by, and she was one of my dormitory companions for many months. She was always obedient to reasonable commands ; but, like human beings generally, she felt that she had rights of her own which ought to be respected.

Bridget has immortalized herself in my memory, by the lesson in theology she taught me the first night I occupied the room with her. It was under these circumstances. As was my uniform practice, I kneeled in front of my bed that night, before I got into it, to offer my silent prayer for protection and help, when Bridget, from the opposite bed, exclaimed :

“ Pray aloud ! ”

I obeyed.

This being the first night of my consignment to this loathsome place, I had to struggle mentally, against the indulgence of revengeful feelings towards the Doctor, for the injustice of the act ; therefore, to crush them out, I tried to pray for his forgiveness, and in doing so I made use of the expression :

“ Lord, I am willing to even bear his punishment for him, if, by this means he can be forgiven for this act of injustice towards me.”

Just at this point, Bridget interrupted me by exclaiming with great vehemence :

“ Let Dr. McFarland bear his own sins ! ”

I am now of Bridget's mind entirely. Her sermon converted me from the theological error of vicarious suffering. I have never since asked my Father to let me bear the punishment of any other brother or sister, due them for their own sins ; neither have I asked any other intelligence to bear the punishment due me for my own sins.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Attempted Reconciliation with Mr. Packard.

The last letter I wrote to Mr. Packard, I told him plainly on what conditions I would return to him. But it seems Dr. McFarland was not willing we should be reconciled on such a basis, for he would not send the letter although Mr. Packard was calling most persistently for letters from me.

But he called in vain, as I said in this letter, I should never answer any more of his letters, nor write to him again until this letter was answered.

He begged of the Superintendent to get me to write, and he would show me these letters, when I would tell him:

“When I get a reply to my last letter I will write, but not before, and if you, Doctor, ever wish me to write to him again, send that letter first!”

But like the deaf adder, he heard as though he heard not, and that ever repeated question would come:

“Why don't you write to Mr. Packard?”

“If you cannot understand my reason, and will not report it to Mr. Packard, he must ever remain in ignorance of the reason I do not write to him.”

But it seems he never communicated these messages, nor would he send the letter, but simply told him:

“I cannot persuade her to write to you.”

Finally, Dr. Sturtevant informed me, that Mr. Packard had wished him to try to persuade me to write to him, and he asked me why I could not grant his request. I told him I had written, and the Doctor had the letter but he would not send it, and just as soon as that letter was satisfactorily answered, I would open a free correspondence with him.

Whether the Doctor allowed him to report my only true reason I know not, but after that, the Doctor told me he had burned my letter because he considered it "worthless."

I know not whether this was the letter he thus disposed of, or some of my many others I had given him to send to other friends. This fact I do know, that so long as my letters were sent through *this* post-office, my friends never received them, with one or two exceptions. My journal contains copies of all these letters, which I have shown to those family friends to whom they were written, and they tell me they never received them.

Now here is a branch of the United States mail established within this public Institution, and the mail carrier transports it regularly, protected by lock and key, and yet I could not get a letter into it, nor get one from it, although directed directly to me.

Indeed, I felt most keenly the truth of the remark the mail carrier made me, when I once met him and inquired if he had any letters for me.

Said he, "Mrs. Packard, you have just as good a right to your mail as any other citizen of the United States."

"Why then is not this right granted me?"

Because one man chooses to say:

"I will superintend this inalienable right, and usurp it when I please, and no one can harm me in so doing."

I ask this Republican Government, is this protecting the post-office rights of *all* its citizens?

Who has a right to say, while I am not a criminal:

"You shall be restricted in this right. You shall have this right usurped and ignored to any extent, as a *punishment* for being numbered among the most afflicted class of American citizens!"

These terrible despotisms would be a far less dangerous institution, were the boarders allowed their post-office rights.

If this right had not been usurped, in my case, it might have saved one family from the wreck of disunion. But Dr. McFarland would not allow a reasonable basis of reconciliation to be even presented for his consideration.

Why was this? Was he unwilling there should be a reconciliation? Why should he wish to stand between me and my husband?

These questions I leave my readers to answer.

He *talked* as though he wished I would go to my husband, but he *acted* as though he had determined to make an impassable gulf between us.

Well, if my husband will voluntarily resign his right to be the protector of his own wife, exclusively into the hands of a stranger man, can he blame this man for misusing this irresponsible trust?

This voluntary resignation of the marital right into the absolute, irresponsible control of another, is an unnatural act, and therefore must be deleterious in its consequence. Dr. McFarland had become an adept in this nefarious work, and therefore he found ways and means of disbanding this hitherto happy family, forever.

Although Mr. Packard is not responsible for Dr. McFarland's sins, yet, like the drunkard, he is responsible for allowing this exposure to exist. He should have exercised some sort of supervision over his own wife's destiny, so far, at least, as to retain his own rights unmolested.

So should the State exercise such a supervision over their own institution as not to allow their own State rights to be trampled under foot by it, as it now does, in thus suffering the dearest of all human rights to be utterly ignored.

The following are the terms I tried to send to my husband as the basis of a just union--the only kind of union that would ever receive my sanction again.

"1st. Mr. Packard must make the confession as public as he

had made the offence, that his wife has never given him any cause for regarding, or treating her as an insane person.

“ 2d. He must allow me the unmolested exercise of my own rights of opinion, and conscience, and post-office rights.

“ 3d. He must allow me to hold my own property in my own name, and subject to my own control.

“ 4th. He must allow me to control my own children with a mother’s authority, so far as the mother’s province extends.

“ 5th. He must allow me to be the head of my own household duties, and the mistress of my own hired girl.

“ 6th. The attempted usurpation of either of these inalienable rights of a married woman, shall be considered as a dissolution of the Union.”

I know such stipulations serve rather to ignore a husband’s protection, as indeed they do; but where neither love nor reason will hold a man to be the protector of these, his wife’s rights, what can the wife of such a man do, without some such stipulation, or laws, by which her identity, as a woman, can be maintained?

The first is only virtually acknowledging my identity or accountability; that is, I am not a chattel, or an insane person, but a being, after I am married, as well as before; and unless a man can hold me upon a higher plane than the principle of common law places me upon, I am not willing to enter the marriage union.

The law says I am a non-existent being after marriage, but God says I am an existent and accountable one still; therefore I claim the recognition of this higher law principle, or I compromise with this injustice by this act of disloyalty to myself.

The conclusion of my last letter to Mr. Packard, dated April 28, 1861, ends thus:

“ And ere we finally part, allow me to call to your recollection that most important period of your life, when, at the altar of your God, in the presence of your fellow witnesses, you sol-

emply vowed to love your wife, to comfort her, to honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health, for better and for worse, in poverty and riches, and forsaking all others, to keep thou only unto her, so long as both should live. Let me ask you, have you kept this solemn vow? Your lost Elizabeth."

About this time I had a letter from Mr. Packard, wherein he lays his plans before me, and asks my advice!

His plans were to break up the family and put out the children, and asks me to whom he shall give my babe, and to whom he shall give my daughter to bring up, and such like questions!

But not a single intimation is expressed that the mother would ever be allowed the right to rear her own offspring. No, not even a wish that he hoped I might ever be able or capable of doing so; yet he could ask the counsel and advice of this *non compos* on these most important matters of vital interest!

He then portrays the present condition of my family in facts like these. He says:

"Elizabeth has had a fall and hurt her side, so that it pains her most of the time, and yet does all the work for the family, except when her Aunt Dole comes and helps a day occasionally."

Poor child! how her mother longs to embrace her, and sympathize with her as she used to in my sorrows. How can a father put upon this child of eleven years, the cares of a woman—the care of a babe, in addition to the care of a family, while she needs to attend school!

Oh! how much inconvenience some men will almost cheerfully endure, to crush a married woman into that position of nonentity, which the common law of marriage assigns her.

Isaac too is feeling almost discouraged. He is so gentle in his disposition, he can not live without his mother's sympathy.

Oh! my darling boy, be patient. God's time to help us is not

yet come. I know it is hard for thy tender heart to wait so long. I can hardly bear it myself.

Patient waiting is the hardest virtue for me to exercise. I had much rather work and toil than wait. But I will surmount all obstacles, and conquer all my impulsive feelings, by schooling them into entire submission to all God's appointments. If we could see all God's plans as God sees them, we should be satisfied.

While these reflections were passing through my mind, Dr. McFarland called at my room and remarked:

"Well, Mrs. Packard, what of the Manteno letter?"

"The family are all going to destruction; and his plan is to present such a view to my mind, as will induce me, for my children's sake, to plead to go home. He is trying to make me say:

"Oh! husband do take me home! if you only will, I will think, speak and act just as you please to have me, and will never venture to think for myself again!" But this plan fails entirely. I shall never give him a chance to put me off a second time."

Then came his usual inquiry:

"Have you a letter to send?"

I then told him:

"Sir, do you think I shall submit to be thus trifled with? you know you will not send the letter I want you to send?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Letter to my Children sent to the Wash-tub.

Among my asylum papers I find a copy of a letter I wrote to my children on some cotton underwaists, which I tried to send by Miss Wilson, of Kankakee city. As all communication with my children was cut off by the authority of Dr. McFarland, I was led to resort to strategy to secure this end.

Therefore I procured some nicely dressed bleached cotton, and embroidered for my daughter some double underwaists, on which I could easily and legibly pencil a long communication, such as my feelings prompted, hoping thus to bring myself to their recollection, so that I might not become an object of indifference to them.

The Doctor knew that I was making these waists for her, and it seems he suspected the plan which might thus open some kind of communication between us. Therefore as Miss Wilson was leaving, as a discharged patient, for her home in Kankakee, he, knowing that my Manteno home was only twelve miles from there, took her aside and asked her if she had any letter from me with her.

She replied that she had no letter.

“Have you anything from Mrs. Packard to her children?”

“Yes, I have some waists for her daughter, which I promised to take to her.”

“Let me see them!”

She then took them from her bosom, where she had placed them for concealment, and handed them to the doctor. He unfolded them and saw the penciling on the inside, and after reading it, ordered them to the laundry to be washed and ironed before they could be sent! thus thinking he had swept the letter into oblivion.

But his sagacity was outwitted by his prisoner this time, for if the exultant Doctor felt that all traces of my intelligence and sanity had been obliterated by the destruction of my letters, he will now see he was mistaken, when he sees this printed copy was preserved to be my passport to the world, of the state of this prisoner's mind while behind his dead-locks, and numbered among his "hopelessly insane maniacs."

INSANE ASYLUM, June 20, 1861.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN :—So long as we are sure we have conscience and God on our side, we have nothing to fear, although we are maligned by those who deny that conscience is designed as our guide. Let these who dare to disregard this silent monitor do so; but you, my children, will with me, dare to "serve the Lord," won't you? For it is only fidelity to its dictates which the Lord requires as his service.

You are in danger of losing your souls by contact with those who encourage you to set aside conscience as your guide to heavenly happiness. In this net of false doctrines, Satan is ensnaring guileless souls, and leading them unawares into captivity to himself. Do, children, be warned, and escape this snare before it is too late.

But, children, since we cannot secure the safety of any soul in opposition to their freedom, I rejoice that God does not hold us absolutely responsible for any soul but our own.

To save ourselves depends upon ourselves; and he who is fully determined to "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling," is the only one who will experience this salvation.

Children, do right in everything whether you are praised or blamed, and you will certainly secure a crown of righteousness, and so long as you continue to do right, no one can take it from you.

But one sin, one wrong act, may forfeit it forever; as only a small stream may drown one if he lies prostrate in it.

Oh! beware of little sins, little deviations from rectitude, truth, honesty, uprightness, from kindness, from forbearance, from patience, from forgiveness, from charity.

Encourage the very incipient beginnings of repentance on the part of offenders, by showing that your heart yearns and longs to meet it with forgiveness, with God-like forgiveness, bestowed on the gospel ground of repentance.

But, children, I fear you will think mother is preaching you a sermon instead of writing a letter. Pardon me, if I have burdened you thus, for you know this is not your mother's way to teach you Christ's religion. Her way has been to practice godliness, and thus endeavor to be a "living epistle known and read of all men." But being absent, I am under the necessity of taking this method of instructing you.

Your mother is doing here as she did at home, trying to secure her happiness in doing right; although by so doing, I often offend others by becoming thus a "terror to the evil doer, as well as a praise of them that do well."

I cannot express how much I regret the course your father has taken in separating me from your society and sympathy. But he is alone responsible for a great wrong by so doing.

Oh! how I do rejoice now that I never wronged that man! I beg of you to do the same.

Keep clear of guilt, however much he may tempt you. Remember, that to be angry, is but to punish yourself for another's fault. Love yourselves too well to do it, for you cannot be really happy if you sin in the least thing.

I do feel deeply sorry you have so desolate a home. But be patient, and all will be right some time.

Never do the least thing but what you would be willing the whole world should know of it, for even your motives will all be revealed and exposed, either to your shame or glory.

This fact rejoices my heart; for could the world see my heart as it is, as God sees it, naught but love and good will to

all mankind, to every individual, could be found there. Time will develop that even my persecutors cannot find a truer friend to them than I am—none more ready and impatient to forgive them, if they will but repent.

Don't be discouraged or disheartened, although the darkness which envelopes us is so dense as to be felt, for these clouds are about to break in blessings upon our heads. "Behind a frowning Providence he hides a smiling face."

Do your routine of duties faithfully, as you used to do when I was your guardian, and God will take care of our destiny. I do fully believe he is now working for us in the best possible manner.

When we do meet, shan't we have enough to talk about? Won't we have "good talking times" as you used to say, when you sat in a circle about me, to hear me tell you true stories about my childhood? But good by, for the present.

Your Loving Mother,

E. P. W. P.

CHAPTER XX.

How I Obtained my first Writing Paper.

On March 9th, 1861, I was allowed to pack the trunk of one of my most intimate associates in our Ward, Mrs. Betsey Clarke, who was to leave the next morning with her son, who had come for her. While packing it I had the good fortune to find four sheets of letter paper which had escaped the supervisor's notice.

My good friend readily consented to let me have it in exchange for some articles of my wardrobe which she needed, and thus I, an asylum prisoner, became the honest owner of four sheets of paper! A prize almost invaluable to me.

Hitherto all my efforts to obtain a sheet of paper had been futile, since the Doctor had given a general order to all the employees not to let me have paper or stationery of any kind after he had consigned me to this maniac's hall.

I had written before this time on tissue paper, margin of newspapers, cotton cloth, or brown paper and such like, and had handed clandestinely letters written on these materials to the trustees and Dr. Sturtevant, our chaplain, and retained copies of the same on the materials where I now find them.

With these helps I had kept a private journal, too, from which the facts of this book are compiled.

Now, with these three sheets, I felt, under the circumstances, richer than any fortune could have made me. With a very fine pencil, I was enabled to write two or three times the number of lines that were ruled, so that I put a wonderful amount of matter on a very small surface.

Mrs. Hosmer, the sewing room directress, knowing how eagerly I watched her sewing room to get such writing materials, ventured to try an experiment to gratify this wish on

my part. Being a strict observer of all the rules of the house, she could not aid me in this desire without the Doctor's consent.

She therefore bought a pocket diary, and asked Dr. McFarland's permission to make me a present of it on "New Year's."

He consented, and I thus came into possession of another treasure of inestimable value.

I used this most faithfully for one entire year, and had just written my final entry for the last day of December, and was just returning it into my bosom, its safe hiding place for one whole year, when lo! my door was suddenly and unexpectedly pushed open by the Doctor in his velvet slippers; he thus caught me, before my treasure was out of sight.

He sprang towards me and seized it forcibly from my hand, before I could get it into my bosom, and sitting down began to read aloud from it, in spite of my protests against his seeing my private meditations.

He made fun of some portions; others he tore spitefully from the book, saying as he did so, "*that is a lie!*"

I begged that he would return it without tearing it. But he heeded nothing I said, either in defence of its truth, or of my claim to it, as by his consent I had obtained it.

But instead, put it into his vest pocket, and walked off with it.

This is the last I ever saw of this part of my asylum diary. My journal covering this period is complete.

It may be gratifying to my readers to know how I preserved my journal and private papers. The greatest part of my asylum journal, up to this date, I secured by hiding it behind a false lining in my band-box.

One day I found a piece of wall paper, and I clandestinely sewed this into my band-box for a lining, behind which and around the box I concealed my papers.

Some of them I hid between the black cloth and the board

on the bottom of my satchel. I cut open the edge and scaled it off with a case-knife, and after filling the pocket thus made, I sewed it up, where they were kept undiscovered.

Some I placed between the millinet crown and the outside covering of my traveling bonnet. I encircled this crown with so many thicknesses of paper that it sometimes caused the exclamation, "How heavy this bonnet is!"

I never told until I got out of the asylum in what the weight consisted!

The balance, accumulated after this date, which was the largest part of the whole, passed through the Doctor's fingers twice when in search of it, but he knew it not, as will be seen in its proper place.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Modern Mode of Subjugating Married Women.

Mrs. Sullivan, a sane woman, was put in here by her drunken husband, on the plea of insanity. She was brought handcuffed, and half of the hair pulled out of her head. Of course the husband's testimony must be credited, for who could desire more to protect a woman than he?

Yes, Mr. Sullivan, the warm-hearted Irishman, showed his regard for his wife in the same manner that Mr. Packard, and many other husbands do, by legally committing her to Dr. McFarland's protection, who, so far as my knowledge extends, has never yet been true to this sacred trust.

This quick-tempered Irishman had a quarrel with his wife, because she asserted her inalienable right to a pair of new shoes, and he being the stronger of the two in physical force, got her handcuffed, and pulled out the hair from half her head with his own hand, and forced her in here as soon as the "forms of law" could be gone through with.

And what could Mrs. Sullivan do in self-defence?

All her representations would be listened to as the ravings of a maniac!

What is her testimony worth after the "forms of law" have been gone through with, proving her insanity?

Mrs. Sullivan is legally entered as an insane person, on legal testimony; and now the Doctor is shielded in doing what he pleases with her, for what is an insane person's testimony worth?

Nothing!

Thus shielded, he applies his instruments of torture to this oppressed, bleeding heart, for the benevolent purpose of making

her willing to return to her husband, and yield unanswering obedience to this marital subjection!

Yes, his benevolent plan is at length achieved, and he soon succeeds in making her so much more wretched and forlorn than before, that her former woes and wrongs sink into oblivion in comparison, and she begins to cry and beg to go home.

“ Oh, take me back to my children and husband, and I will bless you forever.”

Now his patient is recovering! Oh, what an astonishing cure!

“ How much that great Dr. McFarland knows more than any other man, the secret of curing the insane wife!”

But the cure must be sure and permanent, before her case is represented as fit for removal. She has not yet performed her share of unrequited labor for the State of Illinois, as its slave; and if she is a good and efficient workman, there may be weeks, months, years of imprisonment yet before her, ere her cure is complete!

Now the Doctor is the only competent one to report her case to her friends or husband. No attendant's report can be relied upon, much less the prisoner herself.

All communication is cut off, and the slave has naught to do but to work and suffer in silent, mute submission to her prison keepers. She dare not utter a complaint, lest the tortures be again resumed. Her children may sicken and die, but she must know nothing about them. Indeed, she must be dead as to earth life, until her share of slave toil is completed. And if very useful as a slave, she may possibly get the diploma of “ hopelessly insane ” attached to her name as an offset for these many years of slavery!

And then the friends solace themselves, that the very best means of cure have been used, since none so skillful as the learned Dr. McFarland can be found anywhere. And although they deplore the fate of an all-wise Providence, yet, to Dr.

McFarland their heartfelt gratitude will be most signally due, for the kind, humane treatment he bestowed upon her, by having done all that human ingenuity could devise, to cure her!

A true and faithful picture of many a real case in this Asylum.

But how did Mrs. Sullivan's case come out?

After a time, the thought of her poor, defenceless, unprotected children, with none but a drunken father to care for them, pressed so fearfully upon her maternal sympathies, that she ventured to plead to go back to them again.

But in vain!

No plea can compassionate the heart of her present protector. Her tears, her sighs, her entreaties, her arguments, fall unheeded and apparently unheard upon his ear, for he will not stop to hear a patient's story, however rational or consistent—yea, the more rational the more unheeded, apparently.

She is then sent to the wash-room or ironing-room, and sewing-room, and compelled to work to drown her sorrow or stifle its utterance.

But what if her children do need her services more than the State?

What does Dr. McFarland care for her children, or for the fate of a mother who has been cast off by her husband?

Nothing!

He cares for his own selfish interests, and nothing else. If to his view his advantage is gained, he will send her home; if not, he will keep her at work for the State; for the laws of his own suggesting protect him from all harm, no matter how much he harms the prisoners.

After months of faithful labor, he found the tide of the house was setting against him, by keeping this sane woman so long from her family, and when he dared not resist this influence longer, he sent to her husband to take her home; but he would not come for her.

And now comes one honorable act on the part of the Doctor. He lent her money and sent her home alone.

A few days after, I ventured to congratulate the Doctor on doing so noble a deed, adding :

“ If what I have been told is true, you have represented her in the discharge as one who has been falsely represented as insane.”

This creditable part of the representation he indignantly denied, saying :

“ No, she came here insane—was cured—and sent home !”

“ No, Dr. McFarland, she did not come here insane ; she came here an abused woman—shamefully abused by a drunken husband. She needed protection but not punishment, such as you have bestowed upon her.”

But no, the “ lords of creation ” must be protected ! or oppressed woman will rise and assert her rights, and man then will fail to keep her down.

What will men do, when this Government protect the married women in their right to themselves ?

Oh, when this great Woman Subjector, Dr. McFarland, is exposed, where will these men send their wives to get them “ broke in ? ” Oh ! where ?

I came here in defence of the same principle that Mrs. Sullivan did, with this difference ; she used her right of self-defence in a different manner from what I did. She used physical force in resisting usurpation ; I did not.

I never did, nor never will quarrel with any one. I have followed Christ’s directions, “ If thy brother smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also.”

Mrs. Sullivan pursued a different mode of self-defence, but the issue is just the same in both cases. Our husbands both succeeded in getting us entered here on the plea of insanity, and I, although so perfectly harmless in my mode of self-defence, am required to stay three or four times her term of

imprisonment! But, Oh, for woman's sake I suffer it. I will try to continue to suffer on, patiently and uncomplainingly, confidently hoping that my case will lead community to investigate for themselves, and see *why* it is, that so many sane women are thus persecuted at this period of the Christian era.

The sad truth that man has fallen from his noble position of woman's protector, and become her subjector, when apprehended, may lead our government to give protection to the identity of the married woman, so that she can be as sure of legal protection, where she does not receive the marital, as if she were single. When, therefore, she needs legal protection from marital usurpation, she can obtain it directly from her government, as other citizens now can.

This period of subjection through which woman is passing, is developing her self-reliant character, by compelling her to defend herself, in order to secure the safety of her own soul.

That class of men who wish to rule woman, seem intent on destroying her reason, to secure her subjection. If they can not really put out this light in her, which so much annoys them, they will credit this work as done, by falsely accusing her of insanity, and when once branded by Dr. McFarland's diploma of "hopelessly insane," they fondly think they can keep her under their feet.

And this has actually been done in many instances, by the help of the Illinois Insane Asylum.

Yes, the modern mode of subjugating married women, is, to send her off to an insane asylum and get her publicly branded as "hopelessly insane." Thus, instead of the husband whipping his own wife with a "stick as large round as his little finger," as the old common law allowed him to do, he sends her off to an insane asylum to get the officials of that institution to whip her for him!

CHAPTER XXII

My Life Imperilled.

My life was almost daily and hourly endangered. For example :

“I was one morning sitting in a side room by myself, for the purpose of enjoying my secret devotions undisturbed, which privilege the matron had kindly granted, as my own dormitory had too many occupants to allow me any opportunity of praying in secret, and being compelled, however, by Dr. McFarland’s special order, to have the door of this closet wide open, while I occupied it for this purpose, I was compelled to submit to any such intruders as might chance to walk in.

Miss Jenny Haslett was one of the two maniacs who came in this morning, and seated herself on a low stool at my feet.

I was always obliged to carry my chair and footstool with me wherever I sat down, and by this arrangement I had my asylum writing-table, my lap, always with me, and at these times I made my entries into my journal and diary. The other maniac sat on the floor under the window.

I quietly read my chapter, while Jenny amused herself playing with the trimming on the front of my morning dress. I closed my Bible, and resting my eyes upon her, reflected upon the sad condition of this human wreck of existence before me.

She was a handsome delicate girl of eighteen years, who was made insane by disappointed affection, and although generally harmless, yet at times, liable to sudden frenzies, from causes unknown. I could often hear her crying in the dead of night for :

“Willie, oh! my dear Willie! do, do, come back to me—oh! Willie! Willie! I do love you!”

It may be that I aroused some antagonistic feeling, and dis-

turbed some pleasant reverie of hers, when I bent forward and with my hands parted the short hair which fell over her fine forehead, and then bestowed upon it a gentle kiss of tender pity.

In an instant the response came, in a blow from her clenched fist upon my left temple, of such stunning force, that for a moment I was lost to consciousness; for the blow seemed more like the kick of a horse, than the hand of a human being. My spectacles were thrown across the room by the blow, but I was not thrown from my seat.

As soon as I realized what had happened, I returned her fiendish gaze with a look of pity, and exclaimed:

“Why Jenny, you have struck me!”

“Yes, and I am going to knock your brains out!” said she, with furious emphasis, and clenched fists.

Without speaking again, I quietly and calmly withdrew into the hall, where I found my kind attendant, Miss Minerva Tenny, whose quick perception read the tale, and without my speaking a word, she exclaimed:

“Oh! Mrs. Packard, what a wound you have got upon your temple! What has happened?”

“Jenny has struck me. Please get me some cold water to bathe it in.”

“You will need something more than water, it is a terrible blow! I will go for Dr. Tenny.”

After bringing me the water, she went for him, and he, like a tender brother, came and pitied me, and while I rested my throbbing head against his strong manly arm, I wept for joy at the comfort his words of pity brought with them to my forsaken heart.

“Dr. Tenny, can you protect my life?”

“Mrs. Packard, I would protect you if I could, but, like you, I am a subordinate—my power is limited.”

“Will not the State be held responsible for these exposures

of my life, to which Dr. McFarland subjects me? I think this appeal ought to be made."

Without answering this question he assured me he would do all he could to help and protect me. And he did do so. I think Dr. McFarland was restrained by his manly interference. Still, the citadel of his heart was not reached either by Dr. Tenny's or my son's appeals, to remove me to some safer ward.

And never shall I forget the heartless response he made, as the next day, when for the first time, he beheld my swollen face and throbbing temples, as I lay in agony upon my bed, from the effects of this injury, after I had told him all the circumstances, how I simply bestowed upon her forehead a loving kiss as the only provocation, he simply remarked, as he turned away:

"It is no uncommon thing to receive a blow for a kiss!"

These were the only words either of sympathy or regret I got from the Doctor, although the wound was then in such a state of great inflammation that Mrs. McFarland expressed herself:

"You may consider yourself fortunate, Mrs. Packard, if you do not now lose your eye as the result."

For weeks I carried the marks of this blow, by a deep black temple and eyes, so that a stranger would hardly have recognized me during this period.

But instead of shielding me better after this, he not only let Jenny remain in the ward, but he afterwards brought up Mrs. Triplet from the Fifth ward, and from this time she, the most dangerous patient in the whole female wards, was seated by my side at the table. I seldom seated myself at the table after this, without hearing the threat from Mrs. Triplet:

"I shall kill you!"

And I considered myself very fortunate if I left the table without being spit upon by her, or by having her tea, or coffee, or gravy, or sauce thrown upon my dress.

At one time my right hand companion was suddenly aroused to the attitude of self-defence, by having a knife hurled at her temples or eyes, by one of our insane companions opposite.

This aroused others to seize their knives and forks and chairs, in self-defence, and there is no knowing what a scene might have ensued, had not our attendants been on hand to confine the infuriated ones.

There is no knowing at what instant these scenes may occur, for I have often seen them, without the least apparent provocation, suddenly seize the tumblers, salt cellars, plates, bowls, and pitchers, and hurl them about in demoniacal frenzy, so that the broken glass and china would fly about our face and eyes like hail stones.

The defence which maniacs resort to, is, rendering evil for evil, abuse for abuse, so that at the beginning of a scene among twenty-five or thirty of them it is impossible to tell what the end may be.

And yet this institution receives such, and puts them all into one room, while the family plead that *one* is too dangerous to trust in a family!

What would they think to have twenty-five in one family?

For more than two years has Dr. McFarland imperilled my life, by compelling me to occupy a ward among twenty-five of this class, not knowing at what moment my life might be taken away, or I receive some distressing injury.

Many times have I made the most touching appeals to him to save my life; but even before I could finish my sentence, he would turn and walk indifferently away, without uttering one syllable.

Once alone do I find recorded, that he deigned a reply, which was under these circumstances.

Lena, a stage actress, who had become insane from a fall through the stage platform, had been dragging me around the

ward by the hair of my head, and unless the attendant had been near to aid me, I might not have been able to extricate myself from her grasp at all.

Lena had, like Jenny, always seemed pleased to have me notice and caress her, as was my habit with them all who would allow it, until this time, when she turned upon me and treated me as I have described. After stating these facts, I added :

“ Now, Doctor, I think a sane person is more in danger than the maniacs, for they will fight back, while I will not.”

“ Supposing,” said he, “ a person should enter your room with a loaded pistol and aim it at you, and you had one near which, by your using first, could save your own life, would you not shoot to save yourself ?”

“ No, Doctor, I would not ; because my nature does not prompt me to defend myself in this manner. I have such an instinctive dread of taking the life of another, that I would rather die myself than kill another.”

“ I should, and I think every one would do the same in self-defence.”

“ I presume you would, and so would most *men*, for they were made to be the protectors and defenders of the weaker sex, and the man who would not do it in defence of a defenceless woman, is less than a man.”

However, I could not convince the Superintendent that he was under any obligation to defend my life, and unless I had strength and courage enough to defend it myself, I must die ; for so far as convincing him that he had any responsibility about the case, it was impossible to make him comprehend it.

In view of such facts I should not be at all surprised, if, when the thoughts of the heart are revealed, it will then be manifest that he placed my life thus in jeopardy among maniacs, hoping they might kill me !!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Self-defence.—Clandestine Letters.

The oppressor's guilt renders him peculiarly sensitive to any action on the part of the injured one, by way of self-defence.

Therefore, in order to practice this duty, we are always compelled to use what some would regard as unjustifiable means. And yet, in exchange of circumstances, these complainers would feel no scruple in doing the same thing of which they complain.

Here I am literally entombed alive by fraudulent means, for a wicked purpose. The walls of my sepulcher are the walls of this asylum. I am allowed no communication with the outside world. No one inside these walls can aid me in doing so, without proving recreant to his trust as an employee. And no visitor is allowed to take out a letter from a patient in a public institution, without the Superintendent's knowledge or consent.

Now what shall I do?

Shall I quietly submit to these unjust laws, framed for the very purpose of perpetuating an absolute despotism?

I am a law defender; I do not like to be a law breaker, and God is never compelled to violate law to bring about His purposes, neither does He allow us to transgress any moral or natural law, to accomplish our own purposes, however desirable.

When we see no way of getting out of a sad dilemma, except that of wrong doing, we are directed to "Wait, wait on the Lord," that is, wait until Providence opens a way for us. As the traveler, in pursuing his onward course, coming in contact with the moving train, has nothing to do but to stop and wait until it passes by; so Providence clears His track without any law being broken.

Therefore, however desirable it may seem to me, to be free to care for, and communicate with my precious children, yet, although this vision tarries long, I must wait until the train, however long, passes by, before I can possibly behold this prospect.

Again, I must not murmur nor complain, although I am most keenly sensitive to the humiliation of my circumstances. But I will not bow down to wickedness. I do as well as I know how, and will continue to do so, knowing that impossibilities are not required of me by my righteous Judge, for I know that every good act is an investment in the bank of faith, and its dividends never fall short.

I believe, too, that God requires me not only to pray that wrong doing be stopped, but also to act in concert with this prayer, and the wrong doing, which it is my duty to stop, are the sins against myself. I must begin at home, being unable to defend others until I can defend myself; for how can a mother defend her children, unless she can defend herself?

I must defend myself not only for their sake, but also for the sake of society where I belong.

I have already tried the force of argument, reason, and entreaty, to induce Dr. McFarland to allow me some chance for self-defence, but all in vain.

I cannot get his consent in this matter, therefore, the act being right in itself, and a duty also, I must act not only without his consent, but without his knowledge. Therefore, under the circumstances, a clandestine act of self-defence is not a sinful act because of its secrecy.

But to whom shall I apply? And how? are the next questions to be settled.

I will first appeal to the Trustees, as they are the power to whom my earthly destiny is now committed, and they have the first right to superintend Dr. McFarland's actions, in regard to the prisoners under his charge; and I feel morally bound to try

to get the Trustees to compel their Superintendent to act justly towards me.

Under the influence of such feelings I wrote the subjoined letter to the Trustees, on a piece of tissue paper, which when folded compactly, occupied a space no larger than a silver quarter. I knew they were to hold a session at the asylum in March next, 1861, and it was to be my business to get this letter to them at this meeting. But here was the difficulty.

Since hiding me among the maniacs, the Doctor had evinced a peculiar sensitiveness at my being seen there, which was never manifested while I was an occupant of the seventh ward. And he had even led the Trustees past this ward, without even allowing them to enter it, since he had consigned me to it. Now how could I give them my letter, either openly or secretly? No employee would do it for me, lest Dr. McFarland's displeasure be incurred, and then, of course, a "discharge" awaited them.

Still watching and praying constantly, while they were in the house, I carried my little note in my pocket, hoping by some good fortune, I might yet get it into their hands.

At length my name was announced as wanted in the dining-room. I gladly responded to the call, where I found Mrs. McFarland and Mrs. Miner waiting to receive me to hold an interview with me.

Finding it too dangerous to take my callers into the hall which I now occupied, I was then allowed the exposure of my own life to be suspended long enough to entertain them in the dining-room.

Happy beyond measure to find myself in the presence of a trustee's wife, my whole mental powers were centered upon knowing how to employ her as the confidential medium of my letter to the Trustees. But the fact was self-evident to me, that Mrs. McFarland had come as a spy upon me, lest I should, in some manner, either by word or look or letter, communicate

to her some intimation of the injustice I was experiencing at her husband's hands.

And so complete was the espionage she exercised, that I began to fear that this hope must expire in its bud. When they arose to leave, and as Mrs. McFarland's back was towards us as she opened the dining-room door, I watched my chance and buried this little note in the palm of Mrs. Miner's hand, and closing her hand upon it, I gave it a significant pressure, as much as to say :

“Don't betray me—but do your duty.”

And at the same time kissing her, so that the transfer seemed a perfect and satisfactory success ; that is, I felt sure she understood my meaning, and was willing to aid me in doing anything right and consistent.

Of course, she could and would read the open note before assuming any further responsibility. And from the impression I received of her feelings, I was satisfied that she would do right about it. But whether I then misjudged her, I cannot tell, or whether her husband kept the letter himself, or communicated it to the Trustees, I know not. But this I do know, I never heard from the note, or from its influence.

That seed, though thus buried for eleven long years, now rises to a tangible influence, and by its mute appeal to the law-makers who read this letter, it may lead them to see the necessity of demanding fidelity in their public officers, to whom they have entrusted the sacred right of their personal liberty.

To the Trustees of Jacksonville Insane Asylum, in session at their March meeting, 1861 :

GENTLEMEN:—Here under your inspection, a Christian mother, and an Illinois citizen, has been imprisoned nearly nine months for simply exercising the God-given rights of opinion and conscience ; and this, too, in only a lady-like and Christian manner. Nothing else !

Now, can you be guiltless and let this persecution go on under your jurisdiction?

Do remember, and be warned by God's unchangeable law, viz: "With what measure ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

Do allow me to live a natural life in America, so long as my own actions allow me a claim to my own freedom. Do deliver me out of the hands of Dr. McFarland, for he has claimed to be better than God to me, in that he says to me that his judgment is a safer guide for me than my own conscience!

And yet I am in the absolute power of such a man. Do, I beg of you, deliver me from this fear of evil!

Do but give me the opportunity, and I will give you my pledge, if necessary, that America need no longer be burdened with me, as a citizen, than until I can get under the protection of the English crown, where I can hope to enjoy my rights of opinion and conscience unmolested.

O! America! My country, when will you erase the stigma you now carry, of having imprisoned an unprotected minister's wife, for simply obeying God, by trying to live a life of practical godliness?

Shall a woman of America, when she consents to become a wife, and to her sorrow finds that the man whom she chose to be her protector, has instead, become the subjector of her womanly rights, be compelled to leave her offspring motherless, and be entombed alive, in an Insane Asylum, simply because there is no power in the laws of the land to protect her against the despotic will of her husband?

When will my countrymen fear God, more than they do the oppressor?

Gentlemen, action, investigation, is demanded of *you*, by this appeal, in order that your souls may be found guiltless in this matter. Dare to do your duty, and God will bless you.

Your Suffering Sister,

E. P. W. PACKARD

After receiving the above letter, I think a failure to investigate into the merits of the case was in itself a criminal act. Ignorance of the state of my mental faculties could no longer shield them, for the letter contains a sufficient degree of intelligence to arouse an investigation to see if what is claimed was true or false.

But merely "doing *not*," did not extenuate their guilt, for the perpetuating of a wrong. It enhanced it; for the postponement of a difficult crisis only renders a settlement more difficult, and the evil consequences more inevitable and unavoidably certain.

Guilt was daily accumulating by each added day of most wearisome imprisonment, and that tender babe was being thus deprived of its *right* to its mother's care, and that little flock of tender lambs were daily and hourly in suffering need of a mother's care and sympathy.

Yes, the quicker the settlement, the easier and the better, both for them and the injured victims of this most cruel conspiracy.

Now, they cannot clear themselves of guilt, if, Pilate like, they do try to throw the responsibility off themselves upon Dr. McFarland. For they know that for his act they will be held justly responsible, in the same sense that the Superintendent is held responsible for the acts of his employees.

For my aggravated and enhanced sufferings from this time, I hold the Trustees responsible; for it seemed that the Doctor's story was heeded and mine rejected, thus delegating an increased power to the Doctor to abuse me, just as his upholding Lizzy Bonner in her barbarities, only enhanced her power to harm still more.

Indeed, I suffered so much from his tyranny, for nine months from this time, that even the sight of the man, or the sound or sight of his name, was instinctively and inseparably associated with horror in my mind.

But the details of this period of purgatorial mental anguish, as I find it delineated in my journal, it will be impossible for me to give within the limits of this volume. I did propose when I projected the plan of this book, to give the history of these wrongs in detail to the world; but I shrink from the task.

The record of the adamantine pen God himself will give in his own way and time in complete detail. This record can never be obliterated, except by repentance on Dr. McFarland's part for the wrongs I have suffered at his hands.

I am determined, by God's help, now to write my own history in chapters indelible and indestructible in my own honest deeds.

The following letter to Dr. Shirley, of Jacksonville, written during these days of anguish, on some cloth, or tissue tea-paper which I obtained from the sewing-room, I handed to Dr. Sturtevant after chapel service in a manner similar to what I did my note to Mrs. Miner, except that I confined my salutation to a shake of his hand as I slipped the note into it.

But I am sorry to say I have more reason to think he betrayed me to the Doctor, than I have that Mrs. Miner did, for the Doctor told me himself that he had destroyed a "worthless letter" Dr. Sturtevant had given him from me.

I doubt not he spoke a truth in making that confession to me, and I think it was uttered under the influence of an exultant feeling which said:

"So you see, Mrs. Packard, I can head you anywhere! You are my helpless victim."

"Never mind, Dr. McFarland, you did *then* hold me, and the letter too, in your power, but now I hold that letter in *my* power, to publish to the world, that my readers may see in what its "worthlessness" consisted; and I now hold myself and you too, where the verdict of public sentiment will compel us both to stand just where our own actions will place us."

And Dr. Shirley can also see in what estimate I then held him. This opinion I based upon an interview I had with him in the Doctor's parlor, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Blessing, and as I was personally acquainted with no other man in Jacksonville, of course, made application to him as a dernier resort.

INSANE ASYLUM, March 20, 1861.

DR. SHIRLEY—KIND SIR: Constrained by the law of self-preservation, I feel compelled to make an appeal to your humanity for help. Yes, help for me, a helpless victim of severe persecution.

I am sick, and need some human helper, for on the side of my oppressors there is power; yes, power to harm too, yet I have no protection save Omnipotence.

My heart turns instinctively to you, kind Sir, hoping and trusting that the God-like principle of manhood has not become extinct in you, and therefore, I have a foundation on which to make my appeal.

Dr. Shirley, I am indeed an injured woman, and my case ought to arouse and command an investigation; at least, so far as to grant me some kind of trial, before perpetuating my imprisonment any longer. Can you not do something to secure me one?

I do beg and entreat, with all the power of woman's eloquence, that you do deliver me out of Dr. McFarland's hands.

He is my oppressor, my unjust and cruel persecutor. He claims that "his judgment is a safer guide for me than my conscience."

These are his own words; and I am in the absolute power of *such* a man.

What protection have I under a man who ignores the conscience of his victim? Do deliver me from this fear of evil, and my soul shall bless you forever.

And I have given this usurper my written pledge, that I

shall expose him to the world whenever I get out, unless he repents of his inhumanities to the patients. And he knows, too, that I am a truthful woman, and can never break this pledge.

Ask wisdom—do your duty—and do not yield to the temptation to fear to cope with the great Dr. McFarland in defence of the injured. Omnipotence will shield you in doing your duty. My heart is full, but by means of communication are entirely cut off, so far as the Doctor can prevent it.

If possible, come to me, and I will tell you what I cannot, and dare not write. Do let a God-fearing humanity, not a man-fearing despotism, control your actions, and I trust Heaven will protect you.

In the name of justice, humanity, and of the State, I have requested a meeting of the trustees on my account.

But Dr. McFarland's reply leaves me nothing to hope for in that direction.

Still, duties are mine, and events God's.

I know my life is worth preserving, for the sake of my six children, if for no other purpose, and "For me to live is Christ, and to die, gain." Still all lawful means I feel bound to use, to preserve life, and *then* I can say, God's will be done.

Your humble, earnest petitioner,

E. P. W. PACKARD.

INSANE ASYLUM, May 10, 1862.

TO THE TRUSTEES.—*Gentlemen*: Dr. McFarland has informed me that the State, not my husband, supports me here.

I deem it my duty to protest against this act of injustice.

Although I fully appreciate your intended kindness to me and mine, by placing me on the charity list; yet it is the injustice of the act against which my nature instinctively revolts.

My children have no claim upon the charities of this State for their education. God has provided them with ways and

means of being educated far superior to many children of the poor tax payers.

If these indigent tax payers choose, voluntarily to deprive their own children of the means of education, for the benefit of my more favored ones, there would be no injustice in my receiving their gifts in this way.

But to claim it of them, without their consent or knowledge, simply as a legal right, is unjust; for it plainly conflicts with the dictates of the moral law, which is, doing to others as I would wish them to do to me.

I am not required to love my neighbor's interests better than my own. My own children have a prior claim to my regard than my neighbor's. Still I have no right to seek their interests at my neighbor's expense, without his knowledge or consent.

Since my husband has broken his marriage covenant, and failed to protect me in my duties as a wife and mother, depriving me not only of my marriage rights, but also of all my rights as an American citizen, thereby depriving his children of their natural guardian and instructor, I feel that he has no right to seek to make pecuniary profits from the specious plea thus formed for educating his children.

You know not what you are doing, in supporting this man in his wicked plan of wronging the innocent without cause. God grant that your eyes may be opened to see your guilt in thus doing, so that you may repent this life, where you can be forgiven, on the ground of making due restitution for the multiplied wrongs you have inflicted upon me and mine.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. E. P. W. PACKARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“You Should Return to Your Husband.”

One day in my extreme distress, and finding every refuge for deliverance failing me, in a state of desperation almost, I concluded as a dernier resort, to make one direct appeal to the doctor himself, as a professed follower of Christ, in the Presbyterian Church, hoping even against hope, that some sort of relief might possibly reach me through this avenue.

When, therefore, he called at my room, I said to him, “Doctor, I am suffering a temptation from the powers of darkness to swerve from my purpose of holy obedience to God’s revealed will. Is there no help for me in my deep affliction?”

“What do you mean by your temptation?”

“I feel tempted to complain of my lot, and to impatiently wish to be delivered out of the power of my persecutors. Doctor, I do so want my freedom! But I am not tempted to desire it at the expense of my conscience, that is, I am not tempted in the least by a desire to return to my husband, nor could any influence tempt me to do this deed, since for me it would be a sin against God to do so.”

“Well, what can I do for you?”

“Do right; by letting me have my liberty to support myself, as other wives do who cannot live with their husbands.”

“The only right course for you is to return to your husband and do as a true woman should do; be to him a true and loving wife, as you promised to be by your marriage vow, unto death, and until you do consent to do so, there is no prospect of your getting out of this place! For until you will give up this insane, unreasonable notion of your duty forbidding it, I consider this institution the proper place for you to spend your days in, for you must be maintained somewhere, by *charity*, if

it is not true, as you pretend, that you have helpers outside who promise you pecuniary aid, but give neither you nor me a guarantee to that effect."

"I do not feel that I am an object of charity so long as I have health and abilities to render me self-reliant; although I know my situation is a very unpleasant one for a woman, reported to be lost to reason, to contend with. For who will desire or employ an insane person as housekeeper, cook, nurse or teacher; still I could try, and if I did not succeed I could drop into a poor-house, such as the laws of the State provide for the indigent to die in."

"What poor-house?"

"Jacksonville, if I could get no further."

"No, you have no claim there."

"Manteno, then."

"No, you are not a woman who can be trusted, for your own conduct here has proved you to be entirely unworthy of trust or confidence. You have abused the trust I have reposed in you, and betrayed me in every possible way by misrepresentation and abuse. You have proved to me that you are all that your husband represents you to be, that he is an injured and abused man, and you are a worthless woman, for it is impossible for your husband to be such a man as you represent him to be and sustain the spotless character, as a minister, which he does and always has."

"Don't I know, Doctor, a little more of his private character, as a husband, than any other one? and is it not possible for one to assume a false character abroad? Has not the fall of many good man, reported above censure, proved that it is sometimes the case?"

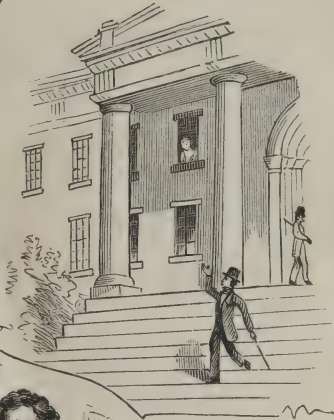
"No, I think it is impossible for your account of him to be a true one, and I regard this institution as the only fit place for you, so long as you are not willing to return to him."

"Is it right, here in America to coerce a woman's conscience,

No. 1.



No. 2.



BEALE, DEL.

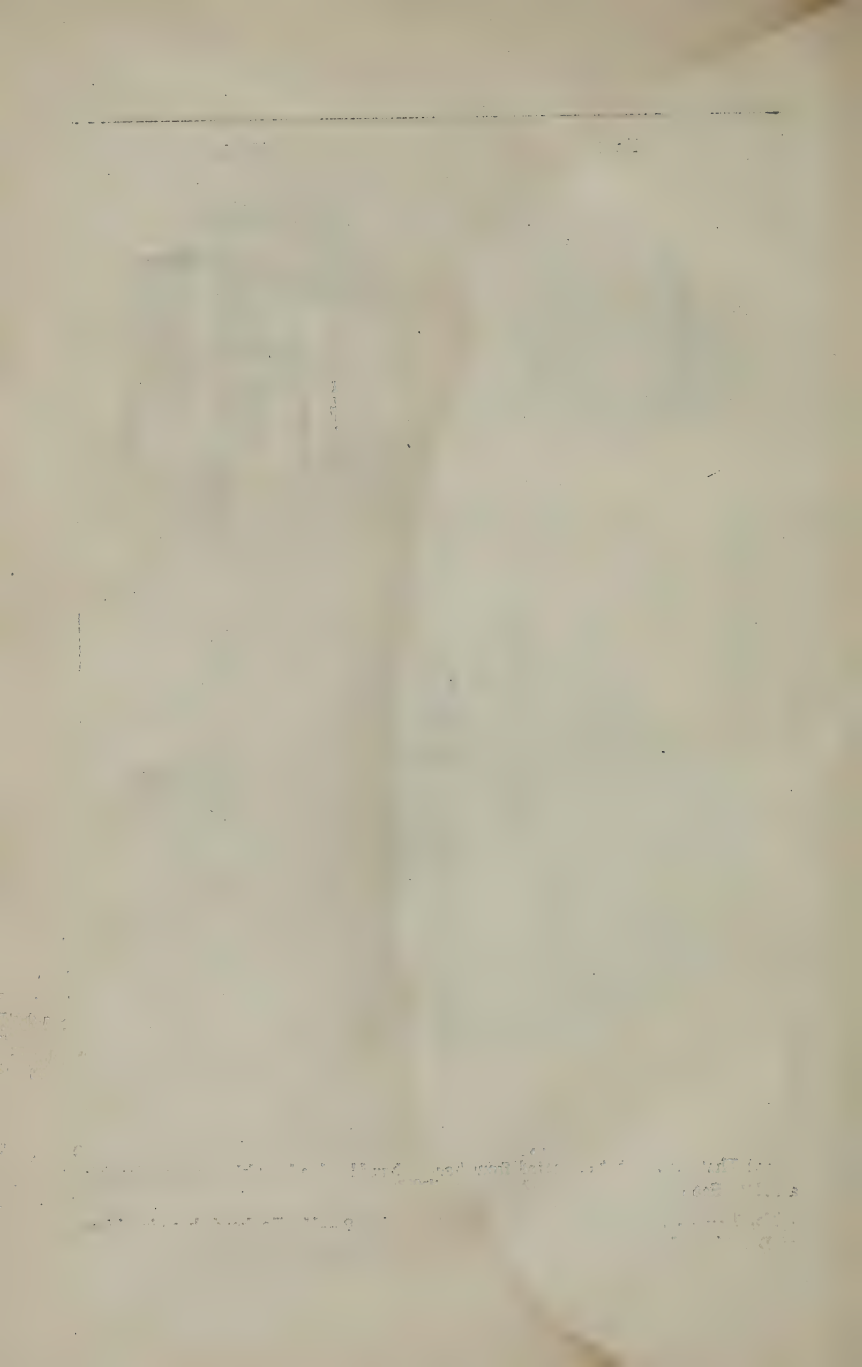
CHAMBERLIN, ENGRAVER

Not Alienated.

"See! That lady is not alienated from her husband! See how kindly she takes his arm!" See page 84.

No. 1.—Mr. Packard taking leave of Dr. McFarland! See page 86.

No. 2.—Mr. Packard throwing kisses to his wife! See page 87



compelling her to do what she believes to be wrong? My views of my personal duty are the rule for me, as your views are for you. I regard it as persecuting Christianity thus to treat me, and that the cloak of insanity is the only legalized popular mode of doing it at the present day."

"No, Mrs. Packard, you are talking unreasonably, in an insane manner, and all reasonable people will call it so, for you to so represent duty; and so long as you hold on to these views, there is no hope for a change that I can see."

"Now I understand you. Now I am satisfied—for the reality, however painful, is far less unbearable than suspense. I now know what Mrs. Hosmer told me is true, although I was loth to believe you were so entirely lost to justice and honor. She said there was no hope of my getting out of this institution so long as you superintended it."

"Did Mrs. Hosmer say so?"

"She did."

He then tried to qualify what he had said. He did not seem to like to have me cherish that view exactly, but how he meant to qualify it I could not understand.

I know that the utterance of simple unqualified truth is the hardest language which can be employed. But on this simple weapon of naked truth I intend to rely for my own defence and protection. The world may credit or discredit my statements, just as they please; my responsibility is done with the utterance of the simple truth.

The superintendence of another's conscience is not my work. God forbid that I ever put forth my hand, Uzzah like, to steady the conscience of another, since I know that God alone claims the right to protect his own sacred ark. I intend no man or woman shall ever steady my own. This is God's exclusive work.

My journal, two weeks after, says:

"I have been in bed for a few days to rest my brain by sleep

and sitz-baths. The means have been blessed and I am better. For about two weeks I have been afflicted with a headache most of the time.

This is something new for me. I scarcely ever had a headache in all my life. Indeed I hardly know what pain of body is, I am so blessed with such sound and vigorous health. But when the doctor told me I must return to my husband or die here, it cost me a mental struggle which has prostrated me upon this sick bed.

It is these spiritual wrongs which cause woman so much feeble health, and break down the strongest constitutions.

Knowing this, I must try to fortify nature in every possible manner within my reach, so that the citadel of my health need not suffer detriment; for if that should fail, I fear my courage would fail with it.

The degree of faith, trust and confidence I am able to summon into this field of action, depends much upon the healthful vigor and nervous energy I can command. Therefore to keep my faith strong, I must keep my health good."

CHAPTER XXV.

Miss Mary Tomlin—A Model Attendant.

I never saw Miss Mary Tomlin abuse a patient, and she was my attendant for nearly one year.

She, unlike most attendants, did not seem to become callous and indifferent towards them, because she would not allow herself to do the *first* unkind act.

It is very noticeable here that the beginning of wrong doing is like the letting out of water, over the edge of a fountain. When the first few drops have trickled over, there is apt to be a few more, and a few more, until a deep and broad channel is soon formed through which the waters of human kindness are allowed to pass into a state of annihilation.

When this groove was once made, it was never closed up under the Asylum influence.

The only security an employee or boarder could have of maintaining their integrity, lay in their not doing the first wrong act. This was the secret of her triumph over the contagion of that most corrupt house.

She was entered in my ward, and although initiated under our most unexemplary attendant, Mrs. De La Hay, she seemed to have moral courage enough to allow her own principles to control her.

Miss Tomlin exercised the utmost forbearance and kind endurance of the patient's weakness and frailties, such as I think was never surpassed by any attendant. She may justly be called a model attendant, so far as the treatment of the patients was concerned. Should asylums secure such, and only such attendants, they might justly be called asylums, so far as the attendants' duties are concerned.

I never feared for the fate of a patient when Miss Tomlin

was in sight ; even Miss Bonner's fierce spirit seemed subdued by her silent, gentle, but irresistible magnetism of kindness and tenderness.

I recollect once how I pitied her when she called me to see the condition of Miss Sallie Low, a filthy patient, occupying a screen-room at the time, while passing through one of her "spells" of excessive fury, where she had divested herself of all her clothing, and was standing nude when I saw her, with her hands both raised, with all her fingers spread, with her mouth wide open in laughter, and her large black eyes showing the white on the upper side in wildness—her short, heavy, curly black hair standing all about her head in bristles, from the salve with which she had anointed both it and herself completely over, so that her flesh was about the color of a monkey.

Besides, she had written her marks upon the wall, as high as her fingers could reach. My kind attendant instead of being angry at her exulting patient, in view of the labor she had caused in cleaning her and her room, only laughed in return, as she exclaimed :

"Did you ever see a human being so much resemble a monkey!"

With the help of another attendant she took her to the bathroom, and after patiently soaking her for a while in the bathtub of warm water, she finally cleaned and dressed her, and introduced her into our dormitory as a woman who deserved our pity, instead of our censure, for—

"She is not to blame for causing me this trouble, and this is what I came here to do, to take care of those who cannot take care of themselves."

"Even her bath was administered in such a gentle manner that Miss Low, instead of offering resistance, enjoyed the fun first-rate and came from it refreshed and invigorated, instead of being exhausted from death struggles such as Miss Bonner and such like attendants administered.

In contrast to Miss Tomlin's method of administering the bath, I will here give Mrs. J. C. Coe's* description of one which Miss Jane Smith gave Mrs. Commonsforth, as a specimen of what is common there. She says:

“Even modesty as well as sympathy and all the other Christian virtues are punished as insanity. For example, Mrs. Commonsforth, who had so far recovered her natural state as to feel a reluctance at being stripped naked in the presence of her attendant, Miss Jane Smith, ventured to ask her to let her take her bath alone.

“But instead of gratifying her, she became enraged at this request of her patient, and not only denied her wish, but commenced immediately to use violence in stripping her, and even got her down upon her back upon the floor, and literally tore her clothes from off her, with her own hands.

“Then, as if to punish her for trying to resist this brute force, she made the bath scalding hot, and forced her into it and held her down under the water with the back of her neck over where the hot water came bubbling up, so that it was literally scalded so deep as to leave a raw sore for weeks afterwards.

“And, as if to punish her for feeling pain by this application of scalding water, she ordered her to go naked to a screen-room where she locked her in and kept her in that condition in the depth of winter for more than a whole day, without a mouthful of food to eat and nothing to wrap about her body except a piece of an old comfort.

“The next day as Dr. McFarland came round on his daily visits, she heard Miss Smith say to him:

““Mrs. Commonsforth has had a very exciting time, and has torn all her clothes from off her, so she has nothing to wear, and therefore I keep her locked up!”

“The Doctor believes the statements of his attendants and

* The Cook's Wife.

without question or investigation acts upon them. Of course, he would not look in upon a naked woman and thus her scalds would escape his notice. When Mrs. Commonsforth afterwards was telling me these facts, I asked her:

“‘Why did you not halloo to the Doctor and tell him she was lying about you?’

“‘If I did, I knew I should have to suffer for it when he was out of hearing, and the Doctor would not be likely to take any notice of what I said.’”

It does seem as if the State ought to attach a penalty to this perversion of the bath-tub in this prison house. Only let the law-makers take but one bath here, under the hands of these furies, and I think they would vote for some penalty to their tormentors.

Miss Tomlin told me of one act of her's which reflects much credit upon her moral courage and integrity. On Sunday morning the Doctor ordered Miss Goodrich from off her bed, as he passed through, and when out of hearing, Miss Tomlin ordered her back again, for she felt that she knew better than he did what her health demanded.

She said she had concluded to pursue this independent course, without talking much about it, hoping thus to evade the rule without opposition. If she was complained of, she said, she would then give her reasons, and she thought any intelligent person would be satisfied.

I assured her this was the right course: still, I was sure it would awaken decided opposition, for the more reasonable, the more virulent the opposition it would arouse.

And so it proved. Instead of promoting her, as she deserved to be, they willingly allowed her to resign her trusts to others far less fitted to honor them. And in defence of this course, I heard one of the authorities say:

“Miss Tomlin is insane, in some respects, like Mrs. Packard!”

Her insanity, like my own, consisted in her immovable defence of the principles of uniform kindness to the unfortunate.

Another most kind and faithful employee, Mrs. Hosmer, was accused of this same charge of insanity, for the same reason. Indeed, one of these authorities remarked :

“If we could but get Mrs. Hosmer into the wards as a patient, we would treat her as we do the maniacs !”

This is doubtless true, for her persistent regard for the patients' interests, was a constant reproof to their own indifference, and aroused the same antagonistic feelings towards her, which my course has elicited towards me ; and the position of a patient here affords a noble opportunity for seeking their revenge in full measure.

I will close this chapter by inserting here a beautiful paraphrase on a passage in Psalms, which Miss Tomlin wrote herself, and handed me for my solace.

“I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.”

In this dreary vale of sorrow,
Oft my heart is sick and sore,
Waiting for a brighter morrow,
Waiting, waiting evermore.

Hope deferred my heart is breaking,
And I long to be at rest—
Aye! the sleep that knows no waking,
Would be welcome to this breast.

Did I say, “that knows *no* waking?”
Nay, I would not have it so,
Better far to bear this aching,
Than to sleep forevermore.

But I would awake like *Jesus*—
Like unto the crucified—
When I'm fashioned in *His* image,
Then shall I be satisfied.

Affectionately your friend, M. TOMLIN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. McFarland—The Matron.

It is due Mrs. McFarland to say, that after I gave my written reproof to her husband, she seemed to be induced by its influence, to see the debased condition the prisoners were in, and expressed this feeling in these words :

“ Mrs. Packard, I never realized, until I read your Reproof, what a condition we were in. It has led me to determine to do what I can to reform some of the many evils which I can now see do exist here. We had so insensibly sunk into this condition, that we did not realize it until you showed it to us in your Reproof.”

To Mrs. McFarland's credit it should be stated, that she did try to alleviate the dreadful condition of the patients as much as possible.

After Mrs. Waldo left, she became matron, and filled this office as well as she was capacitated for. Her kind and generous sympathies rendered her a general favorite amongst the patients, and atoned greatly for the undeveloped woman in some other respects. She sympathized with me in many ways, and tried to favor me, even in defiance of her husband's known wishes to the contrary.

One day the Doctor found a carpet upon my floor, and as he stood upon the threshold of my room, looking at it for the first time, he exclaimed :

“ Who has been putting a carpet on Mrs. Packard's room ? ”

My attendant, Miss Tomlin, standing by, replied in her very mild tone :

“ I believe it is your wife's work.”

He said nothing more, but the carpet remained on the floor until I left.

It was through her influence that I was allowed to have a room by myself, after one year's confinement to the dormitory. I had sent a written request to the Doctor to let me have a wash bowl and pitcher, but he did not notice it so much as to refuse it.

But Mrs. McFarland contrived to get one, and gave me, also, a nice curtain for my window, and a chair for my room—a great, but rare privilege in the Eighth ward.

There was one time that the Doctor tried to so torment my feelings, that I felt self-defence required me to withdraw all communication of thought with him, to save them. Therefore, for months, I would not speak to him, not even so much as to answer the most common question. Mrs. McFarland approved of this course, by saying to me :

“ Well, Mrs. Packard, I would not speak to him if I were in your place. If a man treated me as he has you, I would let him alone.”

And she told my attendants not to treat me as they did the other patients.

I will here give an extract from a letter I wrote to her about April 30, 1862 ; “ Mrs. McFarland, I have almost unbounded confidence in your womanly nature ; I believe its instincts are a safe guide in dictating your duty so far as it goes ; yet, I do not regard your judgment as so mature, that experience may not improve it.

Will you therefore allow me to make a suggestion, when I assure you it is made with the purest motives, and the kindest feelings. I am prompted to do this, from the assurance I feel that you will allow the suggestion all the influence which truth, reason and common sense, urge in its support.” * * *

With regard to the suggestion I then made, together with many others, I will only say that Mrs. McFarland almost always heeded them, and often consulted me, in relation to her family matters and the interests of the institution.

The reform thus inaugurated, through her agency, led to the expression often made during these better days of prison life :

“ This house is a paradise compared with what it has been.”

Dr. McFarland seemed to be the last and the hardest one to move in this direction ; but satisfied he could not stop the wheel of revolution by opposing it, he after a while, allowed himself to simply hang as a dead weight upon it, until the aristocratic ladies from Jacksonville insulted and ridiculed me in my room, when all at once a new spirit seemed to hold him, for a time, to be our co-worker, instead of an antagonist.

There seemed to be something in his wife's increasing popularity which convinced him that it would not be policy to oppose her openly, for if he did, she told me she should do as I had done, “ appeal to the Trustees ” to sustain her !

Finally, from the influence of the outside pressure in favor of reform, the Doctor himself *thanked* me for giving him the reproof, and freely acknowledged that I intended it for his good.

Through Mrs. McFarland, as the principal agent of this reform, the tide of popular influence seemed to undergo an entire change. Instead of its being popular to abuse the patients, it became more popular to treat them with respect and even kindness. And finally, by a change of some bad attendants for good ones, I began to feel that the evils were becoming greatly lessened.

And so it did appear for awhile. But I was everywhere told :

“ There will be a relapse if *you* ever leave this house, for the Doctor is afraid of you, as the only reason why he is making this spasmodic attempt to co-operate with his wife.”

From the Committee's report, and that of my personal friends I left in the Asylum, I have too much reason to fear that so it proved. My friends have assured me that the “ reign

of terror" commenced anew when I left, so that abuse and cruelty again became the rule of the house, to a greater degree even than ever before.

Now I am fully convinced that this temporary reform, so far as Dr. McFarland was concerned, was merely the effect of policy, rather than principle—that he assumed this appearance merely to satisfy me he had repented, so that I might be induced to represent him to the public as worthy of confidence, on that ground; for he knew full well, that my conscience would not allow me to expose a *penitent* man's sins, however great the magnitude of his previous guilt.

I find, therefore, in my journal, from the time I began to hope he was treating the patients on the principles of justice, I have been exceedingly careful not to "Break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax;" that is, I encouraged every hopeful manifestation to the highest and fullest extent, consistency and truth would permit.

Many blamed me on this ground, that I was too charitable to the poor sinner; but dictated as I was by the promptings of my own forgiving nature, I was thus inclined to cover more sins with this mantle of charity, than some would have thought proper or allowable.

I never can find it in my heart to blame, where there is the least possible chance for encouragement. I aim to "Overcome evil with good," instead of attacking evil with evil, where there is any possible opportunity of doing so.

But there are cases where it is a mercy to be just to the sinner. Nothing but ruin will save them from ruin. That is, they never will repent until they are first punished; and the just punishment, which I tried so long and effectually to have him ward off, was the public exposure of his hidden iniquities. But persistency in his sins, has forced me to do, what for a time, I hoped I could be excused from doing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Sane kept for the Doctor's Benefit.

The remark Miss C. L. English, a good attendant, from Chandlerville, Cass Co., Ill., made, conveys an important truth which the tax payers ought to know—viz :

“ It is plainly to be seen, the Doctor keeps sane people here from choice, to serve his private interests, knowing that the unrequited labor he gets out of them he can turn to his aggrandizement—in his report of the finances of the institution.”

Yes, all this slave labor turns to his advantage as he reports it, thus buying their patronage, as it were, to secure his salary. This salary is thus earned for him by his slaves. His own action, or rather his inaction, shows that he is almost totally indifferent to the interests of his prisoners, only so far as his interests can be promoted by an assumed regard for theirs. He does not seem to care how many hearts he breaks with anguish, nor how many choice spirits he crushes into annihilation, if he can only rise on their downfall.

The faithful hard working Kate has well earned her two or three dollars a week, if any female attendant earns that amount by her work. She has been as sane a worker as any attendant in the house ever since I knew her, and I am told she had been just as competent and useful for many months before. And Kate is only one of scores of others of like type.

And if they are ever discharged after these years of unrequited labor either their friends or the county will be required to pay the institution, in addition to all this unrequited toil, all that their clothing has cost them, beside the bill charged for making it, even if the patient has cut and made every stitch of it herself! How much more profitable to the pecuniary interests of the State is this robbing of its citizens, than it would

be to pay their just debts! If it were not for this *slave* labor the State would be compelled to have double the number of attendants to do all this work, which it now gets as a gratuity out of its prisoners.

Dr. McFarland is a good financier for the State in this particular, but a miserable one for the interests of the State's prisoners under his care. If the State wish the interests of its unfortunates cared for, they must get some other person than Dr. McFarland to do this for them, or it never will be done.

He knows that the pecuniary interests of the State demand munificent pecuniary resources to meet the immense destruction of State property which is constantly going on, through his stolid indifference.

Could the State but be allowed to know the management as it really is, not as the Doctor reports it to be, they would be horror struck at the extravagant, unnecessary and unreasonable amount of property destroyed merely as the legitimate result of this insane management.

The rules as they are practically carried out are unreasonable and unjust in the extreme. Much property is oftentimes wantonly destroyed as the legitimate result of this cruel injustice. There is no other manner in which they can express their just indignation of the power which is thus oppressing them. The amount of property thus unnecessarily destroyed which is daily going on, might relieve the wants of thousands who stand in perishing need of the comforts it might furnish for them.

Just consider how unjustly I am treated here. Here my good, firm health is suffering from my close confinement; and in duty to myself I reported my state to Dr. McFarland, and asked if I could not be allowed fifteen minutes exercise in the open air daily, without an attendant, and he denied my request.

I then concluded I would avail myself of the laws of the

house, and go to the wash-house or ironing-rooms, and there work for the State, that I might thus secure the exercise and fresh air my health demanded. But lo! here I am met with Dr. McFarland's strict command not to let me out for this purpose, while other prisoners can go at their option.

I have not done anything to forfeit my right to this privilege, guaranteed by law to the prisoners, to my knowledge, or to the knowledge of any other one. And yet Dr. McFarland has just as good a reason for denying me this right, as he had for removing me from the best ward to the worst.

Neither I nor any other one in the house have ever known his reasons for thus treating me; but on the contrary, we know that he had no right or excuse for doing so. Nothing but sovereign, arbitrary rule dictates his course of treatment towards me. Yes, he is ruling me with a rod of iron, and I, in my deeply sensitive nature, am suffering protracted martyrdom at his hands.

At the request of Mrs. McFarland, the Doctor finally consented to my going into the sewing-room for the half of each day, while other prisoners can go all day, if they choose. Thus, by sewing for the State, as its imprisoned slave, I can buy the privilege of exchanging the putrid, loathsome air of the ward, for the more wholesome, purer atmosphere of the sewing-room for half a day.

But instead of this being a relief, it seems to be only an aggravation of the evil, for the air of the hall seems doubly grievous and unendurable by contrast, and the incessant noise and uproar of the maniacs, seems heightened every time I return to the roar of the tempest after a short calm.

I think I can well pay my way, by making a vest or pair of pants daily, to swell the aggregate of Dr. McFarland's report of the pecuniary profits arising solely from this slave labor. This is my only alternative to get better air for my health!

If I were a male prisoner, I might perhaps be allowed, under

a watchful keeper, to go on to the Doctor's great farm, and hoe his corn and potatoes, with his sixty other day laborers, which this house furnishes, without cost to himself, for his exclusive benefit.

And thus, by Dr. McFarland's granting me the right to breathe the fresh air of heaven, I might help fill his coffers, by my unpaid labor.

I might thus help Dr. McFarland to publish his benevolent deeds to the world, that he gives to the poor around him yearly, a bushel of potatoes from his own farm!

Or it might help to buy some of the costly wines, and cigars, and confectioneries with which the asylum feast tables are loaded, at the State's expense, to the credit of Dr. McFarland's great hospitality!

Yes, it may pay for the intoxicating drinks the company of soldiers to which his eldest son belonged, used on that memorable occasion, when they, after this drunken debauch, stalked through our halls, headed by their drunken leader, to see us, the boarders of the house, put off with nothing but bread and molasses to eat, and nothing but a single saucer left to eat it from; for we were deprived of every cup, spoon, knife and fork, and chair, to supply the table of Dr. McFarland's guests.

If we could have had one raisin, or cake, or candy, or apple, or any thing, left in the shape of fragments from that groaning table of luxuries, in exchange for the vegetables, strawberries, butter, sugar, and tea, they took from our table, we should have felt better satisfied.

I could not help sympathizing with the remark made by our kind attendant, Miss Tomlin, on that well-remembered occasion—as we *stood* around our table, dipping our bread into our black molasses. The Doctor seemed inclined to shut this scene from the soldiers' view who followed after; but Miss Tomlin, instead of granting this wish, said, as she opened the door:

“No, let them see us *as we are*. Let them see how our table comforts compare with their own!”

It may help too, to pay for the costly wine which Mrs. Coe told me she had seen carried, by the pail full, into the chamber of his eldest son, to treat his companions with, taken from the asylum storehouse of luxuries, charged for the “good of the patients.”

Seldom, very seldom, did a drop of these wines ever pass the lips of a patient, for his “good” or evil either.

Dr. McFarland’s mode of “impressing” free citizens of these United States into *his* service is truly profitable, if not novel, in that it pays *him* well, as a public financier.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Record of a Day.

The record of one day is a record of all, since I came to this ward. I rise with the breakfast bell, which rings about fifteen minutes before we are called to the table. I first drop upon my knees and offer a short prayer for protection and guidance, and then drink a tumbler of rain water, which, in connection with my other health regimen, proves effectual in producing good digestion, which habit is so indispensably necessary to perfect health and mental vigor.

I wet my head in soft water, and wash my hands and face and dress myself as quickly as possible.

I then throw off my bed clothes, article by article, giving each a shaking to air it, and stir up the husks of my mattress, and then leave them all airing while I eat my breakfast. I sleep with my window wide open, both summer and winter.

After breakfast, I finish making my bed, sweep and dust my room, and then invite the ladies of our hall to my room, to prayers, leaving each entirely free to come or not just as they choose.

There is but one chapel service daily, and that is at night.

Sometimes one, sometimes three, and oftentimes no one responds to my invitation by coming to prayers.

After reading and praying I commence my studies, by first writing in my diary and journal. I pursue a systematic course of studying the Bible and writing out my conclusions, and then read some scientific book requiring thought and close attention, until eleven o'clock.

I then take a full bath of cold water, and follow it with vigorous friction, accompanied with gymnastic exercises, adapted to the expansion of the chest and muscles of the system. I

pursue this vigorous exercise before my open window until I find it a sweet relief to sit down and comb my hair thoroughly.

I then complete my toilet for the day, all of which occupies nearly one hour's time. I am then in a condition to relish my dinner, after which, I read some light literature, or the daily paper, over which, I often drop to sleep in my chair, and thus take a short nap.

I then take my embroidery and do a certain amount, while at the same time committing to memory certain passages, which I have marked in my reading as worthy of particular note; or, while sewing, meet my attendants, Miss Tomlin and Miss McKelva, in the large dormitory, and there listen to readings from Shakespeare's plays which we mutually agree to do for our individual improvement.

This occupies my mind completely until the horn blows for supper, when the farm hands are all summoned in from their work in the fields, about five o'clock.

I take no supper, finding that two meals are all my present habits render necessary for the unimpeded and healthful operations of nature.

I noticed that while taking suppers my sleep was not so quiet and refreshing as it ought to be—that I awoke with a bad taste in my mouth, and had but little appetite for my breakfast. I felt rather averse to effort. Aware that I was over-feeding instead of refreshing nature, I dispensed with my suppers entirely, and all these symptoms and indifferent feelings subsided, and I felt well, that is, had no special reason for considering that I had a body to care for, so quiet and unimpeded were its functions carried on.

The body thus cared for instead of being an incumbrance to the mind, became only its faithful servant.

My sleep is now really a luxury, even amid this den of howling maniacs, and my breakfasts and dinners are peculiarly well relished—have not a pain or uneasy sensation whatever in

my physical system to which to call the mind's attention. How thankful am I for my practical knowledge of the laws of my physical nature; for I do believe that godliness, or living according to God's laws, is profitable in every respect; and ungodliness, or trespassing on nature's laws, cannot be done with impunity.

After supper I lay aside my work, and devote myself to amusing the patients, by dancing and playing with them until after chapel service, when they are locked up for the night.

I go through my gymnastics again at night in my room, and drink my tumbler of soft water, and pray, and go joyfully to bed to sleep and pleasant dreams.

I often feel when rising, as much relieved and rested from my troubles, as if I had really been absent from my prison, on a pleasant visit to loved friends. It sometimes takes me some minutes to realize where I am, on awaking from such pleasant dreams.

I often think **this hell is not so unmitigated in its torments** as the hell of lost spirits is represented to be, by their resting not, day nor night. Could not these prison torments be suspended by sleep, they must soon become too intolerable for physical nature to sustain. God grant me deliverance from endless, unmitigated torment!

The discipline of this hell has had one influence over my moral feelings which is certainly conducive to inward peace of mind, and that is, I am becoming comparatively indifferent to the "speech of people," which is really one of the greatest bugbears in the universe. I now think it is much better to do as we please, or rather as we think it right, promptly, and independently, than to square our conclusions by other people's estimates.

Blessed be independence and moral courage! for by these alone can we secure the approbation of a good conscience.

Let me get above "folks," where I can breath a pure

atmosphere and live. The idea of suffocating and choking to death down in the vitiating atmosphere of a meddling and gossiping world, is very disagreeable.

The record of every day's experience here of this doleful prison life, carries me farther and farther above this groveling atmosphere, so that my mind finds peace amid tumult and noisy strife.

For the benefit of others who may be called to endure similar trials, I will add, that I find it an invaluable habit to be able to secure good sleep, and plenty of it, to fortify one invincibly against the attacks of "low spirits."

To be a "good sleeper" is as indispensable to a happy, vigorous state of the intellect, as being a "good eater" is to a good physical condition.

And my signal triumph over low or depressed spirits, which never for one entire day disturbed my inward peace of mind, during all my imprisonment, is greatly owing to my constant practice of sleeping soundly from ten to eleven hours out of the twenty-four.

The need of this habit was presented first to my mind by my scientific reading in the Asylum, where it was shown that whenever the brain had unusual burdens to carry, either in the form of trials or of deep study, a greater amount of sleep was indispensable to sustaining it unharmed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How I Bought and Retained some Paper.

Before narrating the incidents concerning the paper, I will state a few facts incidentally bearing upon the subject.

As I have before stated, orders were expressly given on my removal to the eighth ward, that I be not allowed to go out of it at all except to chapel service:

These orders were strictly enforced for about five months, when orders were received that I might be allowed to ride and walk out with the patients.

I have reason to think myself indebted to Miss Lynch for this privilege, as she was the first who bore to me the message in these words:

“Mrs. Packard, the Doctor has given me permission to take you to ride to-day in company with his daughter Hattie.”

Availing myself of this privilege, I took with me the only capital I owned in the whole world, viz.—a silver dime—which Dr. McFarland had given me, and which by an unaccountable combination of circumstances, he supposed was justly my due, determining if possible to invest this capital in paper—now the great want of my existence.

At my request, Miss Lynch left me at Dr. Shirley's office, to get some unfinished work done on my teeth, while she and Hattie rode off.

While they were gone I took occasion to step out to make my investment. But recollecting that five months before, in settling up my account at the “Philadelphia Store,” I found myself indebted five cents above what I was able to pay, and accordingly asked Mr. Woodman to trust me for it, assuring him I should pay him the first opportunity. He however gallantly replied, “it is of no consequence, you are welcome to it.”

But as I felt bound in honor to fulfill my promise, I went directly to this store, and after stating the circumstances, offered my dime to meet my obligation, secretly praying however, that he would still insist upon it that it was of "no consequence" to him, for it was of great value to me—half my fortune!

But in this I was disappointed, for it was now his clerk with whom I was doing my business instead of the kind Mr. Woodman, the owner. So after searching his money drawer over in vain to find the five cents my due, he left me alone in the store long enough to steal half his goods had I been so disposed, and went to the bank to get my dime changed, and thus obtained my five cents.

But having no paper, as I had before offered to take it in paper, I hastened to the nearest bookstore, where I bought five cents worth of damaged foolscap, which amounted to eight sheets!

Overjoyed at the success of my investment, being three extra sheets above the current price, I, with the lightest heart and quickest step possible, returned to Dr. Shirley's office, lest Mary get there before me.

But alas! the tardy bank was so long in changing my dime, that she drove up to the door just as I returned to be thus caught! But by carefully concealing my long roll of foolscap under my shawl as best I could, I thought I had satisfied her inquiry as to where I had been, by telling her I had been to the Philadelphia Store to pay a debt.

But alas! the long roll of foolscap would so protrude itself against my shawl as to lead her to suspect I had not told the whole truth in reporting myself. However she did not express these thoughts to me until that evening when just before chapel, she came to me with this question:

"Mrs. Packard, did you get any paper when I took you to ride to day?"

“Why do you ask me that question, Mary?”

“Because I thought I saw something under your shawl which you seemed to try to conceal from me.”

“What if I did? haven't I a right to carry things without your knowledge?”

“You have no right to carry paper without my knowledge, for the Doctor has expressly forbidden me to let you have a scrap of writing paper, and if you have used the privilege I granted you of riding out, by getting yourself paper, I must report you to the Doctor. Did you get paper, or did you not?”

“I did, Mary, get five cents' worth?”

“I must report you to the Doctor—it is my duty.”

“I am sorry, Mary, your conscience dictates such a course, still if it does, obey it, for I know you will favor me whenever you can conscientiously do so.”

As she left the hall, I as quickly as possible, took the three extra sheets from my roll and hid them about my person, leaving the roll in the top of an old box which I was using as a trunk to keep my things in, with one dress simply covering the roll.

After chapel, when the ladies were nearly all locked up for the night in their rooms, the Doctor's steps were heard in our hall, and as he entered at one end, I left my room at the opposite end, and as we approached each other we met at about the middle of the hall, when standing directly in front of me, he remarked, with his eye fixed most intently upon me:

“Mrs. Packard, did you get some paper when you went to ride with Miss Lynch, to-day?”

“Yes sir!” said I looking him also full in the eye.

“Will you give me the paper if I ask you for it?”

“No sir!” with emphasis, said I.

“Will you give it to me if I *demand* it of you?”

“No sir!” with greater emphasis.

For a moment we stood looking at each other in silent amazement, then he said:

“Where is the paper?”

“With my things.”

We then passed each other, he going to my room to attend to his business, and I to the opposite end of the hall to attend to mine.

When I returned, I found the Doctor searching the table drawer where I kept my choice things, the key to which I carried in my own pocket; but it seemed the Doctor had opened it with some other key. I wonder if there are any locks which Dr. McFarland's keys cannot *lawfully* open!

After watching his movements, while he stood bent over my drawer, carefully opening every box, large and small, and pocketing such articles as he chose, such as bits of pencils, and old pens, and any articles of stationery he could find, I left the room, while he was ransacking the paraphernalia of woman's toilet, remarking to my dormitory companions as I left:

“Ladies, bear witness to this robbery!”

Failing to find the paper he was in search of, he closed and locked the drawer, then asked the ladies if they knew of any other place where Mrs. Packard kept her things.

Miss Goldsby replied, “She keeps some in this box, I believe,” pointing to a cushioned covered seat near by.

This box, the size of a common trunk, was full of my larger articles of wearing apparel, which he carefully searched throughout.

But failing to find the roll of foolscap, because in such plain sight, near the top! he left, chagrined and mortified at his failure, and locking the door of my room as he passed out, he left me alone in the hall, while he, with a quick, anxious tread, passed speechlessly by me, out of the hall, closing the dead-lock upon me.

As I alone paced the hall, silently ruminating upon my probable fate, I saw the hall door open, and the Doctor entered, followed by his porter. "Now," thought I, "I am to be transported off to some dungeon or secret cell, to suffer the penalty for telling the truth to him and my attendant."

And stepping up deliberately, in front of the porter, I dauntlessly stood, with folded arms, ready to be unresistingly borne to my place of torture.

The friendly porter, who had more than twenty times put the reins of the carriage horse into my hands, and received my "thank you," as often, just gave me a smile, and a respectful bow of recognition, and passing me, followed the Doctor into my room.

He soon appeared again with what the Doctor supposed was my trunk, in his hands, and followed the Doctor with it up to the trunk-room, where it was left beyond the reach of Mrs. Packard's accommodation.

Thus the Doctor had the satisfaction of feeling that if Mrs. Packard has baffled him in finding the paper, he has been able to annoy her by taking her trunk! But as the event proved, the Doctor, upon a second overhauling of my things in the trunk-room, found the roll of foolscap; and being five sheets, he felt that this amount answered to the five cent's worth Miss Lynch told him I had bought, so that, after unlocking my large trunk in the trunk-room, and robbing it of all my letters, and papers, and manuscripts of every kind, he felt satisfied, that, at last, his plan to defeat his prisoner of her rights had succeeded, even in my case.

But don't let the great Doctor feel too confident that he has gained the laurels of victory, after all, for he did not know that his wife furnished me with a better trunk, and more of my wardrobe than ever before, with a key to it also.

And besides, the Doctor did not know that I still kept and faithfully used, the three large sheets of foolscap, from which I

am now copying for the public advertising of himself, through this record of his own actions !

No, neither did he know that this ungallant assault upon a defenseless woman's rights, aroused the just indignation of the house in sympathy with his victim ; so that it came to be regarded as a part of the code of honor in that house afterwards, to evade the mandate to "keep all stationery from Mrs. Packard," so that the employees willingly followed the example which Mrs. McFarland set them, to furnish me with supplies, clandestinely, whenever they could safely do so.

In this way, he, himself, furnished me with sufficient material to print a volume quadruple this size when it is all printed ! Can not God cause the "wrath of man to praise him ?"

CHAPTER XXX.

How Mr. Packard gave me Paper, and how Dr. McFarland stole it.

Mr. Packard visited the Institution twice during the three years I was imprisoned in it.

But these visits were not designed to comfort and cheer me with the hope of deliverance from my prison life at some future time, but to perpetuate it, through his influence over the Superintendent and the Trustees.

He visited me in my cell—saw my companions—the howling, raving maniacs—and although he feared for his own life while among them, he expressed no fears for my own.

He tried to raise his voice so much above the roar of this tempest of human passions and seething hate, as to make me understand that I was under obligations of gratitude to him for replenishing my wardrobe for a longer campaign!

But he failed to make me appreciate this obligation of gratitude due a benefactor, who was only restoring stolen property to its rightful owner. What obligation am I under to the robber who meets me in the street and robs me of all I have, my watch, and purse, and even my wearing apparel, and then comes and asks me to bestow on him my grateful thanks for presenting me my own wardrobe, *as his gift*.

Either the tumultuous elements surrounding me, or the lack of capacity within me, or both, prevented my seeing this obligation due him as my benefactor! My sense of justice will not allow me to thank robbers for gifts which are already my own property; therefore, this reverend divine was obliged to leave, feeling that he was a much injured man, because his benefactions were so little appreciated by his ungrateful beneficiary!

Although the articles from my wardrobe which he brought to me in the prison, were the most inferior part of it, being in the main, clothes which I had done wearing, and had laid aside for donations to others more destitute than myself; yet, destitute as I then was, they were very acceptable, for I had ample time for making new things out of old, and thus appear in quite a respectable costume for that place.

But there was one article he brought me, for which I did really feel so grateful, I could hardly control this emotion by my principles or reason. I felt so instinctively grateful for the large roll of writing paper, envelopes, and stationery, that I almost spoke my thanks, before reason had had time to give her verdict to the contrary.

He saw that my joy was almost boundless, at this most unexpected possession.

As soon as he left, I commenced writing a letter to my children on it, feeling no need of secrecy now. Therefore, when Dr. McFarland caught me quietly using my stationery, he, in astonishment, inquired:

“And where did you get your paper?”

“Mr. Packard gave it to me.”

“How did Mr. Packard come to give you paper?”

“I don’t know, sir. I suppose, however, he felt that it might be an innocent amusement for me to write here, knowing I loved to write when I was at home.”

“How much did he give you?”

“Quite a number of sheets.”

“Let me see it.”

I then took the roll from under my pillow and handed it to him, saying:

“Here it is.”

Before this I had taken out one-half of it and hid it about my person. I did not tell him of this!

He took the roll, examined it carefully and thoughtfully, for

some minutes, then putting the whole under the breast of his coat, he remarked :

“ I will take charge of this.”

And he has been true to his word ; for I have been relieved from this charge ever since.

But the matter did not stop here. The Superintendent arraigned the Minister as an intruder into his business, and authoritatively demanded of this husband why he had given paper to his wife.

The husband replied, he did it for her comfort and amusement.

The Superintendent then, after giving the Minister a severe reprimand, finished by the threat, that if he ever attempted to interfere again with his management or discipline of his wife, he should have the liberty of taking her away, forthwith.

This terrible threat silenced the Minister into unanswering submission to the superior mandates of the Superintendent, over the control of his wife's destiny.

CHAPTER XXXI.

My Family Relatives.

Not far from this date I find a copy of a letter I sent to my own dear father in Sunderland, Mass., viz.:

My Dear Father: Dr. McFarland, the Superintendent, has given me permission to write you a letter. This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you. Hitherto all communication with my friends has been denied me, except through my husband.

Father, I am entombed here without cause. But I am trying to bear my wrongs as patiently as I can. The suggestion has often been made that I write to you clandestinely, so that you might know how unjustly I am treated, and some have promised to write for me, but as yet I have thought it best to break no rule of the institution.

My trust in the rectitude of a divine providence, is still unshaken, notwithstanding the clouds and darkness in which my destiny is enveloped.

Yes, my dear Father, your Elizabeth is called to tread a very thorny path. Her road to heaven is through a vast howling wilderness, where no rills of earthly comfort are allowed her, to refresh her weary fainting spirit. Not only are all the comforts and blessings of a Christian home denied me, but even my personal liberty for nearly one whole year, has already been taken from me through marital usurpation.

Oh, my Father! how my heart has bled and my soul grieved in agony, at being thus separated from my own flesh and blood—my precious children. My own husband has forced me from my God-given charge, and imprisoned me, with no prospect, but that it must be life-long, simply for daring to defend what I thought to be truth.

He has made out a charge of insanity on this ground alone, while in all my conduct he can allege nothing against me. I have neglected no duties, have injured no one, have always tried to do unto others as I would wish to be done by; and yet, here in America, I am imprisoned because I could not say I believed what I did not believe.

Oh, Father, can't you help me? Can't you take me to your own home for a short time, and try me, and see if I am insane?

If you feel that you are too old to come yourself, do let brother Austin come and see me, at least, and then if he thinks this asylum is the proper place for me, I will consent to stay.

But with no trial and no chance for self-defence, is it not unjust to leave your only daughter uncared for any longer? Do, Father, *do something*, to get justice done to me and my precious children.

Your affectionate daughter,

ELIZABETH.

For my father's defence, I will here add, that the Superintendent sent with my letter one of his own, which destroyed the influence of mine.

And as the Superintendent and the husband both agreed in opinion respecting me, it is not so strange that a man nearly eighty years old, should heed their statements, rather than those of one whom he supposed insane.

He had unbounded confidence in the integrity of his son-in-law, Mr. Packard, and he, of course, concluded that a man sustained by the State must be a reliable man, whose opinion demanded respect and confidence.

Therefore, instead of coming to my rescue, he sent one hundred dollars to Mr. Packard, to help him in keeping my imprisonment perpetuated!

Another fact. Mr. Packard succeeded in influencing the

Trustees to place me on their charity list, and then carefully concealed this fact from my father, so that he could beg the more successfully from him, the patrimony which was my due. Thus he kept my patrimony, and secured my support from the State of Illinois.

My persecution reminds me of Father Chinique's experience, when his friends forsook him, because he had forsaken the errors of the Catholic Church.

So I, when, from the clearest convictions of conscience, forsook and exposed the errors of our Church, and endorsed some truths found in the Methodist, the Baptist, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Catholic, and other denominations; in short, when I endorsed the Truth, instead of Presbyterianism, for my creed, nearly all my former friends seemed to regard this extension of charity as an unpardonable offence, deserving eternal punishment from them and all civilized society! This is the penalty I am called to bear, for the crime of becoming a self-reliant thinker, and tolerant Christian in the Presbyterian Church.

This Institution, my friends, and the church, may hold me on this rack of insanity as long as they choose; I shall hold myself in defiance of them all, an independent thinker, and a charitable Christian; and shall be all the more independent, on account of this opposition.

I used to have an almost unbounded respect and reverence, for Theologians and Doctors of Divinity; but I am happy to say, that now I have more respect for my own individuality, than for them all.

To some, this may seem like an arrogant spirit; but it is not. I do not say, like these Theologians, that my opinion is the standard for any other individual; but, on the contrary, that it is not. No other individual in the whole world is to be judged by this standard of belief but myself. Therefore, it would be arrogant in me to try to get others to adopt my

standard as their own. God requires of them the same individuality that he is developing in me.

I am sorry to say that my father sustained this cruel conspiracy for years, persistently resisting all light, unless it came through the medium of the conspirators.

But he did this ignorantly, not wilfully; for I rejoice to add, that when he saw me, about eighteen months after my liberation, his paternal feeling so gained the mastery of his bigotry, (he was a minister of the same creed as Mr. Packard,) that he soon saw his mistake, and then he tried to counteract the influence he had encouraged in believing me to be insane. He now fully believed I had never been insane at all, and from that time he has been a father indeed to me. As proof of this assertion, I here give his certificate:

“REV. SAMUEL WARE’S CERTIFICATE TO THE PUBLIC.

“This is to certify that the certificates which have appeared in public, in relation to my daughter’s sanity, were given upon the conviction that Mr. Packard’s representations respecting her condition were true and were given wholly upon the authority of Mr. Packard’s own statements. I do, therefore, hereby certify, that it is now my opinion that Mr. Packard has had no cause for treating my daughter Elizabeth as an insane person.

SAMUEL WARE.

Attest. { OLIVE WARE,*
 { AUSTIN WARE.

SOUTH DEERFIELD, August 2, 1866.”

And here it may be due to my two brothers to state, that they, like my father, sustained this conspiracy for too long a time, through the misrepresentations of Mr. Packard. But like him, they did it ignorantly, not wilfully; for just as soon as they saw me, and had an opportunity to judge for themselves

*My step mother. My own mother died in 1844.

they became my valiant defenders, both publicly and privately, and have ever since seemed determined, by their extra kindness to me, to make all the restitution the gospel requires, as evidence of sincere repentance.

Of course, I have long since most freely forgiven them, for to me, they are like what Lazarus was to his sisters, "raised from the dead." This temporary death of their natural affections seems to have been quickened into a new, higher, deeper, and tenderer love for me than ever before.

But to sister Mary, my brother Samuel's wife, is due the highest compliment, for she is one of the precious few who escaped the psychological influence of this learned and popular minister, my husband, in that he could never, for one moment, convince her that I was an insane person.

She, with my adopted sister, Mrs. Angeline Field, of Granville, Illinois, both stood erect before this minister; on their version of his statements, in maintaining their own individual opinions respecting my sanity.

But sister Angeline, I am happy to say, had her husband, Mr. David Field, to encourage and sustain her in defending my sanity; while sister Mary had her husband to combat, in defending me.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Old Mrs. Timmons Deserted by Her Children.

This lady was brought to the Asylum about one year and a half before I left. For several months she occupied the same ward with me, and from the day she was entered she was my daily companion. I took pleasure in her society as she seemed perfectly sane, and sorely afflicted at the fact that her friends would not let her remain with them at home. She was above sixty years of age, but showed no signs of premature old age or ill health. The longer I saw her, the greater was my astonishment that she should be called insane.

From her I learned the reason she was imprisoned was, that one night she got up in a somnambulic state and went to her son's bed, and inflicted two blows upon his cheek with an axe. This her friends regarded as evidence of insanity, although she had no recollection or knowledge of doing so.

This son brought her to the Asylum, and the dreadful scar on his cheek authenticated her statement. She always expressed the keenest sorrow and the most true penitence for having done this dreadful deed, for this was her favorite son.

She was willing to do anything possible to atone for it, if she could but live at home with her dear children. She begged to be locked up nights by herself, lest she do an injury again to some one, but she could not bear to be put into this terrible place to spend her days as a criminal, when no one regretted the deed being done more than herself. The thought of having thus harmed her darling child was agony enough, as she thought, to make atonement for the deed, without suffering this awful penalty.

Mrs. Timmons had already endured one term of nine months

imprisonment for this act, in an Asylum in Indianapolis, where she assured me the inmates were treated no better than at Jacksonville, and her friends knew she had much rather be buried than to be put into another such Institution.

Yet, they could tell her she was not going into an Asylum, but only going to consult a physician about her health, and thus they decoyed her behind another "dead-lock," to be free no more!

As I listened to her expression of hopeless agony uttered when sure the Doctor could not hear, I could not but feel that the custom of professedly barbarous nations, which allows the aged and infirm to be left in the woods to be eaten by wild beasts, was not so barbarous as this mode of disposing of unwelcome citizens, which the civilization of the nineteenth century has rendered popular; for the lingering protracted tortures of dying in this institution are far more to be dreaded than the shorter, quicker mode of being devoured by wild beasts.

Indeed, I often heard this distressed woman express this preference in these words:

"Oh, if I could only live under a fence, for my home, rather than here, I would rejoice in the exchange! anything or everything would I give for my liberty! any death would be sweet to such a life as this!"

And yet this is a *Christian* institution.

"Yes, this is 'Modern Persecution!'"

Her maternal feelings reached such a pitch of agony that it was to relieve her I consented to write the following letter for her, which I sent to her friends on my "underground express."

"INSANE ASYLUM, January 29, 1862.

My Dear Children: My heart is almost broken in consequence of the course you have taken towards me. Do write and explain yourselves, or what would be better, come and tell me, for as I now feel, it seems to me I shall soon grieve myself to death.

Why could you not take care of your poor afflicted mother yourselves, and not again trust me with strangers where you know I have suffered so much? Oh, do tell me why you have treated me so!

You know I told you I was willing to live in a room by myself, locked up both day and night if you were afraid of me, if you would only let me live at home and take care of me yourselves.

You know too, I have always done just as you told me without objecting in the least, and now how can you put me off so again? Did not John tell me he had forgiven me for injuring him? and have I ever attempted to injure any one else? Is it not punishing me more than I deserve to imprison me twice for the same thing, when you say I was not to blame for doing it as I did?

You treat me worse than if I was a convict, for they do not deceive them, but tell them plainly, what they imprison them for, and for how long a time they must bear their punishment.

But this time you did not even tell me why you imprisoned me, nor do I know that you ever intend to trust me with you again! I shall die of grief before long, unless you do something to alleviate my heart sorrows. I could not treat you as you have me, and Oh, how can you punish me so severely for doing a *sinless act*?

Oh, children! am I in danger of perpetuating my imprisonment by revealing to you the inmost feelings of my heart? If so, what shall I do? If my own children will not relieve their agonized mother, when it is so easy for them to do so, by simply taking me home, I do not know what I shall do.

The hope that you will do so as soon as you consistently can, after receiving this letter, will sustain me, till then, and when that hope is gone, it seems to me I shall die.

Do not delay one day, for you cannot imagine how long

time seems here; one day seems like a month elsewhere. It is not that I am abused physically, for I am not. It is not this which causes my suffering, but the thought of your treating your old mother as you do that is killing me.

Yes, killing me! For my sake do not let the Doctor know of my sending you this letter.

Your Mother,

M. A. TIMMONS.

But I am sorry to say that her relatives did let the Doctor know of it, and did nothing to relieve her!

The Doctor then removed her to another ward to cut off her communication with me, suspecting that I had helped, in some way, to get her letter out.

I retained a copy of this letter in my journal, and now give it to the public that my readers may see what feelings the asylum discipline produces. Is it right thus to *punish* for a misfortune?

Her children came to visit her twice while I was there, and although they found her working like a slave for the asylum and Dr. McFarland's family, and never showing the least aberration of mind, they would leave her, with the promise that just as soon as they could get a room prepared for her in the new house they were building with her own money (they were rich) they would take her home.

They told her the room would be ready in about three weeks, and although six years have already elapsed, this promise remains unfulfilled!

The mother who bore them and earned for them the comforts of their own homes, is still left to pine away, a prisoner's life of rayless comfort, doing the cooking in the Doctor's kitchen.

When these children become old and gray-headed, how will they like to have their children treat them as they are treating their mother? "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mrs. Cheneworth's Suicide—Medical Abuse.

Mrs. Cheneworth hung herself in her own room, after retiring from the dancing party, last night.

Her measure of grace was not sufficient to enable her to bear the accumulated burdens of her hard fate any longer. She was driven to desperation.

I cannot blame her for deliberately preferring death, to such a life as she has been experiencing in this asylum. She has literally been driven to it by abuse.

She was entered in my ward, where she remained for several weeks, when she was removed to the lowest ward, where she has been murdered by slow tortures.

If this institution is not responsible for the life of Mrs. Cheneworth, then I don't know what murder is.

She was evidently insane when she entered—she was not responsible, although her reason was not entirely dethroned. Her moral nature was keenly sensitive; her power of self-control was crushed by disease and medical maltreatment. She resisted until she evidently saw it was useless to expect justice, and was just crushed beneath this powerful despotism.

She was a lovely woman, fitted both by nature and education to be an ornament to society and her family. Gentle and confiding, with a high sense of honor and self-respect, she despised all degrading associations.

From her own representations, I inferred she had been the pet and pride of her parents—a kind of household goddess in her father's family. Under these benign influences her virtues were fostered, and she had the satisfaction of being loved and appreciated.

She had been quite a belle, and finally from her many admirers, she married one of her own, but not of her parents' choice. In him she seemed to have found everything her heart could desire. He both loved and appreciated her, as well he might.

She was small, delicately and gracefully formed, and peculiarly lady-like in her manners. She was a most accomplished dancer, having been trained in the school of the best French dancers in the country.

Her complexion white and clear, with regular features; dark but mild and tender eyes; hair long, black and glossy. In short she was a little, beautiful, fawn-like creature, when she came to this Institution.

She had been here a short time once before, after the birth of her first child; and from her account I inferred that her restoration to reason was not then attended with the grim spectre of horrors which must have inevitably accompanied this.

She had left a young babe, this time, which her physician advised her to wean, since she was now in a delicate condition. Thus her overtaxed physical nature, abused as it was by bad medical treatment, added to the double burden she was called to endure, could not sustain the balance of her mental faculties.

Her nerves were unstrung, and lost their natural tone by the influence of opium, that most deadly foe of nature, which evidently caused her insanity.

The opium was expected to operate as a quietus to her then excited nervous system; but instead of this, it only increased her nervous irritability. The amount was then increased, and this course persisted in, until her system became drunk, as it were, by its influence. The effect produced was like that of excessive drinking, when it causes delirium tremens. Thus she became a victim to that absurd practice of the medical

profession, which depends upon poisons instead of nature to cure disease.

It is not natural to cure disease by creating disease. To poison nature, is not the natural way to eradicate poison from the system. To load nature with additional burdens, is not the way to lighten its previous burdens.

But common sense dictates that the natural way to aid nature in throwing off her diseases, is to strengthen the powers of healing, and thereby directly assist her in curing disease.

Nature's energies are strengthened, renewed and nourished by rest, quiet, sleep, food, air, cleanliness, freedom, exercise, etc.; and medical skill consists in adapting these agencies to their peculiar functions, so that the special want of nature may be met by its natural supply.

What Mrs. Cheneworth wanted, was the nourishment of her exhausted physical nature, by rest, food, air, and exercise.

She did not need to have the powers of her system thrown into confusion by taxing them with poisons, which nature must either counteract and resist, or be overcome by them, and sink into death. Nature was importuning for help to bear her burdens, being already overtasked.

But instead of listening to these demands, her blinded friends allowed her to be thus medically abused. After having suffered her to receive this treatment, which brought into a still worse condition—an insane state—when more than ever she needed help and the most tender, watchful care; then to be cast off in her helplessness upon strangers, who knew nothing of her character, her habits, her propensities, her cravings, her disposition, or her constitution; how could they reasonably expect her thus to receive the care necessary to her recovery?

They probably did expect it, and on this false basis placed her here for appropriate medical treatment.

What a delusion the world is laboring under, to expect such treatment here! Did they but know the truth, they would

find that all the "medical treatment" they get here, is that of locks and keys!

Thus having hidden them from observation, and cut them off from all communication with their friends, they then inflict upon them what they consider condign punishment for being insane!

Why cannot their friends bestow upon them this "medical treatment" at home, without the expense of sending them to the Lunatic Asylum?

This is the sum and substance of all the "treatment" they get here, which they could not get at home—that is, they could not get *this treatment* from reasonable friends, any where, outside of these inquisitorial institutions.

How doleful is this purgatory! thus legally upheld for the *punishment of the innocent*! Great God! Is this Institution located within the province of thy just government? or is this Satan's seat, that has not yet been subjected to thy Omnipotent power?

Mrs. Cheneworth is only one among many, many others which her case represents. During the few weeks she was in my ward, after she first came, she was kindly treated. Perhaps her own parents could not have done better by her, than did Miss Tomlin and Miss McKelva, so far as their limited powers extended.

They could not grant her that liberty and freedom she so panted for, nor could they gratify her longings to see her own offspring, and bestow upon them the love of her maternal heart; nor could they bring to her the sympathy of her fond mother, for which she so ardently longed; neither could they summon to her side her husband—her chosen protector—who had sworn before God never to forsake her in sickness or in health, although it was her most earnest wish that he might come and see her condition for himself.

No, neither of these influences could these attendants sum-

mon for her relief or benefit; but so far as the ward duties extended, they did as well by her as they could.

I never saw either of them get the least angry or impatient towards her, although she tried them exceedingly by her antics. They seemed to feel that instead of getting angry at an insane person, they were placed here to "Bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves."

I feel that they have nothing to dread in the revelations of Mrs. Cheneworth's Asylum discipline. Of each of them I trust the Judge will say, "she hath done what she could" for her suffering sister.

These attendants are highly cultivated, well developed women, who could enter into Mrs. Cheneworth's feelings, and sympathize with her in her trials. They not only knew how to treat her nature, but their principles controlled their feelings, so that her trials might not be increased by any injudicious act on their part. Neither did they seem to despise her for being so sorely afflicted, but pitied and longed to help her.

Alas! for poor Mrs. Cheneworth! her days for reasonable treatment expired when she was removed to the lowest ward, and consigned to the care of Elizabeth Bonner.

This attendant was a perfect contrast to her former attendants in character, disposition, and habits. She was a large, coarse, stout Irish woman, stronger than most men; of quick temper, very easily thrown off its balance, when, for the time being, she would be a perfect demon, lost to all traces of humanity. Her manners were very coarse and masculine, a loud and boisterous talker, and a great liar, with no education, and could neither read nor write.

To this vile, ignorant woman was Mrs. Cheneworth entrusted, to be treated just as her own feelings dictated.

Miss Bonner's first object was to "subdue her," that is, to break down her aspiring feelings, and bring her into a state of cringing submission to her dictation.

Here was a contest between her naturally refined instincts, and Miss Bonner's unrefined and coarse nature. Any manifestation of the lady-like nature of Mrs. Cheneworth, was met by its opposite in Miss Bonner's servant-like nature and position, and she must lord it over this gentle lady.

The position of the latter, as a boarder, must, at her beck, be exchanged, by her being made to feel that she was nothing but a slave and menial. If she ventured to remonstrate against this wanton usurpation of authority over her, she could only expect to receive physical abuse, such as she was poorly able to bear.

And *Oh!* the black tale of wrongs and cruel tortures this tender woman experienced at the hand of this giant-like tyrant, no tongue or pen can ever describe!

She was choked, pounded, kicked, and plunged under water, until well nigh strangled to death.

Mrs. Coe assured me this was only a specimen of the kind of treatment all were liable to receive at her hands, since she claimed that this was the way to cure them! and this she insisted upon, was what she was put here to do.

Being strong, she was peculiarly adapted to her place, since no woman or man could grapple with her successfully.

This is the attendant who so often made it her boast that Dr. McFarland let her do with the patients just as she chose—that her judgment, her feelings, and her temper could be trusted in all cases!

Oh! what is there of injury and physical abuse that this institution will not have to answer for, which has not been inflicted by brutal attendants—while Dr. McFarland has sustained them by knowingly approving of these things?

I do not believe the trustees would knowingly sustain these brutalities. But Dr. McFarland's statements are regarded by them as infallibly correct, and as he represents the treatment here bestowed upon the patients, they doubtless feel confident

that they are humanely treated. But did they know what I know, I believe they would disapprove of it, and not like Dr. McFarland, try to cover it up, lest the interests of the institution be jeopardized by the investigation.

The facts I have already placed before them in a written form, would of themselves arouse their interest and summon their immediate investigation, did they not so implicitly rely upon the Doctor's contradiction as proof of their fallacy!

In this way they are believing lies, and under this delusion they are not only winking at iniquities, but publicly sustaining them. It is in their power to ascertain the truth, did they feel determined to know for themselves. But this investigation would be attended with more trouble and inconvenience than it is to let it go on, and thereby these slothful servants of the public are justly held responsible for the sins of this house.

Poor Mrs. Cheneworth could not await this retribution, but was driven to seek the only defence within her reach, death! yes, death—the most dreadful of all evils—was chosen rather than such a life as she was doomed to endure under the rule of this Inquisition.

I cannot, no, I cannot blame her for killing herself. I do not think God will blame her. She was like one who deliberately rushed into the flames, to escape the barbed arrows of an invincible foe. She only chose the quicker, rather than the lingering, agonizing death, to which she seemed inevitably doomed, at the hands of Elizabeth Bonner.

The last time I saw Mrs. Cheneworth was at the dance, after which she hung herself, being found suspended from the upper part of her window by the facing of her dress.

I never saw a person so changed. I did not know her when Miss Bonner introduced me to her that evening. Such a haggard look! such despair and wretchedness as her countenance reflected, I have never witnessed. My feelings were touched.

I asked her to go with me, and putting my arm around her waist, she walked with me across the ward to the window looking South. Here we conversed confidentially, freely. She said :

“ Oh! Mrs. Packard, I have suffered everything but death since we were parted! ”

“ But how has your face become so disfigured by sores, and what causes your eyes to be so inflamed? ”

“ I fainted, and fell down stairs, and they poured camphor so profusely over my face, and into my eyes and ears, that I have, in consequence, been blind and deaf for some time.”

I do not know whether her chin, which was red and raw, was thus caused or not. She said the fall had caused her to miscarry, and thus, thought I, you have had to bear this burden in addition to the load of sorrows already heaped upon your tender, weak person. Said I :

“ Have you any hope of getting out of this place—of ever being taken to your friends? ”

“ No! none at all! Hopeless, endless torment is all that is before me! Oh, if I could only get out of this place, I would walk to my father’s house. It is only fourteen miles south, here,” pointing out of the window, “ but Oh, these iron bars! I cannot escape through them.”

How I did pity her! But I could only say, as I do to others :

“ Do try to be patient as you can; for I do hope this house will not long stand, and that in its destruction, we may be delivered out of this place of torment.”

I had no other tangible hope to offer her drooping heart, already deadly sick from hope too long deferred. She said :

“ I wish I could get into the ward with you; I will ask Dr. McFarland, to-morrow, to remove me there.”

“ Alas! ” thought I, “ no request of yours will be heeded, as a source of relief to you; for it is not to relieve, but to torment

you, that you are kept here. Could I but inform your parents of their dear daughter's sad fate, surely they would come to your rescue."

Then I thought of the letter I had sent to Mrs. Timmons' friends in her behalf, and how, like deaf adders, they would not hear, or would not believe my statements, unless endorsed by Dr. McFarland. I turned away, sick at heart, at sight of woes I could not mitigate or remove.

Oh, when will the prisoner's bonds be loosed and the lawful captive be delivered ?

Notwithstanding, I think I offered to intercede for her, while, at the same time, I knew it would be utterly fruitless, as I have so often tried reason, argument and entreaty, only to find it useless.

"Yes, sister, I cannot but congratulate you on what I believe to be your happy exchange; for I do not think you can find, in all the universe, a worse place of torment than you found here. May'st thou find that rest in death that was denied thee on earth.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Changes and how brought about.

After occupying the old Eighth ward about a year, we were all summarily ordered to move into the new Eighth. During the summer of 1861, this new and airy part of the building was my home, although the patients were not materially changed in character.

Again, in the last of the autumn, we were all removed into the old Seventh. Now the class of patients was changed to a more quiet class, and some of them, like Mrs. Timmons, sane and intelligent. Besides, we were now taking our meals in the dining-room of the new Seventh—the class of prisoners with whom I associated the first four months.

I felt that I was in the region of the intelligent world again, for part of the occupants of the new Seventh, were just as sane as most boarding school girls, or hotel boarders, generally. I seldom saw anything here, that would, outside of an Asylum, be considered insanity, or anything like it.

I can assure my reader that I was fully prepared to appreciate a return to civilized society, and this change was, therefore, to me a harbinger of good things. I could talk with my old associates at the other table, while at the table, and our fare and table arrangements were much alike now, which, of course, was a great improvement on our former style.

I was allowed a good room by myself, and this being the first time for one year this privilege was granted, I had much to be thankful for.

Another change affecting my prison life, took place about two months after Miss Lynch obtained permission to take me to ride, which occasioned the prison doors to be closed entirely upon me.

I felt it to be my duty to enter a protest against my imprisonment, and in doing so, asked Dr. Sturtevant, our Chaplain, to be my witness in the reception-room.

It was Sabbath, after chapel service that I went to him and asked him to meet me in the reception-room.

He consented, and we parted, he going down with Dr. McFarland and Dr. Tenny one flight of stairs, while I went down the opposite. When about two-thirds of the way down, Dr. McFarland met me, and seizing my arm, ordered me back to my ward. I remained motionless. He then applied force, saying:

“Have you no feet?”

“I have no feet to walk into prison with.”

He then tried to drag me back. But when he saw Dr. Sturtevant looking at us, he let go his hold of my arm, and I dropped from his grasp upon the floor below.

He followed, and passed me without speaking, and joined Dr. Sturtevant and Dr. Tenny, where, after a short consultation, they passed down stairs, while I still sat upon the floor.

The fall had so stunned me, that for a few moments I hardly knew whether I could rise or not, but when I saw the three men who ought to be my protectors, and helpers, under such circumstances forsake me, I began to try my powers of self-dependence, and found I could not only raise myself, but could also stand alone too, without a man to lean upon!

Strong in my own self-reliant strength, I hastened to meet my appointment with our chaplain in the reception-room below, but found no one there.

Nothing daunted by this failure on Dr. Sturtevant's part, I walked into the office and met the whole trio there.

But for some unknown cause, Dr. McFarland seemed unwilling to face me, but, coward like, shall I say? fled out of my presence.

The other two gentlemen did not run away, but looked me full

in the face, while I entered my protest in the following language:

“I have a right to my liberty! No law in the United States holds me legally imprisoned! I assert this right—I shall never return a voluntary prisoner to my cell!”

Turning to Dr. McFarland, who now stood in the door-way, I said:

“You, Dr. McFarland, have *might* to put me there, but no *right*. I assert my rights from principle. I believe God requires me to take this stand. I am immovable in my purpose. You can carry me to the ward with the help of two of your men, and I have no one to defend me against this power. I shall offer no resistance to physical force. Use it if you dare! You do so at your peril.”

Then handing him a letter, I said:

“I request you to stamp and mail this business letter, unread to my son. This step is preparatory to a legal defence of my rights at the bar of my country.

Then turning to Dr. Sturtevant, I said:

“Will you, Sir, stand my witness that I now assert my rights, and therefore, am henceforth an involuntary prisoner here?”

He replied, “I am your witness.”

“Now, Sir, my business with you is done, unless you wish to witness my forced return to my ward.”

The carriage had been some time waiting for him at the door, therefore after asking me to excuse him, he left.

Dr. McFarland then said, “Are you going to compel us to put you back into the ward?”

“I shall never return a voluntary prisoner to my cell.”

“Then I must get a porter to take you back.”

And he went for his porter, and soon returned with a strong burly Irishman, Mr. Bonner, to whom he said:

“I want you to take this lady up to the Eighth ward, she don't seem disposed to walk back.”

He then took me up in his arms, but finding my weight too much for him, I suggested that they take me on a chair, and Dr. Tenny take hold with him.

This plan worked well, and I was therefore transported up two flights of stairs in this manner, preceded by the Doctor, who unlocked the prison door to receive the prisoner—and no one could ever after say that I was a voluntary prisoner in Jacksonville Insane Asylum; for from that time I never returned a voluntary prisoner to my ward.

I never regretted taking this step, as now I had done all I could do to get my liberty, and having entered my protest, I was thus exonerated from all responsibility, as in any way a willing accomplice in the conspiracy.

There is one point in connection with this transaction, worthy of note—that is, that my falling down stairs as I did, is, in Dr. McFarland's estimation, evidence of insanity in me; and he also maintains that this is the only insane act he detected in me, during all my three years' imprisonment!

Now, I think there was more evidence of insanity in Dr. McFarland's conduct in this transaction, than there was in mine. He ought not to have left one of his patients in my condition, until he had so much as inquired whether I could raise myself or not. He did not know but my bones were so broken that I could not get up.

I think the Doctor's conduct was ungentlemanly to say the least, to treat a sane lady like myself, in this manner, and even if I had been insane, it would have been no excuse for this unmanly conduct towards one whom he claimed as his patient.

The final change I experienced, was in being removed from the old Seventh to the old Eighth again, after having enjoyed the privileges of civilized society for a few weeks. This, my second consignment to the maniac's ward, was in the following manner, as I find it recorded in my journal.

CHAPTER XXXV.

My Battle With Despotism—No Surrender.

The Doctor has to-day assigned me again to the Eighth ward, against my wishes. Since entering my protest against prison life, no rule of the house is binding upon my conscience.

Still, hitherto I have thought it best to break none in open defiance of "the powers that be," only by getting paper and pencils, when and where I could, and in sending letters by my "Underground Express."

But this unreasonable sentence or mandate I felt conscience-bound to resist, and I have done so from settled principle.

I claim the right of a reasonable being, to be influenced in and through my reason, and henceforth, throughout my whole life, am fully resolved to resist all dictation, coming in the form of despotic mandates in defiance of reason.

My first battle with despotism was now to be fought in resistance to this unreasonable command. Had the Doctor given me one reason why he wished me returned to the maniac's ward, I would have been satisfied to obey his command, even if I did not see the propriety of his reason. But he did not, even when I asked for one. The facts were these:

One day, after quietly enjoying my new surroundings for a few short weeks, the Doctor came to my room and in a very quiet, pleasant tone remarked:

"Mrs. Packard, I have given your letter to Mr. Russell, and the reply will depend upon him and his decision.

"Thank you, Dr. McFarland."

He then said:

"Mrs. Packard, I have been making new arrangements—I have fitted up the ward above you clean and nice, and I am to

occupy it with a quiet class of patients, with Miss Smith and Miss Baily for attendants; I have thought it best to have you go and occupy the room above yours."

That room was a screen-room. I replied:

"I did request to go to the new Eighth, to my airy, corner room, that I might have the benefit of purer air, since I am now so closely confined within doors, but I do not wish to go into the ward you assign me, because Miss Smith is a cruel attendant, and I am becoming so extremely sensitive to wrong and abuse, that I cannot, and shall not witness it without interference, even if you put me into fetters for it."

"Perhaps you might benefit her—do her good."

"Perhaps I might—I have thought of that—still, I feel that I owe a duty to myself, also."

Here he passed on, simply remarking:

"I have decided to have you go."

"And I have decided not to go! It will be merely an act of brute force on your part that puts me there. It is a requirement of despotism, and I am conscience-bound to resist it."

Mrs. Page, one of the sane prisoners, said to me when the Doctor was out of hearing:

"It is your duty to yield to despotism, if it is Beelzebub himself who issues the command, if it comes in *man* form!"

But Mrs. Page and I differ in opinion on that point. I agree to yield to reason everywhere—to despotism nowhere.

The attendants from the Eighth ward soon called for me. I declined going, and related the above conversation with the Doctor. Miss Smith replied:

"I do not abuse the patients—the charge is a false one."

"I hope that I have been misinformed. Miss Clauson says she thinks you are trying to do as well as you know how, and I hope you have improved. Mrs. McFarland told me she disliked the way you treated the patients, and she wished you were

away ; but she added, ‘ she is good to the sick, and I wish to give her all the credit she deserves.’ But should we be together, I can assure you, I shall be a true friend to you—I shall respect and honor your conscience—I shall defend the abused and the wronged everywhere, whether attendant or patient.”

“ We shall not, of course, force you to go with us.”

And they went to report me to the Doctor.

Next, Dr. Tenny was sent, to try what influence he could have over me. I told him that :

“ I cannot see why the Doctor cannot treat me as gentlemanly as he has of late begun to treat the maniacs, in asking them civilly, whether they were willing to go to another ward ; and he has, to my knowledge, left it to their own wishes to decide this question. I know this is a great progressive step for him to take in the right direction, but why should I be singled out just now as an exception to this new era of events ? Despotism is making another attack for mastery over his better nature, and he ought to be restrained, for he has no moral right to rule responsible moral agents, except through their reason. For his good, as well as my own, I shall never submit to this rule over me in any other manner.”

Dr. Tenny replied, “ He cannot be governed by the wishes of the patients. It is my opinion you had better go.”

“ It is my opinion I had better not go. So we differ in opinion here.”

Mrs. McFarland next came, and tried to influence me to go voluntarily. I remained firm.

Many of my friends about the house, and my companions in the new Seventh ward tried to induce me to give up to the Doctor, and as I gave my reasons to one Mrs. Farnside, she remarked : “ Well, suffer it to be so now.”

About eleven o’clock the next day, Dr. McFarland with two of his porters, entered my room while I was packing my trunk to be transported. The Doctor very politely asked :

“Mrs. Packard, will you go up to the Eighth ward yourself?”

“No, sir! I refuse from principle. I regard your order as an act of despotism, which I cannot conscientiously countenance.”

“Very well,” and turning to the porters he said:

“You take this lady up very gently, and carefully, don’t hurt her, and carry her to her room.”

“Thank you, Doctor, for your kind cautions to handle me gently, for I am not as well as usual to-day, although better than I was early this morning. Can I finish packing my trunk?”

“Yes, Oh, yes, certainly. Your things shall be taken care of.”

At my suggestion, the porters then formed a “saddle-seat” with their hands, upon which I sat, with my hands upon their shoulders, and thus they transported me very gently and safely to the upper ward, followed by the Doctor, and preceded by Miss Gerta De La Hay.

When within the limits of the ward, I said to my guard:

“I can walk now—I will not burden you any further.”

I then thanked them for carrying me so gently, and turning to Dr. McFarland I inquired:

“Can these men bring up my trunk?”

“Yes, certainly, you shall have all your things.”

The Doctor was true to his word—all my things were removed with me to this ward.

As the Doctor left with his porter, I remarked to my attendants:

“The Doctor can do a mean thing in the most alert gentlemanly manner possible. But I was determined to be a match for him in playing ‘the lady’ as far as he did ‘the gentleman.’ His manner reminds me of Mrs. Waldo’s remark, ‘do the thing in a Christian spirit, and all will be right!’ But I think it is

as impossible to do any wicked act in a Christian spirit as it would be to murder or steal with a Christian spirit. Now I am under your care, and I have not sinned in coming, for the act was not mine, but Dr. McFarland's, therefore, I hope to enjoy the smiles of an approving conscience, here as well as elsewhere. Will you now introduce me to my new associates?"

Miss Bailey replied, "Mrs. Packard, I do not think there is a patient in this hall who can answer a rational question in a rational manner."

"I will not trouble you then to introduce me. Where is my room?"

She then showed me the screen-room the Doctor had assigned me.

My attendants were amazed at this appointment, and insisted there must be a mistake.

But I told them this was the room above mine, and I should obey his orders in taking it.

But before my carpet was cleaned and brought, Miss Smith had inquired of the Doctor why he had given me a screen-room, when the astonished Doctor said he did not know it was a screen-room, and directed her to let me have my choice of all the rooms in the hall. I accordingly chose a pleasant front room, which I occupied until I was discharged. I was allowed one favor here which had before been scrupulously denied me, during my prison life, and that was to have the liberty of closing the door of my room in the day time.

I was never locked in my room nights, by any attendant after I had a room by myself. This, too, was a rare favor.

As the Doctor has said, he had a quiet class of patients in this hall, so that with my closed door, I had a nice quiet place to write "The Great Drama," which was written in this room.

The way in which this came to be written will appear in its proper place.

I am now quietly settled in my new quarters. My prospects

for quiet, rest and study, were never brighter. So true it is, that good comes out of seeming evil. The darkest providences are often the stepping-stone to prospective good.

I have indeed been crucified again. The cross upon which I have been hung, although by some is regarded with contempt, yet like the scars the noble soldiers receive in battles, for the defence of their country, is yet to be looked upon in its true light.

I have had a battle against the rule of despotism here—I did not surrender, neither was I conquered.

Though the thing aimed at was accomplished, yet the power of despotism here is weakened more by the triumph than it could have been by the defeat.

Miss Mattie Shelton, one of my attendants in the old Seventh said to me:

“I can’t blame you for doing as you do, we are all ruled with rigor here.”

“It is true that all who will submit to be trod upon, will surely be thus subjected. I shall stand upon my own self-defence, and so must all who stand here. I hope Dr. McFarland will never try to govern an intelligent woman with force again.

Miss Johnston, attendant in the new Seventh, says:

“Mrs. Packard, you are strong both in mind and body, so you can bear this crucifixion better than a weaker subject could.”

“If I can help woman by suffering in her stead, I will rejoice in my sorrows.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Reading Books and Papers.

There is a library connected with this Institution, which the public designed for the use of the patients, and there are a large number of papers generously sent to the Institution as a free-will offering for their benefit.

But it is due to the public and the patrons who bestow these gifts so kindly, that it should be known that these books and papers very seldom find their way to the prisoners in the wards.

Even while I was an occupant of the Seventh ward, it was with great difficulty I could get either; and while in the Eighth, it was almost impossible for me to get one, except clandestinely and by strategy. And were it not for the special kindness of Dr. Tenny, Mr. and Mrs. Coe, and Mrs. Hosmer, I should have been left to famish from mental starvation.

It was war time, too, when daily events of the most thrilling kind were occurring, and I felt it to be a great privation to be deprived of the news of the war.

Among my Asylum papers I find a copy of a letter I handed to Dr. Sturtevant, one day after chapel service, wherein my feelings upon this point are portrayed as follows:

DR. STURTEVANT: Dear Brother in Christ.—Entombed alive, as I am at present, I, as an intelligent being, suffer greatly from being deprived of all communication with the world outside this Asylum, so far as Dr. McFarland can prevent it; and fully believing that you, kind Brother, “suffer as bound with me,” I venture to ask of you an expression of this sympathy, by furnishing me with the reading of the *Independent*, weekly, by bringing it to me, on each Sabbath, when I will exchange the previous one.

Did you but know how I long to keep informed of what is transpiring now in my country, at this eventful crisis, I know you would pity me; and not scruple to grant so reasonable a request, of an afflicted sister in bonds. Still, I will not murmur if you turn me off with an excuse, rather than grant my request; for I know that God rules in the hearts of men, and "He turneth them whithersoever He will;" and I have long schooled myself to submission to all God's appointments, as providence develops His wishes.

Since I am suffering for conscience sake alone, I see no prospect, on the natural plane, but that it will necessarily be life long, since I never can relinquish my right to "obey God rather than man," when I know these mandates conflict. So long as I will not take man's judgment instead of my conscience for my guide, I must remain imprisoned in this Asylum! And yet, this is free America!

Yes, Dr. Sturtevant, I fully believe that my country will not prosper, so long as woman is suffered to be thus treated. But so far as I am concerned, "all is well." Nothing can harm me. God is my only trust and shield. Fear not for your sister in bonds, although her persecutions almost daily increase in intensity.

By the help of your prayers and those of God's faithful ones in my behalf, I shall be ultimately delivered out of the hands of my sagacious enemies. By faith I stand. Through God I shall do valiantly. I shall trust God by *doing right*, and thus wait his deliverance.

Your sister in bonds,

E. P. W. PACKARD.

To the discredit of Dr. Sturtevant, the honored President of Illinois College, and that of the sacred profession of the ministry whom he represents, I am sorry to add that he took no notice of my requests, not even so much as to give me any excuse for not lending me his *Independent* to read!

The letter shows what confidence I then had in his Christian character, and in his manliness as being "woman's friend." And it was a true index of my feelings towards that class, who profess to be the ministers of our holy religion, and the practical followers of that Master, whose cause they pledge to defend as their chosen profession.

Therefore, as a sister in need, I, of course, expected a Christian response to my appeal to one of this class especially. But lo! "ye did it not," must certainly be said of *this man*, among this revered profession.

This incident has taught me that it is not the profession which makes the man, but it is the manner in which its duties are performed and its high responsibilities are discharged, which is to determine the standard of merit among ministers, as well as men in other professions.

In short, ministers must be judged by the same standard as other men—they must stand or fall upon their own individual actions, not upon their position or profession.

Another lesson taught me by this incident and its subsequent events, was, that if we do right, we shall feel right; if we do wrong, we shall feel wrong. So long as this our "chaplain" treated me as a man and a Christian, he felt like a man and a Christian towards me. But just as soon as he forsook this standard of action, his feelings forsook this standard.

He began to treat me unsympathizingly—he began to feel cold towards me; and the more he manifested this coldness the more unsympathizing and unfeeling he became.

Thus he closed up the avenues to his warm, manly heart, by his own heartless actions, or rather inaction, which, if continued sufficiently long, will inevitably ossify this noble heart, which was made to reflect Christ's own image.

But Mr. J. C. Coe, finding how I was situated, very magnanimously took a St. Louis daily paper for the express purpose of supplying me with the news, and Mrs. Coe, his wife, daily

brought it to me under her apron; so that it was not known at headquarters how I obtained my knowledge of passing events, any more than how I passed out my letters.

Dr. Tenny also kindly brought me the *Independent* weekly, which he took at his own expense, and for the purpose, as he said, of accomodating some of his friends in the asylum.

Mrs. Hosmer also, occasionally, brought me some of her papers, and by a special permission from Dr. McFarland, at times, some of her own books to read, on the subject of Swedenborgianism.

Why the Doctor wished to deprive his prisoners of this relief and amusement, is a mystery I could never fathom. I sometimes thought it was to increase their mental torment, that he thus heartlessly denied them this right the State had granted.

I have heard intelligent patients beg and plead with him to bring them a paper or a book to read, while he would pass speechlessly on, seeming not to hear a word they were addressing to him. This indifferent manner would sometimes arouse the indignation of the petitioners to such a pitch that they would heap curses upon him after he left, often affirming:

“He comes to the wards for nothing else but to torment us!”

But I am happy to say, that during a favored period of my prison life, he not only allowed me to read Dr. Channing's works, but I think he has exchanged the volumes for me himself, and once he brought me one of his own volumes of Shakespeare's works.

I noticed in a Chicago paper of January 14, 1868, Dr. McFarland advertises for books to be sent to the institution for the benefit of the patients.

I think if the public knew how indifferent he feels in relation to the wants and comforts of his patients, they would not be over anxious to stock their library with books while Dr. McFarland was the State Librarian.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Abusing Mrs. Stanley.

My worst fears respecting the management of this ward, I am sorry to say, were fully realized. Miss Smith possessed naturally a very quick temper, and having it aroused, by ward scenes, into a most unhealthy exercise for many months, she had now become extremely irritable and cross also, so that her atmosphere was anything but salutary and pleasant to the patients under her charge.

Indeed, the contrast between her management and the quiet, kind and gentle influence of Miss Tomlin, and her associate, Miss McKelva, was truly painful, and to me a return to the old system of punishment and abuse, was rendered doubly so, after so long a cessation of hostilities.

Had I been removed from the asylum instead of to this ward, I should have felt confident in the pleasing hope that a reform had really been inaugurated, when I now see that it was only local and spasmodic in its extent and nature.

My feelings were first hurt in witnessing Mrs. Stanley's abuse. She is a high spirited quick tempered lady, about thirty-five years of age, the mother of several children. She had been delicately reared, of aristocratic feelings, and unaccustomed to labor, except that of the superintendence of her servants and nursery. Indulged and gratified herself, she had not learned how to have her wishes crossed, and maintain at the same time her equanimity.

One day Miss Smith ordered her off her bed, in terms so stern and authoritative, that it aroused the invalid's temper, and she remonstrated, and claimed the need she felt of lying upon her bed on account of sickness.

The argument was regarded by Miss Smith as a justifiable

reason for laying violent hands upon her, and pulling her suddenly from her bed upon the floor, when, as usual, a fight commenced, and Miss Bailey was summoned to assist Miss Smith in "subduing" Mrs. Stanley!

After fighting awhile, Mrs. Stanley constantly ordering them to let her alone, they concluded to try the "cold bath" to "subdue" her.

Fearing and dreading this punishment more than all others, she, in the most reasonable manner, urged the soundest logic against it, in her present state of health, and then begged and prayed that, for her health's sake, if nothing else, they would spare her this exposure. She said:

"Miss Smith, I am sorry! I ask your pardon! Oh, do forgive me! pray do, I won't do so again."

Still they persisted, regardless of her entreaties, confessions and prayers.

I went to the bath room, hoping my presence might restrain them, and I begged them to forgive her.

But they would not.

After pouring a pail of cold water on her head, Mrs. Stanley said:

"Won't you now kiss me?"

"No!" said Miss Smith, "I won't kiss those who will talk as you do."

Here I said, "do forgive her! for you will sometime want forgiveness yourself."

She then stopped with the threat:

"If you speak another word you shall not have one mouthful of food all day!"

Miss Smith then turned to me saying:

"I am not going to take abusive language from a patient!"

In a low tone I replied:

"You must remember, she is insane, and you cannot expect her to do as a sane person would."

“She is not as insane, as she pretends to be—she knows how to behave better, and I will not bear abuse from her!”

“We sane ones ought to bear more than we can expect them to bear,” I replied.

Another incident connected with the fight. Mrs. Kinney, a very sympathetic patient, seeing how Mrs. Stanley was being misused, interfered, and pulled Miss Smith off. Here was another severe fight, which resulted in forcing Mrs. Kinney into a side room, and locking her up.

After all the fighting was over, Miss Bailey, looking at her finger, remarked:

“I don’t know but my finger is broken.”

I thought “if you inquired if you had broken any of the patient’s bones, it would be becoming.”

Thus this weak, delicate woman, who was placed here to receive kind, humane treatment, as the laws direct, is thus allowed to be abused, her own health and nerves to suffer perhaps an irreparable injury, from those from whom it is impossible to escape; and wrongs from which there is no redress, since all the witnesses are outlawed by the brand of insanity!

The oppressed find in this ward no comforter, except it be in defiance of the reigning powers. I have, and do still, defy them, so far as to try to comfort the broken hearted, to sympathize with them in their sorrows, and these are the evidences of my insanity which call for my protracted martyrdom!

There is no necessity for abusing a patient. I have seen both systems tried, abuse and kindness; and kindness is by far the easiest, safest course.

And besides, these patients are the boarders of the house, and the attendants are the hired servants, and this distinction ought to be recognized as an inspiring feeling of respect attending the patient’s welfare.

Kind attendants, sometimes get abuse from maniacs, but feeling required to “bear the infirmities of the weak,” they

never feel justified in returning abuse for abuse, "but contrawise blessings." They soothe and calm, where the irritable attendant excites into the heat of passion.

Under Mrs. De La Hay's reign of injustice, I have seen the forbearance and magnanimity evinced, operate to inflame her malignity, and have heard her even twit them with imbecility and weakness, thus calling these heroic virtues, "their insanity!"

When she would provoke them into a manifestation of resentment, she would exult, as if she was now justified in abusing to any extent, *because they are insane!*

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Subduing a New Prisoner.

One night I was aroused from my slumbers by the screams of a new patient, who was entered in my hall. The welcome she received from her keepers, Miss Smith and Miss Bailey, so frightened her, that she supposed they were going to kill her.

Therefore, for screaming under these circumstances, they forced her into a screen-room and locked her up. Still fearing the worst, she continued to call for "Help!" Instead of attempting to soothe and quiet her fears, they simply commanded her to stop screaming.

But failing to obey their order, they then seized her violently and dragged her to the bath-room, where they plunged her into the bath-tub of cold water.

This shock so convulsed her in agony that she now screamed louder than before. They then drowned her voice by strangulation, by holding her under the water until nearly dead.

When she could speak, she plead in the most piteous tones for "Help! Help!"

But all in vain. The only response was "Will you scream any more?"

She promised she would not, but to make it a thorough "subduing," they plunged her several times after she had made them this promise! My room was directly opposite with open ventilators over both doors, I could distinctly hear all.

This is what they call giving the patient a "good bath!"

But the bewildered, frightened stranger, finds it hard to see the "good" part of it. The patient was then led, wet and shivering, to her room, and ordered to bed, with the threat:

"If you halloo again, we shall give you another bath."

The night was very cold, and I lay under my winter's

amount of bed-clothes to keep me comfortable, while this shivering girl was allowed only a sheet and one thin blanket to cover her.

She told me next morning that she lay almost frozen all night, and complained of universal soreness for many days after. For a long time I could see black and blue spots all over her body, caused by this violent handling of her tender frame, in putting her through the process of initiation—"the subduing."

The next morning I was awakened by hearing Miss Smith reprimand her most sternly for wanting her shoes, which she could not find. Instead of trying to pacify her, she forced her shoeless patient to the bath-room, and held her head under the streaming faucet!

The frightened one screamed for "Help!"

For she had not yet learned the sad truth, that she was out of the reach of all human "help," now that she had passed the fatal "dead-lock" of a *charitable* State institution.

She kept calling for her shoes. Miss Smith had promised them to her after she had washed. This being done, she called for her shoes. Now Miss Smith required her hair to be first combed, and having obeyed this order also, she again called for her shoes.

At this point, my feelings drove me to the spot, to defend the rights of the stranger, where I found Miss Smith, with upraised hands over her victim, ordering her to "Stop!"

I whispered in Miss Smith's ear:

"I would get her shoes for her."

She turned angrily upon me, and said:

"I shall not be interfered with! I know what I am about—I haven't seen her shoes—I know nothing about them."

I left, and went to breakfast. Soon after, Miss Smith came in with her unhappy, shoeless patient, and ordered her to sit down and eat her breakfast. The patient wanted her shoes first, but no request of hers was noticed.

“ You may eat or not, just as you choose,” said Miss Smith, as her only reply to her inquiry for her shoes.

This was her first meal among this great crowd of strangers in this strange place. I could not help pitying this friendless one, and passing her on my return from the dining-room, put my arm around her waist, and kindly invited her to come to my room, telling her, at the same time, that I would be a friend to her, and treat her kindly.

She replied, “ That is all I want.”

I told her I would ask the attendants to find her shoes—that it was their duty to attend to her wants, and keep all her clothing safe for her.

Her neck was cold, as her dress was very low, and she had lost her cape. I sought for it in her room, but not finding it, asked the attendants for it, but they said that they knew nothing about it. I then lent this shivering girl a sacque of my own, and invited her to sit down in my room, upon my trunk, which I had covered with a cushioned top for a seat for my guests. She seemed rejoiced to have found a friend, and clung to me as to her last hope. She would not leave me without a promise that she might return. She said her father told her she should have all she wanted when she got here, and would see a great many nice things.

“ But all I want is to be treated kindly.”

I told her I thought the attendants would soon look for her things—that they had many to look after—that we must try to be patient.

She waited several hours ; again her lost shoes began to trouble her, as she wished to go out, if I would accompany her ; and if she might return again to my room. I offered to lend her a pair, and had just handed them to her, when Miss Bailey came in with the missing shoes and cape.

The other patients were now going to walk, and she wished to go too, but Miss Smith decidedly refused, saying :

“I think it is best you should not go.”

I tried to relieve her disappointment, by telling her :

“I presume they choose to wait a few days, to see how you behave. They may fear you will try to run away now; and besides, you have not rested from your long journey in the cars, and they think it better that you keep quiet a few days.”

She seemed easily satisfied, and remarked :

“I presume the bath will do me good, but I hope I shall not need another. If ever I have to take another bath, won't you be with me?”

She said she thought that was baptism; she had now been twice baptized—once in a creek, and now by these two women!

She often complained of being hungry. I went to Miss Bailey, and asked her if I might take her key and go to the dining-room closet, and get her some bread and butter, as the By-laws allow the patients a piece between meals, if they need it.

Miss Bailey went and got some herself.

This was a very rare favor. Indeed, in all of my Asylum life I never knew it done in any other instance. The truth is, these By-Laws are merely By-Lies—worse than none at all—for they delude the credulous public into the belief that human kindness must be the inevitable result of such a humane code of By-Laws. Whereas, there being no link to connect the patients with the laws of our country, their rights may be ignored to any extent with impunity. These By-Laws are simply a dead letter when tested in their application to the patient's interests.

I devoted the day to her comfort and amusement, and she seemed, before night, to be quite cheerful and contented. She was uniformly quiet and peaceable, and disposed to do the best in her power.

I am fully satisfied that the scene in the bath-room was entirely owing to mismanagement on the part of the attendants. There is never any occasion for fighting a patient. The State

has furnished a screen-room for the restraint of the pugnacious ones, and the room should be used for only such and at such times as they need restraint.

Another initiating process. Miss Smith said she thought she should be obliged to cut off her hair, since she had "creepers," in it. The patient did not wish to lose her fine hair, and I remonstrated against it, saying that I thought she had no right to do so without her own or her friend's consent, for they always felt bad to find it had been done, when they had recovered. Besides, the Institution furnishes ointment for the evil she deplored.

I made a thorough investigation myself, and found no cause for the excuse she gave for cutting her hair. I found the reason she wished it shingled, was to save her the trouble of combing it.

She yielded to my appeal, and thus was the long black hair of this young lady saved to her, by my interposition.

I had given my word to this lonely one, that she should find in me a friend, not knowing what disaster to my own interests might be the result. But, since I have nothing to lose, but my life, I am willing to risk it in defence of the oppressed and down-trodden.

I will simply dare to do my duty, remembering Christ's word, that if "I am ashamed of him and his words, he will be ashamed of me." I never was in any place where Christ's principles were so ignored and contemned as in this doleful prison house.

I have detailed this single case as a type of others of daily and almost hourly occurrence here, the bare mention of which would fill a volume.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Treatment of the Sick.

I had for my dormitory companion for more than one year, Miss Emily Goldsby, who was sadly afflicted with epileptic fits. It was for this she was sent to this Asylum for treatment, and for this purpose she consented to come. But like all other similar expectations, this hope went out in utter darkness, under her Asylum experience.

Her mental faculties had already become somewhat impaired, in consequence of these fits, and both she and her friends, fondly hoped that under the medical treatment of the far-famed Dr. McFarland, the *cause* of this aberration might be mitigated, or removed.

But she had scarcely anything done for her by way of medical treatment, although I often heard her intercede with the Doctor, either to do something to cure her, or send her home to her friends.

But he could not be prevailed upon to do either, so that she lingered out a most wretched imprisonment of many years, uncared for and apparently forgotten.

Her friends thus finding it was easier to be relieved of the care of her, than to take care of her themselves, when at last they were obliged to take her away, they cast her into a county house!

She not only received no treatment for her disease, but no care even when she had her fits, except what I gave her.

One night, before I could get to her bed, she fell to the floor in one of her fits, and broke her collar bone. This accident caused her much suffering, and she daily appealed to the Doctor for relief; but he would turn silently away without seeming to hear her. I finally influenced Dr. Tenny to

look at it, and see for himself that she had need of medical help. He was satisfied that the bone was fractured, and sent her some liniment which relieved her pain.

She had, at several different times, periods of unusual irregularity of conduct, so that she could not sleep for several nights in succession, nor could her room-mate sleep with her. I was her constant and only watcher and nurse during the whole year, including these periods.

Once, after several sleepless nights, I said to Dr. McFarland:

“I am willing to do my share of hospital nursing, but I am not willing to sacrifice my health in this cause, and therefore, I wish you would make some change for a few nights, at least, so that I may get a little sleep.”

But he passed on without making any reply whatever, leaving me to quiet my patient as best I could, and get my own sleep where I could find it, or go without it if I could not.

There was another lady in our hall who needed medical treatment, for a weakness which caused her attendants some trouble about her bed; and although over sixty years of age, she was punished for it as if she were a child, instead of being medicated as she needed.

She was lady-like, intelligent, perfectly submissive, and uniformly quiet. She was always neatly and genteelly dressed, and had I met her outside of an insane asylum, I should never have had a suspicion of her being an insane person; I never saw anything like insanity in her. This lady had to be punished daily, morning after morning, with the horrors of the plunge bath, because she caused her attendants trouble about her bed. She was not to blame for causing them this trouble, for she could not help it.

She used to come to my room after these death-like strangulations by water and say:

“Oh! Mrs. Packard, I thought they would kill me this morning! I only wish I had died, for now I am only spared to go

through it again to-morrow, for I can't help it. I lie awake all the time I possibly can for fear, but sleep will overcome me, and then I am guilty of 'an insane act,' as they call it, for which there is no escape from this terrible punishment."

I reported her-case to her married daughter who visited her. But she took no notice of this defence of her mother's rights, but left her defenceless as ever, to the tender mercy of the Superintendent, in whom she expressed the most unbounded confidence!

This daughter's visit to her mother is described in the following chapter, showing the legitimate tendency of insane asylums to extinguish natural affection. I present it to my readers as I find it recorded in my journal.

CHAPTER XL.

Mrs. Leonard's Visit to her Mother.

Yesterday I met Mrs. Leonard, who is here on a visit to her mother. I advised her to take her mother home, and bestow upon her a daughter's kind and dutiful care and attention, instead of leaving her to the care of strangers.

She replied, "Why, I think it looks pleasant here. Don't you enjoy staying here?"

"No, I do not; this is a very unnatural life, compelled to live as we do. Defenceless, exposed to abuse, separated from all our friends, and cut off from all intercourse with them, shut out from the world and all the privileges of society and citizenship, and worse than all, confined for an indefinite period."

"Why, I think I could be happy here."

"You may perhaps have an opportunity to test it; you may become insane, and confined here; or you may, like many others, be confined here without being insane, and thus learn by your own experience, what it is to be cast off by your own children, as you have cast off your own mother; for 'with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' Your mother is liable to abuse here, and I am her witness that she receives, it, too."

"It seems pleasant here. I do not think they would make a false impression upon strangers."

"A stranger passing through here, knows nothing about the management of the house. When the friends visit, they are told by the employees, that their friends are well taken care of—that they are contented and happy; and if the injured ones dare to contradict these statements, they are sure to be punished for it as soon as the friends are out of sight. Besides, these visitors are instructed not to heed anything the patients

say, and an attendant is to keep her ear open to the conversation which her charge has with strangers, and is instructed to urge them on if they tarry to hear anything they wish them not to hear. The patients fearing to tell the truth, and denied an opportunity of doing so, the visitor leaves with a very false impression, and this dust which is thrown into his eyes, prevents his seeing anything for himself, just as is the case with you now."

"But the friends place them here, believing it is for their good."

"Yes, under this sophistical plea they take the first wrong step. The neglected and injured relative, finds a class of emotions germinating in his heart, which inevitably culminates in alienation, and irreconcilable enmity frequently ensues. The wrong doers make the first infringement upon the law of love by not doing as they would be done by. Every advanced step in the wrong direction leads them into deeper and deeper darkness, until at length they become so blinded and callous that they lose all traces of humanity, and thus become entirely perverted and fallen."

I could clearly discern in Mrs. Leonard, that she had become sadly indifferent to her mother's welfare. She had got rid of a burden by putting her off upon the care of others—the laws approved of her course—it was even regarded by perverted humanity as her duty thus to treat her—the tender yearnings of her true nature were stifled, and she was left to moral judicial blindness.

I told her she would not like to be thus cast off, if incapable of taking care of herself; instead of this, she would claim that this was just the time she most needed her friends' care and assistance. When well, and able to care for herself, she had better be then abandoned, rather than in a defenceless condition.

If these charitable institutions would only show their real

character openly, as Inquisitions and Penitentiaries, of the worst kind, the danger to humanity would be mitigated to the greatest extent; for few are so lost to a desire for the esteem of others, as to do such an outrageous act openly and professedly, for the purpose of torturing their afflicted friends by sending them to the Inquisition for that purpose.

But as it is, thousands are doing that very deed knowingly to themselves, but ignorantly to the world, through the specious plea of sending them to a hospital for "their good."

This morning Mrs. Leonard came to the bars, and seemed desirous of speaking to me. I left my work, which was cleaning my bedstead, went to the bars and talked a little more with her.

I told her the patients in this ward were treated like slaves and menials; that the attendants claimed to be their overseers, and ordered them to do the work which they were hired to do. This morning, Miss Smith has ordered them to wash their own bedsteads, and requires them to do it, whether they are willing or not. Some object, saying that they are not put here to work—that they have not been used to such work, and the laws do not require it of them. Still she says they shall obey her, in all she chooses to require.

There is Mrs. Stanley, for instance, who has not been used to such work, having had hired help all her days, and she objects, but Miss Smith told her she should have no breakfast until she had done all she had required of her. She started for breakfast; Miss Smith ordered her back, repeating her threat. I did not tarry to see how the quarrel terminated. One fact is evident, she went without her breakfast, and seemed to feel like a much injured woman.

I told Mrs. Leonard that Mrs. Stanley was right in saying to Miss Smith that she had no right to speak so to her, and order her about in that style, for the laws forbid it—Miss Smith being her servant, and the laws expressly forbid involuntary servitude.

Yet under our present system, we are regarded and treated as their slaves, or as convicts in a Penitentiary, condemned to work or risk the penalty of disobedience. I added :

“This is one of the greatest systems of oppression and cruelty to human beings, the world ever witnessed.”

She listened, apparently, with the indifference of a stoic, and left me abruptly without making any remark.

I returned to my duties, feeling that I had done all my duty to her, to get her eyes open, to see what the rules of the house are. My hope was that the latent spark of filial feeling towards her afflicted mother might be revived, and she, under its natural promptings, be induced to take her home.

But all my efforts to enlighten her, seemed like water spilled upon the ground. She evidently seemed to regard all my talk as the representations of an insane person, whom she considered beneath her notice or attention, except to hold me up to scorn and ridicule. She plainly made light of it!

God grant that I may never be left to violate any of my obligations to any human being, so as to give my testimony in favor of relations thus deserting their own kindred in the time of their greatest need.

So far as my influence and example go, they shall find this testimony in favor of kindness, the most unremitted, to my afflicted kindred. I will do all that is possible to secure the same to afflicted humanity wherever found. Should even my husband become a raving maniac, I would not consent to his being put into a hospital so long as any kindred of his own could take care of him. A mother's authority, if necessary, should secure for him the personal attentions of his children in his behalf, so far as was necessary to aid my own personal efforts for his comfort and happiness.

I would think of the reward which Mr. and Mrs. John Hardy, of Shelburne, Mass., have received for themselves, in taking care of their insane son, eighteen long years, so kindly,

invariably, and unremittingly ; although they may, on entering upon their reward, exclaim :

“ We have only done our plain duty to our child.”

God, their Judge may reply :

“ I acknowledge it to be true, and on this ground you have proved your loyalty to my government, by obeying the parental laws of the nature I have given you, and not, like my disloyal subjects, rejected its teachings, and left the unfortunate one to stranger hands.”

I should feel although weariness and painfulness might attend the act, yet no selfish considerations should induce me to swerve from, or remit our attentions to his comfort and his wants. This sacred promise I now make, and record, that I and my children, will be true to this pledge—So help us God!

CHAPTER XLI.

Mrs. Emeline Bridgman—or Nature's Laws Broken.

This Mrs. Bridgman has been an inmate of this Asylum for the last ten years; has been one of the most unfortunate victims to the deteriorating, debasing influences of such institutions, upon the true aspiring nature which God has given us.

Her nature is a specimen of a superior order of female organization, very tender, sensitive feelings, exquisitely susceptible to emotions of a spiritual nature, feeling an insult to her self-respect and native dignity to the most highly sensitive degree, exhibited by a feeling of shame, mortification and self-distrust, which seemed so deeply stamped upon her soul as to render it impossible for her to rise above it.

So long has she suffered the shame of being regarded insane, that she has become morbidly sensitive, and it seems now to have become morally impossible to overcome it. She has a superior intellect, conservative in its character, yet fully capable of clearly apprehending new ideas—new views of truth—although instinctively averse to progress or change in her opinions.

The Orthodox system of theology, as the conservative divines of the last century taught, is her standard of truth, and all deviations from this standard she is almost tempted to regard as a sacrilegious act.

Her will is very persistent, almost inflexible; her temper forgiving, her spirit trustful; still, fearful and doubtful as to the future. All her hopes lie buried deep in the past.

No ray of hope illumines her future in this life, and her hopes for the future rest upon a belief that she was made a subject of regeneration twenty or thirty years since. On her evidences

then, that she had experienced a change of heart, she now rests her hope of final safety, believing that when this instantaneous change of heart has been once experienced, there is no possibility of a failure in receiving a heavenly inheritance.

Her nervous system became deranged from some physical cause at the age of eighteen. She was then sent to the Worcester Hospital, Massachusetts, where she remained a short time under the treatment of Dr. Woodward, the Superintendent. She soon recovered, and entered upon the practical duties of life with interest and satisfaction.

She was happily married, and lived eight years with her husband, when she became a childless widow.

Her life has since been like "the troubled sea which cannot rest." Her nerves have become so chronically diseased, that they constantly disturb her mental repose.

Her friends, at her own request, let her enter this Asylum, hoping the result might be as favorable as it formerly had been. But they were disappointed.

Instead of receiving the kind, humane, Christian treatment here as she did at Worcester, she was treated most abusively and brutally. Her sensitive feelings thus received such a shock, followed by such a feeling of degradation and shame, that it has become impossible for her to rally and recover her lost self-respect.

As one specimen of the manner of treatment to which she was subjected, she told me that in taking her baths, they forced her to disregard, and tried to crush out every refined, virtuous, and elevated feeling of her nature, telling her, in most unmistakable language, that they considered this eradication of modesty as the object and intent of their discipline and treatment.

Of course, her God-like nature instinctively revolted at this heaven-defying sacrilege—this crushing of the divinity within her. This, added to the abuse which was inflicted upon her

tender, sensitive frame, was too much for her powers of endurance.

Her nervous system, her aspiring feelings, her noble nature, could never rally, so long as this abuse continued ; and it has continued for ten long successive years.

Rather than to live in this agony, she sought death ; not that she made any attempts to commit suicide, but she often begged and prayed that they would kill her outright, rather than by this slow torturing process.

No! so long as she exhibited any natural feelings under this torture, she was subjected to the cruel rack. Her sound logic, her entreaties, her prayers, her just and holy resentment, each and all, only seemed alike an occasion for inflicting some new form of degradation.

Mrs. Bridgman was scrupulously neat in her habits ; but regardless of this, she was forced into the water tub where several others had bathed, who were peculiarly filthy in their personal habits, so that the water was not only highly colored, but covered over the top with a thick scum of filth. Into this she was plunged, head and ears, to their heart's content, and held under the water!

Then, as her flesh was of an uncommonly fine texture, sensitive in the extreme, she was scrubbed with a corn broom, which had been first dipped into a dish of soft soap, to lather her entirely over from head to foot, and then washed off with the thick water already so soapy as to almost consume the skin. Here she was rubbed and scrubbed, as if her skin was a rhinoceros's, and then locked into her room, where the cold was so intense that her hair was often frozen to her pillow.

I inquired why she did not report the attendant's conduct to the Superintendent.

She said she did try to, but he would not credit her statements, since the attendants contradicted them, assuring him

that they had not abused her. He regarded her truthful representations as the hallucinations of a diseased mind, and the attendants' conduct was tacitly approved, as judicious and correct.

Thus she found that all she had accomplished by reporting them truthfully, was to elicit an approval of their practice from the Superintendent, and a secret grudge against herself, which she would be sure to know of in her future aggravated and increased sorrows.

And now, since she has been made to become a mere wreck of her former self, as to her personal habits, and her refined manners and fashionable appearance, having become necessarily almost indifferent to the opinion of others, as a result of her loss of self-esteem, her earthly prospects seem to be entirely blighted, even in the meridian of life; and all the natural result of the rule of this wicked Institution.

That she did not become a maniac long ago, is one of the mysteries of God's providence. Since I have known her she has not been insane. She has been one of my most esteemed associates—as an intelligent and capable woman—as competent to attend to the practical duties of life as ever, could she only be induced to make the effort.

But all her ambition and self-esteem being prostrated by the abuse she has experienced, her case seems almost hopeless—her usefulness for this world destroyed, except so far as her case may be employed as a warning—a living memorial of the barbarous influences of the present Insane Asylum system.

If it had not been for these institutions, she might have been, ere this, a useful and happy woman; and had she been cherished and cared for by her kindred, as their true hearts then prompted, instead of being consigned to the care of strangers, she might have recovered her health and spirits, and long have been a blessing to them and to the world.

But alas! this willing victim has been offered a living

sacrifice to the Lunatic Asylum! and under the specious pretence that her good might be secured!

Several of her friends have died since she has been here, but she was not allowed to know anything of the event, until she chanced to see the notice of their death in the papers!

Oh, can this entombing of kindred while alive, be for their or our own good? Is it for our own good to cut off our afflicted friends, and so desert them, as to root out all traces of sympathy in them, or interest in their welfare? Is it for their good to put them where the affectionate yearnings of their fond hearts have no object to cling to, and no means allowed through which to exercise their emotions? Can a natural development of the faculties be secured by this most *unnatural* process?

No, no; those who have survived this machinery are the exceptions; those who are injured the almost universal rule.

Mrs. Bridgman never was a fit subject for the asylum, since she never was an insane person. She is diseased in her nervous system, and instead of being treated as a criminal, she needs unusual forbearance and kindness, to inspire her with self-confidence and thus draw out her self-reliant feelings and efforts. All depressing, debasing influences are death-like in their influence over her already weakened powers of resistance.

The only irregularity of conduct indicating a dethronement of reason, was a propensity to pick her clothes to pieces. This appearance of restless uneasiness, would seek vent from the ends of her fingers by nervous twitches upon something tangible, which effort seemed to be an almost instinctive act of self-defence from the overflowings of her pent-up mental agonies.

I could not blame her any more than I could blame a drowning man for catching at a straw as a reliance of self-defence.

Although the drowning man's act is in itself an unreasonable act of self-dependence, yet we do not call it an insane act

under his surrounding. So, although in reality, Mrs. Bridgman's acts of self-relief are not reasonable in themselves, yet under the anguish of her mental throes, she should be excused as innocent of an act really insane.

If her sufferings cannot be assuaged by judicious kind care, she should be allowed great latitude in seeking any way of relief her instincts might prompt.

She has been most wantonly and thoughtlessly punished, being innocent, so that she is almost raving, under this insult and abuse of her moral nature added to her physical sufferings.

I have heard her entreat Dr. McFarland to let her out of this place! his utter indifference to her cries only confirmed her in feeling that this is a place of hopeless torment, from which she can never escape. Nor can it be right under any circumstances, to keep a human being in such a state of involuntary suffering, or to add to this suffering state personal imprisonment.

She has been allowed to visit her friends several times, within ten years, and remains with them a few weeks or months, but the memory of the asylum so haunts her, that its fear and dread are inseparable from her existence.

This Institution should place an inseparable barrier to her entering it again; her friends ought to adopt her anew into the affections of their hearts, and make her feel sure that they will never again forsake, but cherish and love her as they would wish to be, in exchange of circumstances.

But from Dr. Tenny's account I fear they cherish no such intention, but like other alienated perverted kindred, will feel justified in placing her here again; thus ridding themselves of a burden upon their care and attention.

Rid of a burden! What can be more humiliating to a proud, noble nature than to feel that they are looked upon as burdens by their friends such as they are willing to resign knowingly into a state of hopeless, unmitigated sorrow.

Is there any spot in this great universe where human anguish is equal to what is experienced in Lunatic Asylums!

Are we not experiencing the sum of human wretchedness? Can a woman's sufferings be greater than are Mrs. Bridgman's?

To me she is the very personification of anguish. Oh, my heart has so ached for her that I sometimes feel that I would be willing to lay down my natural life to relieve her.

I did try to comfort her by imparting genuine sympathy in deeds of kindness, and she would sometimes say that she found some comfort in my room, but none anywhere else. I have often assured her that if ever I got a home where I could do as I pleased, I would like to adopt her into it most cheerfully as my sister, and she should find in me an unfailing friend.

I have studied into the *cause* of her disease of the nervous system, and so far as I can judge, it was caused by her disregarding the laws of her nature, as a woman, in working extra hard at the time she was unwell. She said she suffered so much pain at such times, that she sought relief by hard work, and this exertion being unnatural, only increased the evil she designed to remedy. Her temporary relief was purchased at the price of future sufferings. A chronic disease was the result, which has since manifested itself in untold mental agonies.

If women would have resolution enough to be quiet at such times as nature and reason both dictate, they would be relieved of a vast amount of suffering, which is inseparably connected with thus trifling with this law of our nature.

It is said that the Indian women who are so peculiarly exempt from female diseases, invariably rest one or two days at such times, and these are the only times that they lie in bed, by sickness—in consequence of which they are almost as hardy as the men. To them, the curse of the fall seems almost annihilated.

If civilized women would only learn this lesson from their uncivilized sisters, they might hope to enjoy the same immunity from suffering.

Since I feel conscientiously bound to regard all the laws of my being as God's laws, and now recognizing this law in that light, I cannot feel exempt from its obligation. Eighteen years of obedience to this law has demonstrated the fact in my case, that civilized woman can, by so doing, be as exempt from suffering as their uncivilized sisters.

Oh! that civilized women would dare to be as healthy as Indian women are, by daring to be as natural in obeying this law of woman's nature; then might we hope for progress, based on the plane of sound and vigorous constitutions in their offspring.

CHAPTER XLII.

Sick Patients Driven off from their Beds.

Mrs. Watts was most peremptorily ordered off her bed while sick, by Miss Smith, and this distressed woman was compelled to stand leaning against her bed all day, suffering severe pain.

She had no chair or seat of any kind in her room, and was not allowed to sit upon her bed, so she must stand all day or lie upon the cold uncarpeted floor, so that her bed need not be tumbled, lest company might pass through and thus prevent a good display of the house!

After listening to the quarrel from my room, I went to comfort her, and found her as I have described. I expressed my tenderest sympathy, telling her that if it was in my power I would do anything in the world to relieve her, but that I was just as helpless as herself. I kissed and left her, saying:

“I will do all I can for you.”

I then took Miss Bailey, the other attendant, into my room and with tears in my eyes, I plead her case and appealed to her compassion to take her part, and let her lie upon her bed, saying:

“It is your right to act independently when you see the patients are wronged.”

She assented to all I said, but did nothing.

I then went to Mrs. Watts, and offered her my bed, assuring her I would protect her while there.

She positively declined doing this, saying:

“I guess I can bear it as the rest have to.”

I left her leaning against her bed, hoping some one would come in to whom I could appeal for her. But no one came.

After dinner I found her sitting upon the cold floor. I then brought her my chair, and insisted that she should use it. This she was willing and glad to do. At night I took it back and told Miss Smith what I had done. She seemed impressed with a feeling of guilt and apologized for having done so, and gave me encouragement to hope she would not repeat the offense.

The next day I made a most earnest appeal to Dr. Tenny in behalf of the sick in our ward, to which he responded by saying:

“I do think they ought to be allowed to lie upon their beds when sick.”

“Then do use your influence at headquarters, for we cannot get a chance to tell our grievances to the Superintendent; he will no more listen to a patient’s complaint, than he would defend them from abuse!”

Miss Elizabeth Bonner, an Irish attendant in the lowest ward, thus caught one of her patients, Miss Mary Hodson, and ordered her most peremptorily to get off from her bed. Her tone and manner, in connection with the injustice of the act, very naturally aroused the indignant feeling of the insulted invalid, and she ventured a word in self-defence.

This is enough! She, Elizabeth Bonner, is not going to bear insulting language from her patients!

She seizes her roughly and drags her from her high bed upon the floor, with extreme violence. The patient thus aroused to a higher pitch of indignation, now tries to defend herself with the same kind of force she is called upon to resist.

A fight ensues. But alas! for the unfortunate victim!

The laws of the house allow Miss Bonner to summon any one in the house to her assistance; while the abused one is allowed no help, and if the patients volunteer their aid as their sympathies sometimes compel them to do, they are sure to find it to their own sorrow afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Coe, the cooks, being near, were called in at this juncture, where, according to their testimony given under oath to the Investigating Committee, they found Miss Bonner—a large heavy woman—resting her whole weight upon the body of this small, delicate invalid, with her knees upon her stomach, and thus confined she was using the patient's head as a hammer, and her hair as a handle, and thus pounding the floor with it with the greatest violence.

They exclaimed as they entered and saw this spectacle :

“ Why, Lizzy, what are you doing ? Are you killing her ? ”

“ I am seeking satisfaction and I will have it ! I will not be abused by a patient ! You help me jacket her so I can have satisfaction upon her ! ”

They suggested, “ Why not put her into a screen-room, where she can hurt no one and get quiet ? ”

“ I will have satisfaction upon her ! for she has got the devil in her and I mean to *beat* it out of her. ”

She then persisted in putting on the straight-jacket as well as she could, and then tied both her arms behind her back, and dragged her across the hall to the bars, where she tied each hand to the bars firmly, and tied each of her feet to the bars in the same manner, and she tied her knees together also. And thus having entirely disarmed her, she seized hold of the hair of her head again and commenced beating the back of her head against the sharp corners of the bars—each blow inflicting a deep gash into her head—so that every blow was followed with blood splashing in every direction, besmearing the floor and walls, our clothes, and a pie I had in my hand, with human gore.

We again exclaimed :

“ Lizzy, are you actually going to kill her ? ”

“ No, but I will have satisfaction upon her and teach her that I will not take abuse from a patient. ”

“ Another time, ” Mrs. Coe adds, “ happening in her ward

at a call of duty, I saw her seize Mrs. O'Brien—an apparently dying woman—who was lying upon a hard settee, confined with a tight jacket about her, which Lizzy said was necessary to keep the clothes over her! But to all appearance she had not strength enough to put them off.

The food and froth were running from her mouth and a deadly look was upon her features. She took hold of one of her arms and dragged her with violence from the settee upon the floor and dragged her across the hall to the bath-room, where with the help of her assistant, she held her face under the streaming faucet by jerking her neck back by the hair of her head!

In answer to my inquiry: “What are you doing, Lizzy, with that dying woman?” she replied:

“I am washing her neck and face!”

“Wouldn't it be better to take off her clothes and put her into a bath-tub and give her a nice, warm bath, and then put her into a nice, clean bed?”

“You had better be attending to your own business in the kitchen, getting us something fit to eat, and not be here dictating to me—if you don't stop this business, I'll report you to Mrs. McFarland.”

“Mrs. McFarland has no right to prevent my coming here at the call of duty.”

Mrs. O'Brien died a few days after.

She said also, “I know of another case where she dislocated the arm of a patient by her treatment and she died a few days after.”

She said Dr. McFarland told her not to let it be known at all abroad that she had dislocated the arm, and this was all the reproof he gave her.

Miss Bonner has made her boast that Dr. McFarland once caught her abusing a patient, and he just gave her a smile of approbation and then left her to torture her poor helpless vic-

tim to the full extent her angry passions prompted her to do.

Oh! if there is any place on earth where the afflicted have no comforter, it is in our insane asylums. "Verily on the side of their oppressors there is power, but they have no comforter,"—*no protection*.

For there is no link to connect the inmates of insane asylums with the laws of the country.

So long therefore as this link is wanting, so long is every inmate of our insane asylums liable and exposed to receive the treatment inflicted upon Miss Hodson.

Often have I heard the threat expressed:

"I shall prosecute you for this."

And as often heard the retort:

"Insane people have no rights that the law respects. *You* prosecute! What is your testimony worth as a witness, in law? Nothing! You can't scare us by your threats—no law reaches you—you are wholly at the mercy of your keepers! We are amenable to no law except the will of the autocrat who reigns supreme within these prison walls!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

Interview with Mr. Wells, of Chicago—A Victim of Homesickness.

At one of our dancing parties, I had the satisfaction of meeting Mr. Wells, of Chicago, whom I found upon acquaintance, to be a man of pleasing address, of fine talents, and possessing a great share of learning and intelligence. While others were engaged in dancing, we would oftentimes be conversing on subjects of common interest respecting the management of the asylum.

There seemed to be a perfect coincidence in our views in relation to this subject, and we secretly agreed upon a plan of exposing it when we got out.

But he became a victim of homesickness to the highest degree which caused his death.

This long pent up indignation would sometimes vent itself in vehement language. For example, one night at our dance, I inquired if he had heard from his friends. He replied in a most vehement and impressive manner:

“ Friends ! I have no friends ! I will never have a friend again ! They have been the curse of my life ! Curse on all the friends I ever had ! ”

I can respond to this sentiment, as can almost all others who have been put in here by their friends. It is indeed now true, that “ A man’s foes are they of his own household.” And if any doubt it, I think if they were at once put in here by their friends they would then be compelled to believe it. Miss Hall, a very smart young lady who had been here for a few weeks, said :

‘ If my friends can put me into such a place as this, they can

not care anything for me ; I am knocked about as if I were nothing but a dog. I am Miss Smith's mere slave or brute. It is enough to drive one's senses and intellect all away from us, to be treated as we are. Those who have established such Institutions must be criminals ! What can they mean, to let that saucy, mean girl drive us about so ? And there is no escape, no appeal from her impudence !'

And, Mr. Wells, have you not ascertained that this is one of the most prominent features of the 'treatment' we are sent here to receive ? They must make us feel that we are utterly deserted, with no sort of appeal, to inspire in us a reverence for the despotic will which rules supreme here."

"Despotic will ! There never lived a greater despot, than now lives in that man," pointing to Dr. McFarland, who was now approaching us. "But we must separate—the Doctor must not see us together."

Saying this, he arose and walked to another part of the hall. After the Doctor left the hall, we resumed our conversation.

"Mr. Wells, have you suffered from Dr. McFarland's tyranny, personally ?"

"Indeed I have ; I could now show the deep ridges upon my limbs here," placing his hands upon his lower limbs, just above his knees, "marks of the rope with which I have been bound to the bed-rack in the lowest ward !"

"What ! you bound with ropes ! what did they bind you for ?"

"Because I insisted upon having my little poodle dog in my room for my amusement, and his safety. I had just paid three dollars for it, intending to carry it as a present to my little son at Chicago. But being denied this solace, I contrived to evade the command to take it from me ; and finding it in the coal-bin, when I was out one day, I managed to get it back, unnoticed, to my room.

But alas ! this happiness soon terminated ; for orders soon

came from headquarters, that 'Mr. Wells be put into the lowest ward, and confined to the bed-rack, as his penalty for this act of disobedience.' I made every appeal possible to Dr. McFarland to induce him to mitigate my sentence; but all in vain. I said, 'Doctor, you are a father, can you not sympathize with me in my desire to receive a welcome from my darling boy, and in return bestow upon him a gift which I know will delight him?' He made no reply, whatever, but turned away as if he heard not a word I said!"

"That is just as he has treated me, although physical abuse I have not suffered; yet, what is worse, I feel his iron grip upon my every inalienable right—all, all are at his bidding, subject wholly to his will alone. Mr. Wells, this is a State Institution; can you tell me how such a despotism could have taken root on Illinois soil?"

"Mrs. Packard, the people of Illinois know nothing about this Institution, except through the Doctor's one-sided reports. He, himself, has run the Institution into a despotism, and now it is hard to convince a blinded public of it, as he has made them feel that he is almost infallible. He is of Scotch descent, and he has stamped the monarchical feeling of his nature upon this nominally republican Institution.

"But can it not be known? Can't we tell of it, when we get out?"

"Yes, Mrs. Packard, I am determined upon that. I command a printing press at Chicago, and I will print all you will write, and will write myself; and this shall be the first great work I shall do, after I get out of this place. I am *determined* in this matter. But don't let the Doctor know of this fact, for he never will let us out alive if we do."

"But I have already told him of my determination, and that is what he is keeping me for."

"Oh, Mrs. Packard, you will never get out then! But I will tell of your case when I get out, and help you, if I can."

Here the party broke up, and taking his offered arm, he escorted me to the door of my room, where we parted forever, with these words ; while bending over me, he whispered in my ear :

“Mrs. Packard, my press shall be used for your benefit ; but, Keep dark ! Keep dark !”

In one week from this time Mr. Wells was a corpse.

His desire to see or hear from his wife and children in Chicago, reached such a pitch of intensity, that nature could bear no more. His large, capacious brain became convulsed under the mental agony of too long suspense—of hope of hearing from his wife too long deferred—and these fits continued, with but few short lucid intervals, until he died.

The day he died, Mary, the Doctor's youngest daughter, came to my room, and remarked, with tears in her eyes :

“It is too bad ! it is too bad ! Father ought to have sent Mr. Wells' letter.”

“What do you mean, Mary ?”

“About one week ago Mr. Wells gave father a letter, to be mailed to his wife. In this letter he wrote how terribly homesick he was—how he could not stand it much longer without hearing from her—that if she disappointed him this time, it would kill him. He knew it would kill him. The hope of getting a reply to this letter would keep him up until there had been time to get a reply, and then ‘if I don't get one *I shall die*. I can't bear another disappointment and live through it.’ He then asked his wife's forgiveness for all the hard things he had spoken or written about her putting him into such a place, saying, as his only excuse, ‘You cannot imagine how much I am suffering. But I can, and will, forgive all, if you will now take me out, or even write and tell me you will do so. But if you do not promptly respond to this letter, in some way, farewell forever ! It will be my last ! I shall die of anguish !’”

“Now,” she added, “Mr. Wells is dead, and father has that letter yet !”

The very day he expected a reply, and received none, he went into convulsions, which continued until he died.

As Mr. Wells was so well known in Chicago, I will here add Mrs. Olsen's notice of him, as found in her "Prison Life."

Mrs. Olsen was for one year an associate with me in my Asylum life and experience. For a few months we were allowed to occupy the same ward and eat at the same table. The companionship and sympathy of this devoted and most intelligent Christian sister in bonds, was the brightest oasis of my prison life.

Since our liberation she has written a most thrilling story of her Asylum life, which I have published, and several thousand copies of which are now in circulation. From this book I make the following and also several subsequent extracts:

"One evening a ball was held in another hall to which I was invited, I observed a very dignified and intelligent looking gentleman, by whose appearance I inferred him to be one of the attendants. On being introduced to this gentleman I remarked:

" 'I presume, Sir, you are one of the attendants?'

" 'No, I am not an attendant,' he replied with emphasis.

" 'But you are not a patient here? Surely you are not deprived of your liberty?'

" 'They call me a patient, but I do not call myself one, as nothing is done for my health.'

"This was the late Mr. Wells, of Chicago, formerly editor and proprietor of a popular commercial paper in that city. He proceeded to speak very freely to me, while the rest were dancing.

"He said he had been ill treated by a landlord, and that his indignation on the occasion had been construed into insanity, and that his wife being frightened; was influenced by others to take him to the "Asylum" where he had remained in a condition of great physical discomfort, and mental suffering.

“I asked him if he was not well treated by Dr. McFarland.

“He answered unhesitatingly in the negative, affirming that he was uniformly cold and frigid in his deportment to him.

“I endeavored to console him as well as I could, referring him to those general principles of justice, which I believed would ultimately be carried out, and work emancipation to all the suffering. I said nothing disrespectful of Dr. McFarland, as I did not wish to confirm the views of Mr. Wells, or add to his unpleasant feelings in that direction; but said briefly all I could suggest in favor of the Doctor, reminding Mr. Wells how difficult it must be to do justice to every one, in a position involving such weighty responsibilities.

“I cannot forget the look he gave me, as he turned away in apparent disgust.

““If you are the apologist of McFarland and his iniquities, I don't covet your acquaintance,” he exclaimed with much emphasis.

“I apologized for having inadvertently wounded his feelings, and quietly withdrew to another part of the hall.

“In the course of the evening, we met again. Feeling reluctant that he should have an erroneous impression respecting my conversation, I made some bland remark about the festivity of the evening. Quite reinstated in his good humor, he replied very politely, and again we entered into conversation.

“I asked him if he did not dance on these occasions.

““I have danced sometimes, but I shall never dance in these halls again. I cannot dance—I am thinking of my lonely young wife—my little babes, thus deprived of a father's protection, I am all but dying to see them.”

“He spoke of his wife with the deepest tenderness; said she was ever true and forever kind to him; he did not at all blame her for his imprisonment, but severely blamed those who had been her advisers.

““No,” he repeated, as he cast a rueful look again upon the

dancers, 'no, no; I shall never dance in these halls any more.'

"Soon the ball was ended, I bade him good evening, and we parted.

"One week later another ball was held in the same hall, to which again a few of the patients, myself included, were invited. I looked around for my friend, but looked in vain.

"Upon inquiring, I was informed that Mr. Wells was very sick. His prediction proved true; he had indeed danced his last. Grief and suffering had brought on a disease, which could not be cured, at least by the cold ministrations of careless hirelings.

"They were dancing—He was dying!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

An Asylum Sabbath.

It was my good fortune to find the Sabbath-day here observed or kept in what I call a Christian manner. It was observed as a day of rest, as God's command requires.

There were more tumbled beds, this day, than any other. The rule of other days, "Keep them off their beds," was in a measure suspended on this day for rest. It was very seldom that company entered the wards on this day, therefore this suspension of the rules for "display," was no detriment to the reputation of the house.

I felt that, for myself, I could better meet the demands of my conscience under the influence of this house, than I ever could outside its walls.

Having all my life been connected with a minister's family, I found, of course, little time for the rest the command enjoined upon me.

Besides attending to the necessary labor incident to eating and sleeping, as on other days, I was obliged not only to dress myself, but my children also, for church and Sunday school, and attend two or three public services, besides the Sunday school and teachers' meeting, perhaps, in addition; so that when my resting hour arrived, I would usually feel more the need of rest from weariness, than any other day of the week.

Now, since I have allowed my common-sense a little latitude in this direction, I am convinced I was then in reality breaking the Sabbath, by pursuing this course. Instead of being rested as I ought to have been, in mind and body, by the Sabbath, I so used it as to unfit myself for the renewal of weekly toil with fresh vigor.

I now understand that God *rested* from his labor on the Sabbath, and so should we.

He has so constituted us, that more than six days of continued, unbroken labor, without extra rest, is a detriment to our mental and physical faculties. To go to meeting too much, may be breaking the spirit of the command, as well as working too much. It is rest that we need, and it is rest we should feel bound to take on this day, as an act of obedience to a law of our nature.

We should so spend the day as to find ourselves refreshed and invigorated for the active duties of our calling; otherwise we break the Sabbath.

CHAPTER XLV.

An Attendant put under My Charge.

Miss Adelaide Tryon, a young school girl of eighteen years, was introduced into our ward, to take Miss Smith's place. To all appearances, she is a girl of weak mind, and small abilities; but time alone will test her, and develop whether she is fitted for the place or not.

My first impressions of her are not good, still I intend to suspend judgment till a fair trial. My mind may be a little prejudiced, from my first interview.

I went into the dining-room, after breakfast as usual, to get my ice, when I met her at her duties. Since the ice had not come up, I waited a few minutes and entered into conversation with her.

She answered me rather short and abruptly, evidently trying to impress the idea upon my mind, that she regarded me as beneath her notice, except as her under-servant. She ordered me to hand her the knives and forks, for her to put around the table, which I did; after which she ordered me out of the dining-room.

I silently obeyed, and returned to my room to ponder over the peculiar trials to which an imprisonment among maniacs rendered our moral nature liable.

While upon my knees praying for grace and patience to bear them with a Christian spirit, my devotions were suspended by the entrance of Miss Hall. She came with a full heart of grief and sorrow to pour out her complaints to me. She finished by saying :

“Mrs. Packard, I had rather be taken out and shot than be looked upon as an insane person, and treated as we are.”

“So had I, and so would hundreds of others here, could they have their choice.”

Here God had sent me a remedy for my own sorrows; I must bear her burdens, to lighten my own. Like many others here, Miss Hall is suffering for the sins of her friends towards her, and now in addition, she has to bear the sins of Dr. McFarland's injustice by suffering his attendants to torment her.

After she left, Miss Tryon came to my room and attempted to bolt in, very unceremoniously. I arose and opened the door and introduced her in, when she, in a very abrupt manner, said:

“I came in to see what you were doing; what have you in your hand? Are you fond of reading?”

After answering her civilly, I tried to converse with her in an intelligent lady-like manner; to which she seemed heedlessly indifferent, evidently seeming to regard what I said, as idle talk, beneath her notice.

Here, this little school-girl feels at liberty to lord it over me as much as she chooses, regarding me and my society with contempt!

Mean as she seems, I wish to do her good as a sister. But in order to do so, I think I must tell her that I am not her servant—that she is my servant, that I am a boarder here, and she a hired servant to wait upon the boarders. If she attempts to rule over me, I shall regard it as an insult, such as I shall feel morally bound to resent. But by forbearance and patience, she may be led to see her faults for herself, and avoid them in future.

I have told her that I was the means of getting her here, for it was through my influence that Miss Smith was discharged, since I reported her to the Doctor for her abuse of the patients.

She said, “You won't report me, will you?”

“I don't expect to have occasion to do so, for I trust you will be kind to them.”

It is due Miss Tryon to add that she became a reasonable and kind attendant; and so far as her subsequent treatment of me was concerned, I had no occasion to complain of her, and as Providence appointed, I was delegated by her father to be her guardian! This was a new thing in Asylum life, to have an attendant put under the care of a patient! The facts are these:

Miss Tryon one day brought her father to my room, and after introducing us, as I responded to her lady-like knock, by opening the door, she left us, and I asked him into my room, when we soon found ourselves engaged in earnest and intelligent conversation. As he took his leave, he remarked:

“Mrs. Packard, I see you are a sensible woman; now, may I not be allowed to place my daughter under your charge, since she is young and inexperienced, and needs the guardianship of some one like yourself?”

“Certainly, Mr. Tryon, I not only thank you for the compliment, but I should be happy to accept the charge, and will promise you to be to her a true friend.”

Apparently pleased and satisfied with my answer, he took a respectful leave, and joined his daughter in her room, where he asked her about me, who I was, etc.

To her reply that I was a patient, he expressed his astonishment by exclaiming:

“Why, she is the most intelligent lady I ever saw! There is not the least particle of insanity about her! There must be some mistake about that.”

“I think so too, for she has been just as she is now, during the three weeks I have been here, and all in the house say she has been just the same, ever since she has been here.”

“There must be some mistake—there is foul play somewhere—I shall speak to Dr. McFarland about this.”

And he did speak, and the result was: Miss Tryon received express orders from Dr. McFarland never to let her father into the ward again!

CHAPTER XLVI.

A Scene in the Fifth Ward.

One afternoon, Miss Tryon came to me in quite an exhausted condition, exclaiming :

“ I am actually weak and faint from witnessing a scene of abuse in the lowest ward. Bridget Welch, Elizabeth Bonner’s assistant, has been treating one of her patients most barbarously. I never saw a human being so basely abused. Bridget, in her passion, seemed more like a fiend than a woman. If Dr. McFarland could have seen and known how she treated her patient, and approved of it, he must be a very different man from what I had supposed.”

“ The Doctor does know and approve of things most horrible here. I could prove that Elizabeth Bonner had said the Doctor once caught her, in one of her passions, abusing her defenceless victim, and gave her a smile of approbation, leaving her to expend her fury to her heart’s content.”

She replied, that Bridget had told her that she and Elizabeth were fighting Miss Rollins, and the Doctor caught them at it, and simply passed on, exclaiming as he passed :

“ ‘ That is right—Give it to her, unless she will give up.’ ”
But, “ it don’t sound like Dr. McFarland.”

“ No, it don’t sound like him in his ostensible character, but I fear it is like him in his real character ; he is a very deceitful man. He looks well after his ostensible character, and plans very adroitly, to delude, deceive, and pervert the truth, so as to shield himself publicly from the imputation of inhumanity. When he finds he has gone too far in encouraging abuse, and is in danger of exposure, he is careful to give the tide of feeling a new turn, by discharging the attendant for abuse, and thus reserve to himself the credit of being humane to his patients.

Thus he puts upon our merciful sex, the credit of the inhumanity of his acts, and claims to himself the humanity. In reality, he instigates them to do what their nature revolts at, but what they feel compelled to do, to retain his approval; then he will add abuse to abuse by discharging them for doing as he wished them to do!"

She said Bridget Connelly had refused to leave the dining-room at the request of Bridget Welch, the attendant. Instead of dealing gently with her, to induce her to go, they used authority over her, which did not increase her readiness to obey.

Then commenced a terrible scene of battle; the attendant seized Bridget by the hair, when Miss Tryon came to the rescue.

She endeavored to pacify both parties, by trying to induce Bridget Connelly to leave the hall. But her endeavors were not successful in making peace.

By the help of another attendant, they undertook to secure the obedience of Bridget by brute force. Thus they succeeded in what they called "subduing her."

"Having done this, and even after the patient had yielded, they inflicted upon her a terrible beating. Then throwing her upon the floor, they kicked, pounded, and stamped upon her with both feet. They repeatedly knocked her head upon the floor with great violence, pulled up her head by the hair, pounding it with vehemence. It seemed as if this process must have beaten all the sense out of her, which was, indeed, the case. She became almost insensible before they finished. Exhausted and overcome with suffering, her strength now entirely failed. In this condition they dragged her, as if she were a dead carcass, from the dining-room, across the long hall, then locked her up, and left her alone to her fate. Indeed she seemed nearly dead."

I said to Miss Tryon, "The Doctor ought to know it."

"I do not like to tell him, being a stranger here; and I may

get the ill will of the attendants. Dr. McFarland often instructs us to observe the By-laws, which say we must take the attendants' part, when called upon to do so, and I did not continue to do it when I found how she was misusing her."

I felt that I could appreciate her feelings, and could not urge her to tell the Doctor; but I felt that a responsibility rested now upon me, and retired to my room to seek wisdom to know and do my duty with reference to it.

While thus employed, Miss Tryon came to my door, and asked me to promise her that I would say nothing to the Doctor about it.

I told her I would not make such a promise; that I had the demands of my own conscience to meet, and I should do what seemed my duty. I added, however:

"You have nothing to fear, Miss Tryon, from what I do; it will not harm you, for you are deserving great praise for what you have done. The stand you have taken, has shown you to be true to your nature—to the dictates of humanity—such a position cannot harm you. It will exalt you more than any course you can pursue. Don't fear to do right—to be true to your kind instinct—for this is the only true road to preferment."

I again asked for light to know my duty, and concluded to report to the Doctor myself.

I accordingly did so, when Dr. Tenny came to my room. I have found by observation, that Dr. Tenny possesses a heart. He has not permitted the generous, tender sympathies of his heart to ossify as Dr. McFarland has done, by turning a deaf ear to the claims upon his sympathy, which his suffering patients demanded of him. We can go to Dr. Tenny, feeling that his ear is not deaf to the dictates of reason and humanity. We find he has a heart to pity, and feel that he will do what in reason, he can for us.

The prompt, vigorous response he made to my appeal, shows

him to be still alive, and not "dead in trespasses and sins." After patiently listening, and giving me opportunity to unburden my heart to him, by telling the particulars of the case, as Miss Tryon related them to me, he sought the Doctor's office with a quick step, and there related the affair as I had told him, accompanying it with such enthusiasm and indignation, that it seemed to arouse the intellect of Dr. McFarland.

He saw that unless he did something, others would.

He accordingly summoned Bridget and Miss Tryon to his presence, and the latter was called on to relate the story herself.

She did so, and Bridget did not deny it.

The Doctor then summoned Bridget to his office, and gave her a discharge.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mrs. Olsen's Fifth Ward Experiences.

As the reader is now introduced into the Fifth ward, I will here add a chapter from Mrs. Olsen's experience there. She was consigned to this ward because she ventured to expostulate with Mrs. McFarland upon her refusing to grant her request for permission to write to her friends, instead of accepting the denial with unanswering submission.

“ If the inhabitants of the Twentieth century should ever have the real condition of this terrible prison described as it now exists, and be informed of the purposes to which it is applied, they will regard this prison with the same feeling as we now do the Spanish Inquisition and its abettors and apologists.

As, under the guidance of the ill-fated Dr. Tenny, I descended the three long flights of stairs leading to this charnel house of human woe, I felt a dizzy heart-sickness which almost deprived me of the power of articulation. Was it a prescience of those “ coming events,” which “ cast their shadows before,” that affected me thus ?”

I could not tell, but was only conscious of a faintness and weakness which nearly deprived me of the power of locomotion.

I asked Dr. Tenny to give me a formal introduction to the attendant, having never seen her. He complied, and though her countenance had an expression of stern repulsiveness, I determined, if there was any goodness in her, to find it out. I would, by the patience and assiduous kindness of my own deportment, awaken and develop all of goodness and humanity that might possibly be found smouldering beneath the icy surface of her heart. Perceiving that she was Irish, I remarked :

“ Oh, you are an Irish lady ; I love the Irish dearly ; many

of them have shown me much kindness. I know your people are kind-hearted. Well, you may be sure that I shall give you no trouble. I always obey the rules, and try to help my attendants; indeed, Miss Bonner, I think you must have much work to do here, with so many to take care of, and perhaps I may be able to assist you some in your labor."

I thus attempted to conciliate, and enlist her kind feelings. But slander and hatred had taken fearfully the start of me. She replied, as I had said I should give her no trouble:

"Indeed yee'd better not make me any trouble, it won't be well fur ye if ye do."

I confess I was "taken back a few miles!"

She continued, "yee's no better'n the rest on em; yee'r all jist alike here, un ye needn't ixpict iny better treatment un the rest on um git. Now ye jist set down (pointing to a hard stationary bench) un mind yer business. Yer the wust un, the crazyest on em all in the hull Institution; yees a nuisance."

After this most amiable delivery, she stopped to take breath, and fearing she might again start on a fresh "heat," I immediately obeyed her, by sitting down in silence on the bench she had assigned me.

I began to doubt my power over the insane. Here indeed I saw the insane without mistake, but I then thought, and never afterwards changed my opinion, that Lizzy Bonner was more insane than any one in her care! I did not fear them, with all their fury; but I confess I did fear her, with her much wilder fury!

I had always some expedient by which I could easily disarm her very wildest maniacs, but I never could disarm or tame their far more ferocious keeper!

Beside me, sitting, or rather crouching on the same bench, were a few silent and very filthy women, with their one garment indecently torn, and a puddle of unfragrant water on the floor under their feet.

Some, in more remote parts of the hall, were screaming fearfully, at which I did not wonder. If I had been a screamer, or at all nervous, I should doubtless have swelled the concert, so full was this pandemonium of every imaginable horror!

The faces of many were frightfully blackened by blows, received partly from each other in their internecine conflicts, but mostly, I subsequently discovered, by their attendants!

One very fat old woman who could not speak English, was sitting on the floor with a perfectly idiotic expression upon her face. One pale girl sat weeping bitterly, and shivering upon a bench with very thin clothing. Several were silent and appeared to take no notice of anything. These were melancholics in nearly the last stages of despair.

One, in quite the last stage as I inferred, was tied to her hard bench with her arms and chest tightly confined by a straight-jacket, and attempting to commit suicide by fiercely beating her head back against the wall. The sight of this poor young female, in her frantic attempts to rush from an obvious hell into the untried scenes of an undiscovered future, was too appalling for me to gaze upon. I turned away my eyes with a sick horror, but still heard her pounding her bruised head.

No one here was working, for all capable of being made to work, were at this time engaged in some of the numerous toiling departments of the establishment. Some were lying on the floor, exhibiting the most indescribably indecent appearances.

The windows were all open; I was shivering with cold, being at this time in the incipient stages of fever and ague.

This disease was probably acquired by inhaling the mephitic exhalations of the Eighth ward.

I drew my woolen shawl closely about my person, covering my head and eyes from these terrific sights and sounds, and sat in dumb amazement.

“Is this,” I silently ejaculated, “the destiny to which I am doomed for an indefinite period?”

Oh, the insufferable anguish of those moments of horror! Language cannot portray it; it is utterly powerless. Every faculty of mind was intensified to the utmost, in those few moments of dumb tearless agony. It seemed as if my palsied heart must cease its beating.

But these contemplations were soon interrupted by the coarse voice of Bonner, screaming loudly from the opposite end of the long hall. She was obliged to scream very loud, in order to be heard above the rest of the screamers.

“Miss Coalspit, come here!”

Not supposing myself addressed, I did not move from my seat; she repeated:

“Miss Coalspit, I tell ye come here!”

Still I moved not, and began to wonder that neither did any one else, in obedience to this imperative mandate. Observing me still motionless, she yelled out yet more furiously:

“You woman that’s a sittin there with yer shawl all over yer head, I tell ye come here this minute!”

This last was a “trumpet” with no “uncertain sound!” I rose immediately, walked down the hall to where she was standing, and said in a low voice:

“Excuse me, Miss Bonner, I did not know you addressed me, as my name is not Miss Coalspit, but Mrs. Olsen.”

“We call folks anything here, jest as happens; we don’t stan about bein polite here to any on yees,” she replied in a stormy voice.

“So I perceive, but for myself, you will please excuse me from following this fashion. I have no more politeness than I need, I cannot dispense with any, but must use all I have, as I perceive politeness is rather needed here; what do you wish of me, Miss Bonner?”

“I wish ye to take off that are shawl, ye don’t need it here; the rest on em don’t wear shawls, un you shan’t.”

“I am very cold—have taken the fever and ague, the chills

are upon me now, and I fear sitting still with the windows open, as you say I must, would in this very damp air, cause me to take cold; I should prefer to keep my shawl upon me for the present, if you please, Miss Bonner."

"I don't want any of yer talk; take it right off this minute, ur I'll save yees the trouble—folks have to mind here, I tell ye,—so be quick."

Seeing her fiercely approaching me, I immediately gave her my shawl, walked once more to my seat, and again sat down still, as she had ordered me to do.

In this prison was exacted the most immediate and uncompromising obedience to rules and requirements which a slave holder would have blushed to inflict upon his human chattels. Our own preferences were never consulted.

"You must do this because I want ye to," was all the reason given.

Does the public think this a good way for lost sanity to be regained?

Alas, what has the public hitherto known about it?

There is absolutely no escape from obedience here, no matter what is required. I have many times, seen even tardy or reluctant obedience punished with fearful severity.

I have seen the attendant strike and unmercifully beat her patients on the head with a bunch of heavy keys which she carried fastened by a cord around her waist; leaving their faces blackened and scarred for weeks.

I have seen her twist their arms and cross them behind the back, tie them in that position, and then beat the victim till the other patients would cry out, begging her to desist.

I have seen her punish them by pouring cold water into their bosoms, a pailful at the time, leaving it to dry without changing their wet clothing, the remainder of the day, several hours.

I have seen her strike them prostrate to the floor with great violence, then beat and kick them.

At other times I have seen Elizabeth Bonner after throwing them down, their faces to the floor, pull them back and forth by the hair, and beat the noses and faces repeatedly upon the floor.

I have seen her kneel upon their bodies and strike and pound them, till by struggling and crying, they became too weak to make resistance, then drag them to their rooms and lock them up for many hours, leaving them alone.

I have seen her do all this too, without any proof that they had been guilty of what she had accused them. And even when others had accused them, she was always more ready to believe the accuser than anything the accused could say in self-defence.

In this way, this Jury, Judge, and Executive of her own laws, went on using the powers her position as head attendant gave her under the direction and command of Dr. Andrew McFarland! "our accomplished Superintendent!"

It was not rarely and occasionally, but hourly and continually, that these brutalities occurred.

There was not a single day, of the twenty days I staid there, that I did not witness scenes of this character. Sometimes it appeared that I must turn away; that I could not endure to see human beings thus abused. But the next thought was one of self-accusation for being thus tender to my own feelings.

"If these sufferers can bear to feel it, I can and will bear to see it, for if I do not see these things, I cannot testify that I did. So I will even look on."

But this resolution I confess did sometimes break down, for I was often so much shocked that I had to turn away my eyes, and many times I stuffed both my ears as full as possible, with locks of cotton to deaden the noise of demoniac shrieking of these victims when under torture.

One day I became so indignant that I summoned courage, and told Miss Bonner that if she did not stop abusing the patients in this way, I should tell Dr. McFarland of it.

“Dr. McFarland knows all about it, I don’t do anything here, but what he knows it all, and he tells me to manage the patients here by my own judgment, and I intend to do as he tells me. So you can mind your own business.”

But I told her then that I should talk matters over with Dr. Tenny when I could get a chance to see him, and intimated that I should give him some edifying information of how matters went on. Also that in due time Mrs. Packard should be informed of these affairs.

“You shan’t tell Mrs. Packard, she’s a lady, and you’re a nuisance; you ain’t fit to speak to her.”

“But she loves me, if I am a nuisance; she gave me this chain,” pointing to a beautifully-wrought white chain which I then wore upon my neck. “She gave me this to wear as a pledge of her attachment to me, and I shall wear it every day, for her sake.”

Lizzy “looked daggers,” at this discovery, and had it not been for the great popularity of Mrs. Packard there, I think she would have robbed me of this beautiful ornament, as I have seen her rob others of gold ornaments.

At that moment, I was wearing garments which Mrs. Packard had lent me in the Eighth ward, as my own under garments had been stolen from me, and divided among some of the employees in the asylum.

As soon as “Liz” knew I was wearing borrowed garments of Mrs. Packard, she compelled me to take them off and give them to her, to be returned to Mrs. Packard, saying that it was against the rules for one patient to borrow of another.

“I wish it was against the rules to let the servants steal the clothing from the patients.”

But this I said in my own heart, not vocally.

The loss of these garments, added to the robbery of my shawl, caused me to shiver continually. In a few days, the fever and ague was so established that I became nearly prostrate.

When again I saw Dr. Tenny, I told him how I constantly shivered for the loss of my clothing. He ordered Lizzy to restore my shawl immediately, which she did; my stolen garments were not returned.

After this, Lizzy appeared to hate me with a bitterness that was truly appalling. She tried in many ways, to provoke me to ill temper, as I supposed, in order to frame some complaint against me, or to have some excuse for abusing me. But I determined she should have not even the semblance of justification for the wanton insults with which she first met, and almost uniformly ever afterwards treated me, especially while in the lowest prison ward.

I resolutely governed my temper, persevered in obeying instantly her slightest commands, and always addressed her with tones of mildness and conciliation.

She never, in the Fifth ward, used any violence with me, but assured me of her readiness to do so, in case I dared to disobey.

As she saw to her sorrow, that there was some danger of Dr. Tenny's protecting me, she was obliged to refrain from actually striking me, but calmed off occasionally some small portion of her ever-boiling fury, by shaking her fists, and annoying me with all the little petty persecutions possible.

In my dialogue with Lizzy Bonner, already referred to, I had given her to understand that I should lay these matters before Dr. Tenny, the first opportunity.

She replied, that if I interfered, I should "git the same treatment the rest on 'em git."

I was so closely watched, however, that no opportunity occurred for a long time, in which to tell Dr. Tenny.

Dr. McFarland seldom came into the Fifth ward, and when he did, would pass directly through the hall, without ever, to my knowledge, stopping to show the least sympathy, or the least attempt to relieve the suffering so dreadfully apparent in every face.

We used to say that Dr. McFarland's nose was too delicate; he didn't seem much to enjoy the *smell* of the Fifth ward. We didn't blame him for that; we only blamed him for making us endure it.

The room Lizzy gave me was one where the occupant, unfortunately, was much addicted to using tobacco, and would eject the superfluous perversion of the gastric juice all over the floor, and the walls of her room, with a liberality, which, to a decent woman, must be truly appalling.

It certainly appalled me, when, to my utter consternation, I discovered that this room was assigned to me!

In this most filthy place, I could not breathe without nearly strangling, but I was assured that the room was:

“ Good enough fur yees.”

Sick and enfeebled as the ague had made me, I yet felt more able to scrub and clean, than to breathe and sleep in this terrible Pandora's box as it was.

I very mildly asked of my attendant the privilege of procuring from the wash-room a pail of hot water and soap, with which to clean this room. She granted this favor, and I was overjoyed, having feared that I was to be locked in here as it was.

I began my task, proceeding gradually as my strength allowed, to scrub and make clean this filthy room, so far as I was able to reach the wall upwards. The remainder I was obliged to leave unfinished. But the floor I made quite clean, with abundance of water and soap scrubbing, so that before night the room was really quite tolerable.

One of the insane, who was allowed to go out, had the kindness to bring a nice bouquet of beautiful flowers, which I accepted gratefully, and placed in my partly darkened window. I looked upon these beautiful expressions of good-will with real pleasure,—a pleasure bestowed by the sweet ministrations of our gentle mother nature.

What a poor fool I was, to imagine for a moment that such a privilege would be allowed me!

As soon as Lizzy came along, she rushed up to my flowers, jerked them out of the room in an instant, without saying a word, then giving the door a bang with her keys, vanished out of my sight.

I dared make no remonstrance, "lest some worse thing might come to me."

The next day, lo, a worse thing did come!

Seeing how tidy and clean I had made the room, she informed me she wanted that room for another patient.

Before I had time even to look up in astonishment, I was jerked out of it, with as little ceremony as had been my unfortunate flowers the previous day. Opening another door, into another horribly filthy room, she said:

"This is to be your room now."

I shall not attempt to portray my feelings on this occasion!

With much abated strength, and now rather waning hope, again I procured soap and other etceteras, and repeated the cleaning process of the previous day.

I was allowed only two days to *enjoy*(?) this room before I was again driven into one still worse!

Those "petty persecutions" continued till the attendant saw that I had no strength left with which to scrub. Then she put me into a screen-room and there I remained the time I staid in this ward.

One day I heard a dreadful noise, worse by far than any I had previously heard. It appeared that for some trifling offence, disputing with an attendant, I believe, Mrs. Hays had incurred the anger of Lizzy Bonner, who now was punishing her.

She tore off, one after another, every single article of clothing from her victim. She did this with so much haste, that

used to she tore ~~it~~ under woolen garment into several pieces, and threw the pieces about the floor. Then when perfectly nude, the attendant kicked her body till she had crowded her quite under a stationary bench, when Mrs. Hays curled herself up in a heap, so to speak.

Lizzy's back was turned to me; she did not know I was "taking notes."

I stood paralyzed on witnessing these barbarities, silent and motionless, transfixed with a cold creeping horror:

"Oh, God!" exclaimed I, 'in the deep abyss of my soul, while with dumb lips I quailed.' "Is it thus that thy children must suffer? How long, Oh, Lord, how long?"

The screams of the sufferer were so terrific, and the blows she received so much more terrific, that at last I turned to leave the scene, feeling that I could no longer endure to see it.

But in one instant,—as if more than mortal strength come to my aid,—I thought, "if this sufferer can bear to feel them, I will train my selfish nerves to look on. Because, if I do not see these things, I can never say that I saw them, and as they do exist, I wish to be able to testify."

I silently prayed that death should come to the suffering Mrs. Hays, and relieve her from further torment. But she did not die, for her time had not yet come. Neither did I die, for my time had not yet come.

After Lizzy had beaten, and pulled her hair, and kicked her, to her perfect satisfaction, she dragged her across the hall, into an empty room, and after telling her that "she shouldn't have any supper," left her entirely naked, locked up alone.

Mrs. Hays made no reply; she seemed evidently much weakened; I had no idea that she could live till morning, for I did not then know how far the endurance of human suffering could be carried.

I said nothing to any one. A heavy cloud like the gloom of a funeral in a stormy day was upon my spirit. I felt as

the power of human language had left me, and I quietly glided back to my screen-room.

I saw at supper time while passing her door on my way to the dining hall, that two other very insane women had now been locked up with Mrs. Hays. Their door was only half a door, the upper part being an open iron frame like a window frame, so that one on passing, could see all within. Indeed this was just like my own door at this time, so that I had no protection, not even that of a whole door to defend me from the horrid sounds, sights and smells of this truly purgatorial abode.

“But why are these three dangerous women locked up together?” was my query.

I believe it was done so that in case the black spots which the blows of Lizzy had made upon the face of her victim should not disappear in comfortable season, their infliction might be ascribed to the two fierce patients locked up there with her!

I went to my supper table sadder than I had ever felt. The terrible sights I had seen, followed my vision and destroyed my appetite.

I managed to steal a biscuit from the table, intending to slip it through her bars to the suffering Mrs. Hays, as I passed her door on returning to my own room; but Lizzy, who I believed suspected something of the kind, followed me closely, drove me into my room, and locked my door for the night.

My health had now become extremely enfeebled; I could not sleep except when utterly prostrate from long wakefulness; nature could hold out no longer.

It was my practice to stuff cotton into my ears to deaden the sounds of the terrible shrieks which came from all directions. But the cotton had not power to solace even one brief hour, for the dreadful sounds would find avenues to my ears. I thought I must either become insane from the long pressure upon my brain, caused by these influences, or must die of brain fever, so terrible was the pain in my head.

As a last resort, in my persistent endeavors to counteract these influences, and thus protect my sanity, I used to rise in the night, from my recumbent position, and sit up with these large wads of cotton bound tightly about my ears, at the same time vigorously pressing my head and face downwards to divert the blood from the cerebral veins. I had already begun to experience symptoms of congestion of the brain.

One night while much distressed by such apprehensions, an unusual lassitude crept over me, and ere I was aware, was actually lost in the sweet unconsciousness of slumber.

I was not in heaven, though, in this enviable hour of rest, I dreamed I was there, but in the midst of my rapture over the thought that such a lingering death as I had been suffering, was now indeed "swallowed up in victory," lo! a fierce and rapid succession of far other sounds than "the songs of the redeemed," convinced my reluctantly waking eyes that I was not yet, as I had hoped, "on the other side of Jordan!"

"Oh God! Oh God! let my tormentors be swallowed up forever in the lake of fire and brimstone!"

Shouted with terrific loudness, a young sufferer of about twenty years of age. Her room was but a few feet from my own. She continued with vociferations of this character, as long as she had breath.

Before this song was ended, it had awakened and excited another patient opposite, who, angry to have her temporary sleep thus disturbed, screamed out:

"Yes, I mean to send McFarland's soul to hell! There it shall be roasted and burned for thousands, millions, millions, trillions, trillion years!"

This, too, was many times repeated, as she emphasized and prolonged the first syllable, "M-i-l-l-ions--M-i-l-l-ions!"

Thus this aged woman and the young girl, the fiercest in the hall, tortured my brain, and in the same way almost every night of my stay in this ward; till in my iron determination

not to become myself insane, I actually discovered a method of effectually fighting against Dr. McFarland's seeming decree that my sanity should become annihilated!

I relate it for the benefit of any readers who may possibly be placed in similar circumstances.

Finding that sleep was out of the question, with such a jargon about my head, I resolved to neutralize the effect of such sounds by reversing the current of their ideas; by calling to my aid with a violent effort of will, opposite ideas. Sitting up, erect in my bed, with as loud a voice as I could possibly command, to help to drown these opposite voices, I repeated passages of the most beautiful and attractive poetry I had ever learned in former years.

These daily distractions, added to the intense mental exertions of these my midnight labors, had now perfectly prostrated my health.

One morning my attendant missing my presence at the table, called to my room, and said:

"Ain't ye up yit?"

"I am sick, Elizabeth, please excuse me, I cannot go to the table, and do not wish to eat."

Perceiving my inability to rise, she brought me a plate of baked pork and hot biscuit!

I thanked her, but declined telling her it was impossible to eat it.

She seemed angry, though my manner to her was perfectly gentle as it had ever been. She hastily responded:

"The rest on 'em don't complain; its good enough for 'em they think; un its good enough for ye too, so ye'll eat that or git nothin."

I preferred to "git nothin."

I then very mildly asked her if she would bring me up a cup of weak tea without sugar, if that was not convenient, a glass of cold water. She replied:

“ If yee’s to good to eat sich us the rest on ’em eat, I won’t bring ye nothin more.”

So shutting my half-door with a bang, she left me.

But as it seems “ my time had not yet come to die,” I rallied, and in two or three days, again became able to leave that bed of pain, and go out into the hall. But as neither rest nor safety was to be found there, I again went to my room.

Here, being so weak, the intrusion of the noisy was more annoying than ever ; being now unable to either amuse them or attract them out of my room, as I had often done before. They would persist in pulling over everything in the room, then in the same manner, would examine my person, put their hands into my pocket, and feel of my head, making themselves, in spite of the best efforts I could make to get rid of them, most disgustingly familiar.

They would overhaul the work, which even here, I still tried to do ; often taking away parts of it, causing much disturbance. In other moods of mind, they fancied me their enemy, and would inflict punishments like Lizzy Bonner, on their own responsibility.

Sometimes they would strike me suddenly, knock me down, and often spit upon me, either in my face, or upon my hands or garments, as suited their convenience. Sometimes they annoyed me still worse by trying to pull my clothing from my person, declaring it was theirs, and I had stolen it from them.

Now in my present condition of weakness, I ventured to humbly ask her to lock me up alone in my room in the day time, explaining how they annoyed me, and promising if she would comply with my request, that I would help her again about her work all I could, as soon as I was well.

But she refused, saying :

“ What business had ye to be here then ? ye ain’t crazy, un ye must have been ugly, or yur friends wouldn’t put ye into sich a place as this, I ain’t a goin tu run round ahter ye, un ye

needn't be complainin iny more to me. If they kill ye, 'tis likely ye deserve it."

So I concluded that though locks and keys were always ready to be used against me, yet never could they be used for my protection or advantage.

Therefore, as now I could not defend myself from their fury while sitting up, and feeling very sore and lame, from their blows, I felt no longer able to fight so unequal a battle, and now retired to my bed in the day time, covering myself as closely as possible, to protect my head from the danger of their blows.

My attendant did not allow such indulgence long, but soon ordered me to:

"Git up, and not muss up the bed in the day time."

I rose mechanically, and once more, with but half an armor, endeavored to win my desperate way.

So, on and on I struggled daily, never for a moment losing sight of my original determination to learn all the mysteries of "Lunatic Asylums!"

Whenever I walked from my screen-room to my meals, to the wash-room, indeed anywhere, I had to "watch therefore" how I should step, in order to escape some of the "dangers" which, in the language of a well-known religious poet, "stand thick o'er all the ground, to push us to the tomb."

If I went too near an old lady, Mrs. Triplet, who always sat in one place by which I was obliged to pass on my way to meals, she would brandish her arms and curse and swear loudly, threatening to kill me.

If, in my attempts to escape her, I came too near another on the opposite seat, (both of whom spent most of their time sitting on their seats) the latter would discharge a load of spittle, which she had previously prepared for my reception, into my face, or about my person.

So I was each moment obliged to study how to so adjust my steps as to escape this Scylla and Charybdis. I found it necessary also to appear to be careless, and to conceal from all the fact of my using such vigilance. I did literally walk in a straight and narrow way.

My position here constantly reminded me of that locality, so graphically described by Bunyan, the "Valley of Humiliation," where Christian, at every step encountered "gins, traps, pits and snares."

These were ever menacing my progress, and often caused me internally to exclaim:

"Why am I made to possess months of vanity, while wearisome nights are appointed unto me!"

But "there is an end to all earthly things," it is said, and I here add my testimony that there is also an end to some unearthly things."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Mrs. Olsen's Eighth Ward Experiences.

“According to previous arrangements of Mrs. McFarland and Lizzy Bonner, it was now officially announced in the hall, that the latter was to take about fourteen of her patients up to the Eighth ward in a few days.

This of course created a great sensation, and the query became general:

“Who is going? Is it I?”

So, while yet unable to sit up all day, I joyfully emerged with the rest, and in due ceremony, we were conducted to the very highest part of the building.

Our ascent to the Eighth ward occurred in the morning. When the dinner hour arrived, and I again saw the tranquil beaming face of my beloved friend, Mrs. Packard, I longed to throw myself into her arms, and weep with joy upon her bosom.

She was affected in the same way as were many others respecting the abusive treatment to which the patients were subjected. Yet she did not see the worst forms of this cruelty. The attendants dared not in her presence perpetrate these.

She honestly expressed her feelings both to them and to the officers on this subject. When her eloquent, yet intensely gentle and tender voice was raised in the defence of the suffering ones around her, every other voice was hushed.

We all knew she “was a host” in herself, and many of the “insane” possessed yet sufficient sanity to recognize in her their future deliverer.

The hand of this, our dear friend, was ever ready to administer acts of beneficence, so far as her restricted privilege would

permit—her voice to soothe, to cheer, and to sustain—to encourage the desponding and indolent to energetic activity and self-respect, and to intellectual and moral elevation. The sick delighted to grasp her hand, when she was permitted to visit them, and deep were the murmurings when this privilege was not allowed.

Such an ardent lover of truth, so heroic a defender of principles—dear as her own life—I never saw outside these walls. The boldness with which she reprov'd tyranny and the thrilling eloquence with which she defended the cause of suffering humanity, were truly “a terror to evil doers!”

No one was so popular in the whole institution. Without ever being intrusive, she drew all eyes, all ears, in every circle.

At balls the most ærial dancer; in labor, the most industrious, in all public gatherings or private circles, “the observed of all observers.” The wonderful power she possessed over the minds of others drew all to her ample heart, with an irresistible magnetism. When she came into our hall, every hand, eye and heart, were open to receive her.

I never saw one, who took the least notice of anything, who after having seen her once, did not wish to see her again. When we suffered any unusual abuse, it was very often said:

“I'll tell Mrs. Packard of this.”

We knew our rights would find an able advocate in our firm and gentle friend.

Doctor and Mrs. McFarland were much annoyed by these demonstrations of the fact that Mrs. Packard was so much more popular than themselves; and this annoyance was undoubtedly the reason, that shortly after the accession of the patients from the lowest prison, to her ward, the privileges of Mrs. Packard were materially abridged.

The restrictions to which she was condemned, were very

severe—sufficient to exasperate the gentlest mind. Yet they could not ruffle her undaunted spirit, or change to a frown the sublime tranquility of that heaven-sustained soul.

To my astonishment and joy, at dinner, the day we entered the Eighth ward, Lizzie Bonner said to me:

“Mrs. Olsen, you can have your seat at the table next to Mrs. Packard.”

I did not dare even to thank Miss Bonner, or to show any demonstration of my joy when this most delightful decree was announced, but quietly took my seat.

Here, for a few weeks, I had the privilege of eating without fear that my brains would be knocked out, or that any other episode from dinner, such as some one's upsetting my plate, or laying her hair into it, or crowding or sneezing, or anything of the kind.

Mrs. Packard and myself conversed in very low tones, so as not to disturb any one, and not to permit our attendant to suspect that we were particularly happy. Our meal hours were the most pleasant hours I enjoyed, for with my sweet friend by my side, I forgot that the potatoes were always cold, the meat often tainted, and butter no longer visible.

Mrs. McFarland now avoided Mrs. Packard as much as possible; not only declining to show her the least sympathy, but utterly refusing to speak to her.

Though the latter could never be accused of ever breaking any of the thousand and one rules of our key-holders, and yielded, no less than myself, implicit obedience to all their commands, yet, she was accused by the matron and one of the most obsequious of the attendants, of being “very troublesome!”

I believe she was “very troublesome,” to some of Satan's kingdom; since she persisted so firmly, not only in giving no cause for offence, but in exhibiting, so far as the most blameless life could do so, all the “peaceable fruits of righteousness.”

But it troubled the adversary much to know that she spent nearly all her time writing in her own room, some "mischief," they had reason to fear, might come of it, "Othello's occupation" might become endangered.

It had been discovered by the "powers that be," that her alliances were becoming quite too numerous for the enemies' forces. She was now securely entrenched by fortifications erected by the warm friendship of numerous partizans; and the daily accessions to her party were a signal of defeat to the enemies' forces.

Indeed we all felt that we had been drawn into a regular civil war with the Institution!

All the seventy patients in the Eighth ward who took the least interest in anything, sympathised with Mrs. Packard; and, so far as I could learn, every attendant, both male and female, in the Asylum, defended, and very highly respected Mrs. Packard.

This state of affairs created increased apprehensions in the camp of the enemy. Something must be done. Our potent commander, after holding a war-council with several of his allies, the chief of whom was Bonner, the Prime Minister, now issued officially from his "sanctum," a new and startling Proclamation. It was this:

"All intercourse between Mrs. Packard and the inmates of the west division of the Eighth ward, must be prohibited except under strict guard of an attendant! Mrs. Packard must not be allowed to go into the hall, except when accompanied by an attendant. She is to hold no more prayer meetings, lend no more books, and those she has lent must be immediately returned."

This Proclamation was met in our hall with silent hisses of execration. Some, however, were far from being silent. A few swore loudly on the occasion, and prayed very loudly for a fresh instalment of curses upon the head of Dr. McFarland.

As for me, I wept more bitter tears than any I had ever shed there, knowing that now my life was to be deprived of almost its only earthly solace.

In a very few days I was suddenly ordered to leave my seat at the table next to Mrs. Packard, and take a seat at another table in the same hall by the side of an old lady who was known to be the fiercest and most dangerous of all the female patients in the Asylum! She had been recently conducted from the prison below.

I met this terrible order without trembling, but with a deep and inexpressible indignation, that of course was voiceless. I left my table immediately, without a word of demurring, and took a seat, as ordered, by the side of this fierce woman.

About this time all our rules were rendered much more severe than ever. We were seldom permitted to go out of the house at all; some were never allowed to go, but were kept constantly in close confinement. These were harmless patients too.

Rides were also prohibited. The balls were suspended, and only a very few were permitted to attend the chapel services. Company was also kept out of our ward for a long time. We were not allowed private conference with each other, and all who did not render instant obedience were severely punished.

I often saw Lizzy Bonner pull patients into their private rooms and shut the door after them. Then I would hear her beating them, and the latter screaming, and in a choking, stifled voice, begging:

“Oh, Don't kill me! Don't kill me!”

I did not let the attendant know I heard this.

One patient had become so disgusted with life under such circumstances, that she determined to destroy it by starvation. She had been a long time in close confinement in her own room alone. I many times knew that Lizzy was using violence upon her person, throwing her heavily upon the floor. She

persisted in her resolve on suicide till she became emaciated almost to a skeleton; for many weeks taking neither food or drink except by force.

Her resolution thus to die was at last overcome by the fierce pains of hunger. She now was glad to eat, and a terrible reaction ensued. Her long abstinence had made her so fiercely hungry that it seemed she would devour everything she could reach. After eating as much as was assigned to the rest, she would clutch the food from the other patients, and devour it with the most terrible voracity.

But all were glad to see her eat, thinking she had now abandoned the idea of suicide. She now came constantly to the table with the rest, and behaved so mildly for several days that all were confirmed in the hope that she might yet live and recover.

One day at dinner, she startled every one at the tables, by suddenly seizing a knife and cutting her own throat!

Oh, I will not attempt to describe the terror of this scene!

The wound, however, was not so deep as she intended to make it; the knife was immediately taken from her bleeding throat, and she was led to her room and again put into a straight-jacket in solitary confinement. But no one, as yet, had ever heard her speak a word in that hall.

This was the first attempt at suicide I had seen at Jacksonville. There were many others, some successful, in different parts of the house as I heard by attendants and others, but I am only describing scenes that fell under my own observation.

Another unfortunate actually threw herself from a high unbarred window in the work-room, four stories from the ground, and was taken up dead from the pavement.

She had been there only a few days, and it appears had no knowledge of the place. I saw her when she arrived.

She was mild and gentle, conversed intelligently of her

husband, and of the home she had left; expressed a strong desire to return to it again.

Every thing she saw seemed so very strange to her, and the severe restrictions so mysterious to her frightened sensibilities, she thought herself in a worse house than she indeed was, if such a thing is possible.

They wanted her to increase the number of gratuitous laborers in the work-room; took her there, and required her to go to work with the rest. She sat down and looked distressed, at last rose up suddenly, and exclaimed with a voice and look of terror:

“ Oh, what kind of a place have they brought me to ! ”

Then rushed suddenly head foremost from the window, into eternity! Oh, Reign of terror! Reign of terror!

Scenes of tumult and terror now so frequently succeeded each other, that no one felt that life was safe. With nothing to afford hope—no avenues to the world—no amusements to relieve the ever thickening horrors of such a destiny, a look of fixed discontent now sat on every countenance.

At this time, one, bolder than the rest, by some means escaped, and attempted to run away. The alarm was given, and the “ watch-dogs ” were out. By these she was speedily overtaken, forced back to the Asylum, and condemned to solitary confinement as her punishment.

Two others ran away not long after this scene. One was a widow, a young and very beautiful lady of excellent talents and a very cheerful disposition. She was not insane as I could discover at the time, though much dejected by grief for the death of her brave and much loved husband who had died in the army.

Soon after hearing this afflictive intelligence, she became ill with a fever, and this was probably, as is often the case, accompanied with temporary delirium. Her friends, not knowing how to treat either the fever or its consequent delirium,

which they thought insanity, found a convenient way of getting rid of their responsibility, by handing her over to the care of "our accomplished Superintendent," to receive her three hundredth share of his attentions. (There are three hundred in the Asylum.)

Here it had been her destiny to remain for many months; and feeling very anxious for the welfare of her children at home, and moreover, being indefinitely put off by the most silly excuses, and reprehensible delays, she at last assumed the responsibility of asserting those rights which nature had given her of finding and taking care of her own babes.

She was accompanied by a kindred spirit, another widow, whose husband had also laid down his life upon our bleeding country's sacrificial altar. Neither was this person insane that I could discover; I believe she was several times the subject of some harmless trances. But I think she did a very sane action in trying to free herself from bondage.

Their plan succeeded so well, that, after traveling six miles, they were overtaken by a kind hearted teamster, who by the request of the now much wearied travelers, took them into his conveyance, and listening sympathetically to their truthful tale of distress, carried them on their way until overtaken by their remorseless pursuers.

On their return, one of these was sentenced to one of the lower prison wards, and the other brought to our hall in the Eighth ward.

Hers was a most courageous spirit; she even smiled on entering our hall, determining to disappoint her victorious captors by showing herself unrevengeful, and in no wise bowed in spirit, or humiliated!

Therefore, instead of complaining that she was deprived of all her privileges in the privileged Seventh ward, and sentenced to the noisy tumults of the maniac's ward, she daily evinced the most pleasant and cheerful deportment.

Mrs. Davis was very beautiful and musical, and withal a decided wit; so benevolent too, so unaffectedly kind that she would often relate some amusing story, or use her most musical and enchanting voice by singing for the entertainment of the desponding, when her own heart was full of unutterable sorrow for her own griefs. If this cheerful and most noble-hearted woman was "insane," I wish every woman in the land possessed such an "insanity!"

But with all her heroic attempts to throw off the benumbing influence of affliction, she did suffer most keenly in mind at her disappointment in not being permitted to see her darling children.

This feeling, together with the over-exhaustion of so long a walk, soon brought on a fever. I used every morning, and many times in the day to visit her, that I might assist her if possible, and also learn from her those beautiful lessons taught by her trusting faith and hopefulness.

As she lay, day after day, on her bed of suffering, surrounded by the noisy and filthy, of whose annoyances I never knew her to complain, I had never beheld a more perfect example of patience.

But I burned with indignation at the ignorance of a community, in the very country her husband had fought and died to protect, that his beloved young wife could not herself be protected from such shameful abuses as those she suffered here.

A few weeks after her recovery, she went home. Could she have gone at the time she had started, or previously, instead of being punished in prison for thus braving danger for the love of her children, she might have escaped the fever.

Our reign of terror augmented to such a degree, that I did not deem it safe to enter the dining-hall, even when the door was left open, for a glass of water for the suffering Mrs. Davis, without humbly asking liberty of Lizzy to do so!

At last one of our number, a very intelligent married lady,

made the following proposition, namely: That we should make a general onslaught or campaign against the State's property, and in various ways, destroy all we possibly could without discovery. Thus we should make apparent to our persecutor, that this most desperate movement was but the natural and legitimate result of his own extreme severity to his victims—that it was the complete desperation of our circumstances which evolved this “military necessity.”

Let those who may blame us for acting upon this, remember that we were fighting for our lives. Compelled as we were to inhale the poisonous gases from so many diseased bodies while sleeping so near each other, and the still deadlier exhalations arising from typhoid and other fevers, ulcerated lungs, and fetid sores, all confined in one hall; we felt, that between the above influences, and the sudden blows and violence which all the time menaced us, by the fierce maniacs and their fiercer keeper, that our lives were most essentially imperilled.

Our liberty, even the liberty of speech and writing had all been taken away, and we wished for emancipation from this inexorable thralldom with an agony of desire that none but the victims of such a bondage can ever appreciate.

We all felt ourselves hotly pursued by the enemy. Only the wild and reckless scarcely dared to breathe. They indeed, like the mad Saul of Tarsus, in his fruitless attempts to destroy Christianity, dared to “breathe out threatenings and slaughter,” not against Christ, or any of his followers, but against our asylum prison-keepers, and their abettors in the unjust embodiment of State Legislation.

CHAPTER XLIX.

“Wives and Husbands There Must Part.”

“Returning from a walk one day with others, I observed, on coming up the long flight of stairs, a scene which gave my feelings a severe shock. The attendant evidently did not wish us to see this, for she kept hurrying us along to our hall, but the circumstances were such we could not help it.

A husband who that morning had made a brief visit to his wife, was then taking leave of her. She failed to recognize the propriety of being left, and wished to return to her home with her husband. She entreated him, with tears that ceased not flowing, to let her go home and see her children.

“Oh husband dear, do let me go home; I don't want to stay here any longer, it don't do me any good, I must go! Oh, I must live at home with you and my children. Dear, dear husband! Do not leave me here!”

The husband hesitated, looked at her streaming tears, then at the door—he lingered—there was an evident struggle in his mind.

The agitated wife perceiving his indecision, seizing the advantage, took his arm within her own, and embracing him, exclaimed again, in tones of agony:

“Oh husband, I must go home with you! Do not, do not leave me here!”

Several of the officials of the asylum were standing near, the husband had evidently been receiving instruction from them instead of his own conscience.

Then with one violent effort, he disengaged himself from the trembling grasp of the pleading wife, left her and walked hastily down the stairs.

In her anguish she sank down powerless upon the floor, and was dragged by two men, still gazing after her husband's receding form, to all the horrors of locks, keys, and imprisonments!

We all returned to our hall in sadness and silence, the attendant left. When we found ourselves unwatched, one said:

“Oh, how could that man have the heart to leave her, when she so begged to go with him?”

Another replied, that “he had been befooled by the Doctor, who had told him it would not be safe to take her home.”

Said a third, “What a fool a man must be, to let another man judge between himself and his wife! he ought to have known himself whether she should have gone home. If he wanted to go and attend to his affairs, he ought to have considered that she had the same right, for his home duties and her own were the same.”

Another spoke with apparent disgust, in her turn, to the last speaker.

“Do you think such husbands possess the faculty of consideration! I don't agree with you, it appears to me that all their own consideration, all their faculty of independent thinking, has become weakened, if not destroyed, when they give up to the stupid prejudice that another man can better guide a woman than her own husband!”

Said another voice, “now they will call this poor woman noisy and excited, say it hurts her to have her friends visit her, because she cannot help crying and grieving about his leaving her; then they will put her down into a lower ward, where of course she will grow worse, and may become incurable. Yes, this is the way they do here; I wish the public knew it.”

“My God!” echoed yet another hitherto silent voice, “it makes me shudder to think how many splendid minds are made incurable lunatics, or worried into a sickness which ends in death, by just these barbarous means!”

At this stage of the colloquy, our attendant re-entered the hall. The conversation here ended, but our thoughts did not end. The stupid thoughtlessness with which a husband can commit to other hands, the wife of his bosom, when distracted or enfeebled in body or mind, is utterly unaccountable.

No one would trust a valuable horse to be stabled without knowing something of the treatment he would be likely to receive. Would you, farmers, commit one to strangers of whom you knew nothing beyond the fact that they are public stable-keepers? Would you send even a horse to a stable, and permit him to remain for months and even years without visiting, or at least sending some one to visit the animal? Would you not fear he might be cheated out of the proper quantity of oats or other food—that he might be exposed to contagious diseases from other horses in his vicinity, or that in some way his value might be diminished? Would it be a safe experiment thus to commit even a horse to the mercy of fortuitous influences? How is it then, that you give less care to your tender wife?

Did you tell her, when a lover, that you could not engage, in all future circumstances, to give her as much attention as your animals should receive?

Was it among your lover's vows, in your sacred moonlight rambles, that if she became insane, you would desert her—that you would love and cherish her, and share her destiny “till death us do part,” on condition that she would retain her youth and beauty unimpaired; but that, if these, or if health or reason should fail, you would consign her to some other man?

Oh, no, such was not your sacred vow!

What did you promise her?

I was not there listening under the hedgerow; I did not witness your sacred vows before marriage; I only witness how you fulfill them afterwards!”

CHAPTER L.

How to make Incurables.

“One day a patient received a letter from her aged mother, in which the latter entreated her to write, in these words :

“Let me know without delay, if you are alive. I hardly know if I have a daughter, it is so long since I have heard from you.”

The daughter showed this letter to me, and with overflowing tears, besought me to use my influence with the Superintendent, that she might be permitted to answer this letter.

I told her I had no influence whatever with the Superintendent, but would try to procure the consent of Doctor Tenny to let her write.

I also exhorted her to be watchful over her own conduct, and try to control the occasional vagaries of her mind ; in short, to use every possible endeavor to preserve her sanity and her patience.

She made the most commendable attempts to do this for several weeks, and my hopes were sanguine respecting her.

I first saw her in the Fifth ward. She was walking the hall, pale, haggard, hopeless, and constantly biting the ends of her fingers. Her dress was ragged, her hair uncombed, and her whole appearance indicated a mind on the verge of despair.

In this condition I first tried to open to her the avenues of hope. In the absence of our attendant, at stealthy conversations, I discovered that she possessed excellent talents, was a good scholar, and had formerly moved in an elevated sphere of life.

She was the only daughter of a physician ; had in early life married a man of wealth and ambition, with whom she had lived happily for several years, and who had loaded her with

comforts and luxuries. Subsequently, the tide of her fortune was reversed; misfortune came with swift and heavy shocks, upon her devoted head. Her affectionate father was laid in the grave. She lost her husband, to whom she was most tenderly attached, by the most terrible of all deaths, the death of his affections for herself.

Won by the fascinations of another, in an evil hour, he had deserted her forever, leaving three helpless babes upon her care, with no means of support. One by one these lovely children had all been laid in their graves, and the mother was left in the terrible loneliness of the heart's deepest desolation.

No wonder the energies of her mind at last gave way; that the haunting images of her heart's lost treasures were ever before her eyes. Her health sunk, she was unable longer to combat successfully the tide of her terrible calamities.

In this crisis, her own brother, instead of being her comforter, blamed her for not retaining the perfection of her energies, and turned against her in the most heartless manner. She now became unable longer to baffle adversity, and having no pecuniary resources left, was reduced to the necessity of accepting a home in a miserable county alms-house.

Some time after leaving the Asylum, I went into the vicinity where these events occurred, and after diligently inquiring, found all the statements of her history she had made to me, corroborated.

In my first interview with her, observing how she had lacerated her fingers by constantly gnawing them, in her agony of mind, I suggested:

"Now let me wrap up your fingers, and I want you to promise me not again to put them in your mouth. Will you solemnly promise this, and keep your word?"

She complied, and I soon procured some rags, and bound up her bleeding fingers.

"Now," said she, "I want you to make a promise to me."

“What is it? most happy should I be to do anything possible to relieve your condition.”

“Oh, promise me,” she entreated with earnest emphasis, “that you will never speak to me, nor take the least notice of me in the presence of Lizzie Bonner.”

“Why should I promise this? you possess an intelligent mind, an immortal soul, you have been a great sufferer, and still remain so. I dislike to treat you with disrespect or neglect in the presence of any one.”

“If Lizzie sees you trying to make me happy, she will feel reproved because she has never done so herself. She will hate and ill treat you worse than she does now; and more than that, she will separate us, and thus deprive you of all opportunity to carry out your kind intentions respecting me.”

I saw in this response, so much sanity, and gratitude; so much in her mind worth cultivating, that it confirmed my determination to benefit this most deeply suffering woman if possible.

I cannot here recount the experiments I tried to aid her in bringing back to its full triumph, her wavering reason and self-control. My success astonished myself; I felt almost certain she would recover.

Respecting the letter Mrs. George so earnestly wished to write to her mother; with much difficulty, I had procured a sheet of paper for my own use; this she begged of me, and wrote upon it a very sensible and affectionate letter to her mother. No fault was found with the Asylum, or with the fact of her long sufferings there, but she gave the idea that though she had been much disordered in mind, she hoped she was now improving; that she trusted she had acquired a good degree of self-control, and thought she could now return to her mother and make both happy.

Doctor McFarland soon after appeared in the hall. Leading Mrs. George to him, I ventured to say, in a very respectful tone:

“ Doctor McFarland, I am happy to believe this person now fully clothed in her right mind. She has desired me to present a request to you, in behalf of herself and her mother, but I think her better capable of stating her own request, if you will please to listen to it.

I then withdrew a little.

Mrs. George modestly advanced, and said in a very deferential tone :

“ Oh, Doctor dear, will you please be so very kind as to let me send this letter to my poor feeble mother, if after having read it, you think it proper. She is getting quite old, and I am afraid, may not live the coming winter through. I have caused her much grief, and if I could only be with her, I think I could do much to make her happy. Please Doctor, grant my request, and I will be grateful to you as long as I live.”

The Doctor barely deigned to hear this humble supplication, then turned his back, without a word, and left the hall.

I had so often witnessed such replies to similar appeals, that I felt not the least surprise, but I much feared the effect of such a repulse upon the sensitive mind of his patient.

She had for several weeks, been making the most energetic effort to govern her own mind. She had struggled nobly and successfully to repress the natural rising of indignation, when she had been abused by her keepers, tasked, beaten and reproached for not being able to quite fulfill the severe exactions in the toiling drudgeries every day assigned to her.

With unrepining patience, this child of grief had borne all these indignities, supported by the hope that she should again taste the sweets of liberty and affection with her beloved mother. I had watched with the greatest pleasure, the progress she was making in the few hours of leisure that were allowed her in reading and needle-work.

But now, a shock too great for her to sustain, was given by the Doctor's most heartless repulse.

A few days subsequent, a marked change for the worse came visibly over her mind and manners. She saw how fruitless were all the efforts she had been able to make for her own recovery, and again sank into gloomy discouragement.

She now laid aside her needle and her book, neglected her personal appearance, began to pace the hall in morose silence, tearing little bits of paper, and again biting her fingers.

In vain I remonstrated; in vain attempted to rally the now departing gleams of reason.

She seemed to have a perfect consciousness of her own peril; indeed told me she knew she was on the road to destruction. I sought in every way I could think of to divert her mind, urged her by every possible motive to try to recall hope, and still cultivate patience.

“No, no, it is all in vain,” said she, with a look of tearless despair. “You cannot raise me, so little power as you have here. They keep me working most of the time in the wash and ironing rooms, I’ve made up my mind now, that they mean to keep me here forever, I shall never see my mother any more; never again know the joy of liberty. Oh, I wish I were dead.”

Her descent was rapid; a short time after, she tore to shreds every article of clothing upon her person. Her attendant put her at once into solitary confinement.

This did not mend the matter, she broke the glass, mutilated the furniture, broke the crockery in her room, and with the sharp fragments attacked her attendant, and wounded her severely in the arm.

Lizzy quickly locked her door and ran to me, holding up her bleeding arm, requesting me to bind it up for her.

I did so, but pitied her victim more than herself.

As soon as she dared, she again opened the door of Mrs. George and called me to look at the scene.

What a spectacle! Never saw I more complete debasement!

or more perfect abandonment of all decency in human conduct! She was shouting, swinging her arms, laughing triumphantly and horribly; swearing, dancing and screaming, alternately.

She was led to the wash-room, beaten and washed, then straight-jacketed and tightly bound by cords to a stationary bench in the public hall.

While sitting here upon the bare floor, she kept constantly uttering the most profane, blasphemous expressions against herself and all around her, against God and nature, heaven and the universe!

The young patients stared in perfect horror at her terrible transformation. Her words rolled in perfect torrents from her mouth so long as she had power of utterance.

Then she foamed at the mouth which was followed by gesticulations and motions so indecent, as to forbid all attempts at description. She became so intolerable, that every patient left that part of the hall, and huddled back into the remotest places, unable longer to endure her vicinity.

Her room was close to my own. Her nights, like her days, were spent in raving and shouting:

“Oh, curses, curses on Dr. McFarland! Oh, my mother, my mother! Oh, my ruin! my ruin!”

These were the noises with which I was tormented all the long hours of those terrible nights! Again I feared for the continuance of my own sanity, so almost impossible was it to obtain any sleep.

Every particle of decency and of humanity now seemed to have forsaken my once hopeful friend. Her countenance in its contortions had wrought out of itself almost every human feature.

It was remarked by one of the patients, that she now looked more like a baboon than like a human being. In a few days, she was removed to the Fifth ward. She is doubtless now, if

living, ranked among those who have by such a process been manufactured into incurables.

Not far from this time, one of the keys of the hall was missed. Lizzy suspected Miss Hodson, the industrious sewing girl from the Fifth ward, and questioned her.

She denied having taken the key, but was not believed.

Then commenced the most shocking scene of injustice I had ever beheld.

Lizzy insisted that Miss Hodson was guilty of the theft, and commenced searching her room, in every nook and corner. She scattered the bed all over the floor seeking the key. It was all in vain ; it was nowhere to be found.

She next accused Miss Hodson of having secreted the key about her person.

This was also denied.

Lizzy then hastily tore off all her clothing, till the helpless victim of such diabolical indecency, feeling a just indignation, wrought up to the highest climax of rage, fought the attendant with most terrible desperation.

Seeing the contest doubtful Lizzy shouted for reinforcement ; her fellow attendant came instantly to the rescue.

Then both seized their victim, the one holding her arms, the other actually kneeling upon her body and beating her furiously, vociferously shouted :

“ Now tell where you’ve hid that key ? ”

Lizzy then pounded her on the bowels and head, kicked her furiously, and in the progress of the battle, tore out her hair, and beat her nose heavily against the floor, raising her head up and down rapidly by the hair

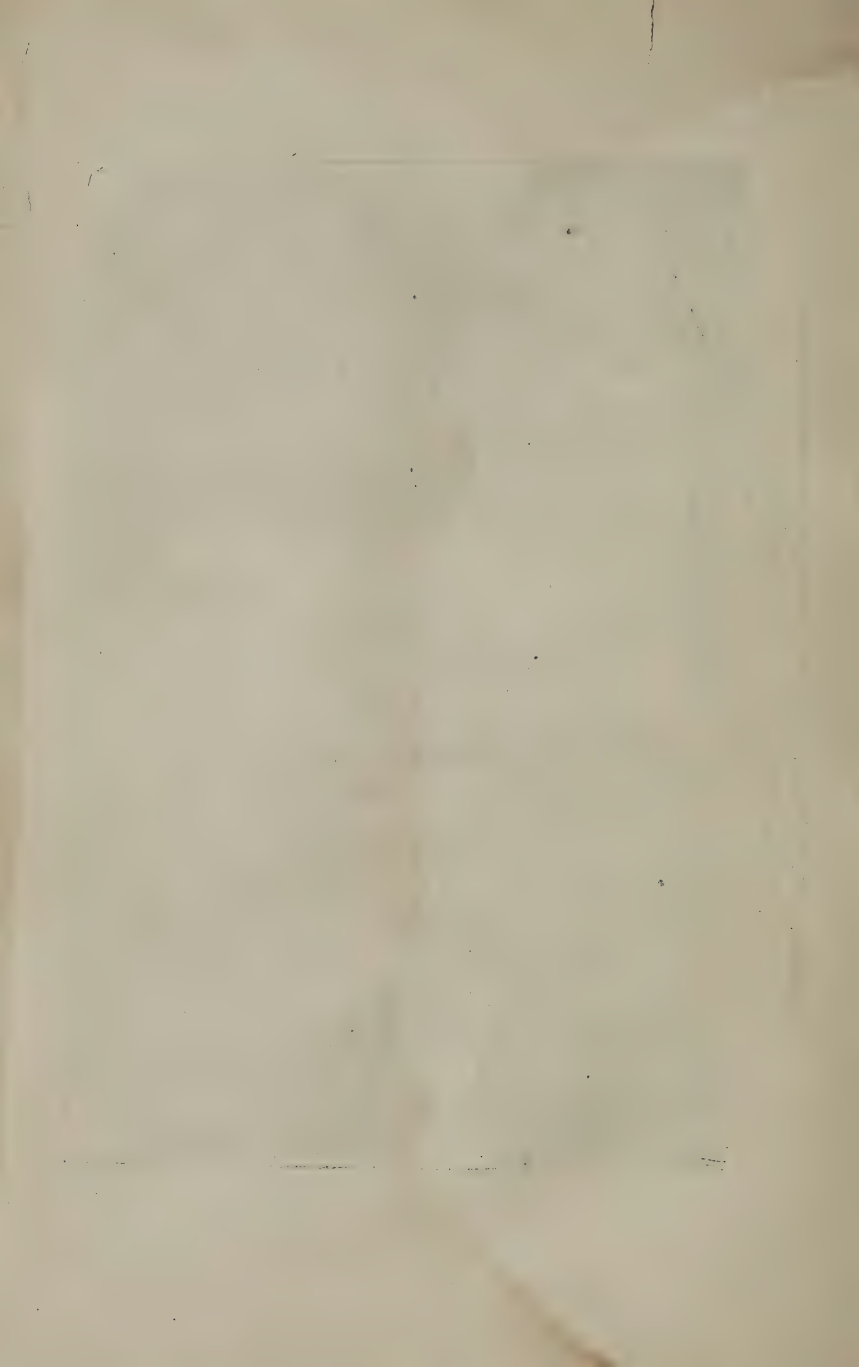
The sufferer now ceased all resistance ; she became speechless and as I thought, insensible.

Lizzy, to extort the expected confession, then ordered the other attendant to bring a pail of water. I looked on in dumb horror as I then saw those two attendants plunge the bruised



Popular Mode of Curing Insanity!

Lizzie Bonner punishing Miss Hodson, on suspicion of taking her key. See page 336.



head of that motherless orphan into the water, and hold it there till she strangled convulsively gasping for breath.

She was now speechless, motionless and naked, they then applied a straight-jacket to her unresisting arms, locked her into a room, and left her!

I beheld this whole scene without daring to remonstrate, having been many times punished for trying to excite pity for the victims when under these modes of torture.

These injuries of Miss Hodson I think were incurable.

She never, while I remained, did any more work for the Institution, but would sit or lie on the floor of her own room mostly, brooding over her unrequited wrongs, in melancholy silence.

After the terrible scene I have related, she never was known to converse socially with any one. By swift degrees, she appeared to lose all hope; at last she became a furious maniac.

I think they have made her an incurable, if, indeed, she is living.

I ought to add, that a few minutes after the perpetration of this outrage, the lost key was found in the shoe of a Mrs. McClay, a patient who had made several attempts to run away.

The attendants did not give Mrs. McClay the least punishment. I thought it was because they were too much fatigued in fighting Miss Hodson! Justice!!

I did not tell the Doctor of this scene. Why should I? I knew that he perfectly well knew that similar scenes were every day occurring in different parts of the *Asylum!*"

Here ends my extract from "Mrs. Olsen's Prison Life." My own narrative is resumed in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER LI.

I was Punished for Telling the Truth.

The power of truth is irresistible, and disturbs this hidden nest of iniquity. I make no side thrusts through fear of the "powers that be," knowing that they are wicked powers that cannot harm me, because held in check by the Highest. And so long as I do not prove traitor to this Highest Power, I can claim protection under it.

But the first compromise with these hidden powers of evil cuts me off from all claims to the protection of the higher constitution.

They try to make themselves believe that it is slander which I utter when attacking the evils of this house; still they know them to be sad truths, which they would vainly deny, and reproach me, the medium, as insane, hoping thus to render my testimony nugatory. Did they see I attacked only fancied evils, they would not be thus disturbed by my testimony. But since they know it is real, tangible truth, which I speak, their consciences accuse them, and in despair they are driven to seek this means of quieting them.

Could they only make me act as they have made Mrs. Farnside act, they would be relieved of an intolerable burden. Then they could tell of my own actions in support of their theory of my insanity, without telling in connection with them the great provocation which elicited such a mode of defensive action.

Mrs. Farnside was subjected to an ordeal which she could not sustain. She fell into a passion before this temptation, and under the influence of this temper, she lost her dignified self-possession. She descended from the plane of lady-like

resentment, to their own low plane of brutality, and acted *then* like her tormentors.

Thus she put herself in their power, so that they can now say of her that "they were afraid of her," just as she had had reason to say of them, that "she was afraid of them;" and for this very reason she had to defend herself from them. Although there is precisely the same reason for fear in both cases, yet, Mrs. Farnside bearing the brand of insanity, has to be represented as dangerous on *that* account, while their own insanity, although more marked, is entirely left out.

So in this hidden den of iniquity, the innocent do suffer for the guilty actions of their keepers.

Seeing at a glance the artful workings of this hidden mode of treatment, I determined to face the enemy in open opposition to the "powers that be," assuming all the consequences to myself or others; therefore I became a staunch advocate and defender of truth and justice, being extremely careful however to be just to myself, while trying to be just to others. That is, I was careful not to put myself in their power, by coming on to their plane at all.

From this higher platform of principle, I could look down upon them on their lower plane of passion, policy, deception and brutality, and from this standpoint, command the moral courage to be their reprove, and their reporter to the world.

They envied my position and determined to take my fort by strategy, since open attacks had proved so unsuccessful. Their chagrin at their hitherto signal defeats had become exceedingly embarrassing, and as their machinery had hitherto proved successful in almost every other instance, they were very loth to abandon the siege.

It was for this reason I was kept so long, and made to feel the force of all the *combined* powers of this dark house of darkest deeds, before they would abandon the siege against this impregnable, invincible fortress of calm self-composure.

They feared me, not because I would fight them as Mrs. Farnside did, but because I would *not fight!*

It was for this reason Dr. McFarland wrote to my friends, in the heat of these battles :

“ Mrs. Packard has become a dangerous patient, it will not be safe to have her in any private family ! ”

And Mr. David Field, of Granville, Illinois, wrote in reply to this information, and very respectfully inquired what evidence I had given in my own actions of being a “ dangerous patient.”

When he insolently replied, “ I do not deem it my duty to answer impertinent questions ! ”

He knew that it would be “ dangerous ” to have me in any private family long, for then they would find out what he had discovered, that I was an uncompromising defender of truth and justice, and *such weapons* he feared, and might well call them “ dangerous ” to his interests in the hands of a *free* woman !

He knew too well, that no bribes, no threats, no punishments could throw me from the track upon which I had chosen to pass my earth life. And since I had baffled his skill and gigantic powers in this attempt, he was sure the only safe place for *such* a woman, was behind the dead-locks of an insane asylum !

Mrs. Chapman told me one night at the dance, that she had inquired of Mrs. McFarland why they did treat me so abusively, so unreasonably, so persistently evil.

To which she replied, “ It is because she slanders the house.”

I replied, “ there is nothing so cutting as the truth ; they have become convinced that I am a fearless truth teller ; therefore they fear me. She is at liberty to prove my representations slanderous and false, if she can, but she is not at liberty to defame my character to disprove them.”

She then added, “ I have also consulted Dr. Tenny about

your case. I said to him, how can you treat Mrs. Packard as you do? it would drive me distracted and dethrone my reason entirely, to be put through such a process; and then to persist so long, in so abusing an innocent and injured woman, is beyond all precedent; how can you do so?"

"I am only a subordinate—I cannot help it," was his reply.

I then told her, "Mrs. McFarland has been an angel of consolation to me; when I was so exceedingly sorrowful, before Miss Smith's discharge, she actually shed tears of pity for me, and did try to raise my dying hopes, by assuring me I might hope her husband would send me home before long."

"Yes, she can *talk* sympathy, but why don't she *do* something for you? Talking sympathy is not what you want; you want to be treated as your character deserves to be treated."

"Mrs. McFarland did say she could not help my being placed among the maniacs, to be subject to their injurious treatment, but she said she would send me something occasionally from their own table. And she has done so. Once she brought me under her apron or in her pocket a tumbler of jelly and a teaspoon to eat it with. And another time I had a quantity of loaf-sugar and lemons and a pitcher of ice-water sent into my room from their kitchen. She also consented to Mrs. Coe's bringing me good things from their kitchen, or anything else she chose to bring, for my comfort. And Mrs. Coe has availed herself of this right, and brought me apples in abundance, raisins, oranges, and prunes, some of which she bought with her own money. She brings me strawberries and sugar, cherries and melons, which Mr. Jones, the Superintendent of the asylum farm sends me, by permission from Mrs. McFarland, so that through her influence, I have my sorrows lessened perhaps as much as it is possible for her to do, under the circumstances. Indeed, since Mrs. Coe has been our cook, and this license given her, I have hardly been

a day without some extra luxury, such as fruits, cakes, and confectioneries. Now I think this is "doing something."

"Yes, it is a comfort to be thus cared for in your now forlorn condition, but that is not restoring you to your family and society, as you ought to be."

"No, it is not, but the *hope* of being so, is next to the fruition, and Mrs. McFarland has held this hope before me as a solace by saying:

"I can assure you the Doctor will never consent to take you into this institution again; you may settle your mind upon that point, and I think the Doctor did very wrong to listen to Mr. Packard so much; and he ought to have sent you home long ago!" and such like rays of hope."

"But I sometimes think, Mrs. Chapman, that I have felt more impatient since she inspired this hope than before. I have been like the soldier so long trying to keep down an inordinate desire to see my children once more, a free woman, that the least probability of the closing of the campaign almost fills me with ecstasy, and each blighting of a hope of this kind seems harder and harder. Another thing I have found, Mrs. Chapman, to be indispensable to my support, is to keep myself constantly employed, that my mind does not prey upon itself. My heart is so keenly alive to emotions and impressions, that a track is necessary for me to move upon, or it might become morbidly sensitive if left to itself. I therefore conscientiously employ each hour according to a set plan for systematic employment. And in this too, I am aided by Mrs. McFarland, for she lets me buy cotton knitting yarn by the pound, and as much muslin as I want to embroider bands and trimmings of any style I choose. And I am accumulating an immense amount of embroidery for my own and my daughter's under-clothes, expecting, as you see, to live in the world a long time yet to need it!"

"Yes, the bow of hope is always to be seen in *your* horizon."

“Is it not well to have it so?”

“Yes, if you can—but were I in your situation I think I should give up in despair.”

“What would that accomplish?”

“Nothing, but to let them see the wreck they had caused!”

However her argument failed to dispirit me. Indeed I felt stronger for her sympathy, and determined to let matters take their natural course, believing that the dark riddle would be sometime made plain to my comprehension.

I was now suffering what I was put in to receive—a “dressing down” for daring to speak the truth respecting the Church dogmas.

And now I must not turn back, but face this new enemy I have called into the field, by boldness of speech here—and must endure my punishment for telling the truth about the insane asylum dogmas.

Yes, I am being “*Punished for Telling the Truth!*” And God grant I may never escape from this calaboose of torture, by recanting the truth respecting creeds or asylums!

CHAPTER LII.

The Prisoner Who Called Himself "Jesus Christ!"

One evening at our dancing parties I was introduced to a fine looking young man, with whom I held a very agreeable and intelligent conversation, wherein I failed to detect any indications of loss of reason, or mental unsoundness. Knowing that he was a new arrival, I, of course, looked for some mental aberration, as his passport to the privileges of our institution.

But having signally failed, after the most searching scrutiny, to detect the slightest title to this claim, I began to fear here was another smuggled victim of some evil plot. The longer I conversed, the more confirmed was this suspicion.

Determined to pursue my investigations on this point, I sought and found his attendant, and inquired what was the character of the insanity of this young man.

He replied, "I am as ignorant as you are, Mrs. Packard, on that point. I have watched him with the closest scrutiny ever since he was entered, and have entirely failed to detect the first irregularity in any respect. Indeed he is the most kind, obliging and exemplary person I ever saw, and as for sympathy and tenderness towards the patients I never saw it surpassed in any one."

"I fear we have another bogus candidate for the honors of this institution," replied I, "for I am sure that so far as intelligence and reason are concerned, he is a most unfit person to receive the brand of insanity."

"That is my opinion of his case thus far," replied his attendant, "and yet I may be able to detect some peculiarity

upon a longer acquaintance; still from his appearance during the weeks he has been under my care, I should judge he was the last person who ought to be put under a lock and key."

"I very much fear he is another of the many victims of unjust persecution, sent here by those who employ this Institution to shield their own crimes, for there is evidently guilt somewhere in entombing such a promising young man as he is. Won't you please ascertain if you can, what are the facts in the case, and tell me at our next party? for I am making observations and seeking facts for a book on this subject."

At our next party I accordingly pursued these inquiries, and found that, although he had been on the most vigilant search for facts on which his imprisonment was predicated, he had found nothing that could afford any solution to his mind of this dark mystery. He more than confirmed his previous defense of his entire sanity, by adding:

"He is the most forgiving, kind, tender sympathizing person I ever saw."

"Yes," thought I, "here is doubtless another instance where there is too much Christianity for this perverted age to recognize, and therefore he must be offered in sacrifice upon this altar of insanity. Can it be that men as well as women, are imprisoned here, because they exhibit too much of Christ's spirit? I will find out whether this brother in bonds is of this class."

With these thoughts I met my new friend, and extending my hand, said:

"Good evening, Mr. —, I don't recollect your name."

"My name is Jesus Christ!"

"Jesus Christ!" thought I, greatly taken aback—I knew not what to say—Oh, this is your insanity, this is your criminal offense, doubtless—but how is this? I am determined never to call a person insane for the utterance of opinions, merely, no matter how absurd—but here is an opinion where,

I fear my philosophy will be balked—my principles are not going to stand this test!

With these thoughts, I ventured to pursue my investigations, and recollecting how reasonable and sensible he had appeared, I asked him in reply to this introduction of himself:

“But how is it, Sir, you can call yourself ‘Jesus Christ,’ when he is the Son of God, and came to earth, and was here crucified for sinners?”

“Oh, I am not *that* Jesus Christ, but another Jesus Christ!—he is my oldest brother, and I being of the same family bear the same name, but, of course, there can be but one oldest brother in the great human family, any more than in any other family. Haven’t you more than one son in your family?”

“Yes, I have five sons, my oldest is named Theophilus, my others, Samuel, George, etc.”

“Well, but are they not all Packards, the Samuel as well as the Theophilus? and is there any more impropriety in calling George the youngest, a Packard, than in calling Theophilus, the oldest, a Packard?”

“Why, no, not in that sense.”

“Just so it is in God’s family—all his sons are Jesus Christs as much as the first, just as soon as they become perfectly developed into his spirit. Such are Jesus Christs, whether on earth or in heaven, as much as Jesus of Nazareth was; but they are all different persons. There is but one Jesus of Nazareth, but there are as many Christs as there are true perfected mēn. Such are all brothers bearing the same common name, after Christ is fully developed in them.”

“Then you claim that the Christ is fully developed in you, do you, and that on this account you call yourself ‘Jesus Christ?’”

“Yes, I do. I consider that I am now perfect in God’s estimation, in the same sense that his oldest son was perfect. This is fulfilling the command to ‘be ye perfect in Christ’

Jesus'—meaning, perfect in Christ Jesus' *estimation*. I am not perfect in the estimation of the church, or the world; but in God's estimation, I have obeyed his command, in this respect. Do you think God would have commanded his children to do impossibilities? and if they could not become perfect in *His* estimation, he is an unreasonable being in issuing such a command."

So here my "Mr. Jesus Christ" had explained himself to simply mean that he was a perfect man. He insists that he is not the Christ, the world's Saviour, but simply a perfect person in Christ Jesus' estimation.

Now, where is his insanity? even his "hobby," where has that gone?

Just into the belief of the perfectionists, as it was defended by Dr. Finney and others of this class.

Now comes the question, shall this man be locked up in an "Asylum" because he says he is a perfect man—in a style of language peculiar to himself—in order to force him to abandon his originality of expression, and become an echo of other men's forms of expression?

Yes, because he is insane on this point.

Insane! because he chooses to utter an opinion respecting his own character in original language! What a dangerous person to be allowed his liberty! Won't he kill somebody? for somebody has chosen to call this peculiarity *insanity*, instead of a singular mode of expression.

Still he is dangerous, for we do not know what an insane person *might* do, although his opinions of himself seems to be true—that is—he seems to exhibit the Christ spirit to an uncommon degree, yet he *may* kill somebody! therefore he must be locked up.

It won't do to wait until he *has* killed somebody and then imprison him as we do criminals *after* they have committed a crime.

We must imprison this man not only before he has committed any crime, but even *before* he has shown the first indication that he ever intended to commit a criminal offense!

Yes, he claims that he is Jesus Christ, and so long as he acts like Jesus Christ, he must be locked up to make him like other people, lest he kill somebody!

Now I think if all those who call themselves "Jesus Christ," and act like Jesus Christ, ought to be locked up for fear they *may* kill somebody, all those who call themselves "totally depraved," and act as though they are totally depraved, ought to be locked up also, for fear *they* may kill somebody too!

CHAPTER LIII.

My First Opportunity for Self-Defence.

A few days prior to the September meeting of the Trustees, 1862, in a familiar conversation I had with Dr. McFarland in my room, I remarked :

“ Doctor, I don’t like to spend my days here doing nothing ; why can’t I fire a few guns at Calvinism, before those Trustees, who are to meet in a few days ? ”

“ Why, Mrs. Packard, they are Calvinists, and the chairman is a member of the Presbyterian Synod of the United States ! ”

“ I don’t care for that—I should not hesitate to give my views before the Synod itself, if allowed. And besides, it is all the better for your cause that they are, for my views will be likely to be regarded by them as insane, because a difference of opinion is insanity you know—on the minority side of the question of course ! Now one, alone, against so many—and that one a *woman*, too—what have you to fear ? ”

This was enough. He was converted into a free and full consent that I might “ fire all the guns ” I pleased at Calvinism, and he would furnish me with all the paper I wished to write my views upon.

“ Now,” thought he, “ Mrs. Packard will unmask herself, thus demonstrating to the Trustees that I represent her correctly in calling her insane. Yes, she’ll hang herself ! ”

The Doctor was true to his promise, and brought me paper himself, the first sheet he had ever given me, and I, true to my engagement, made out the most clear, concise, and comprehensive view I could of the whole system of Calvinism, as I viewed it, by contrasting each principle with the Christian

principle, showing the system to be "doctrines of devils," instead of doctrines of Christ!

The Doctor examined my document, and finding it all right he engaged to call for me the next day, in the afternoon, and take me down to the parlor, where I should then meet the Trustees.

Keeping my wardrobe in order for the dancing parties, I easily found a very suitable summer costume in readiness for the occasion, which, with a tasteful head-dress to relieve the sky-blue trimmings of my white lawn dress, I made quite as good an appearance as any one need desire.

Therefore with more of a queen-like feeling, than that of an imprisoned slave, I took the proffered arm of the Doctor, and was escorted by him into the parlor of these grave, dignified gentlemen, and introduced, in the most gallant manner, first to the chairman, and then to the other gentlemen, separately, after which, he led me to a most conspicuous seat by the chairman, when I withdrew my arm from his own, and sat down.

Here I must notify my readers that there was one gentleman present to whom he did not introduce me, and to whom I did not speak. But, as I afterwards learned, he did speak *of me*, and of the impression made on his feelings, as he saw me so politely escorted into the room by the Doctor, in these words:

"I never saw a lady look so sweet and attractive as she did!"

Now I will introduce the gentleman to my readers as Rev. Mr. Packard, the husband of this lady.

The chairman, Mr. Brown, then addressed me in these words:

"Mrs. Packard, we have heard Mr. Packard's statements, and Dr. McFarland has informed us that you have something you would like to say to us. We will allow you ten minutes to say it in."

Taking out my watch and looking at it, I remarked to the Doctor who sat opposite me :

“Please inform me when my time is up, will you sir? and I will stop at any moment you designate.”

Nodding his consent, I commenced reading my document with a clear, calm, distinct voice, to a silently attentive audience. So profound was the silence, I could almost hear the joyous pulsations of my own heart.

On, on, I went, assailing fortress after fortress of the Calvinistic creed, and notwithstanding the havoc and devastation, thus caused by the skillful use of the weapon of truth and common-sense, still was tolerated. Neither did my time-keeper inform me that I was trespassing upon the limits assigned me, although my ten minutes were soon lost in fifty minutes before our interview terminated.

Having finished my “Exposure of Calvinism and Defence of Christianity,” I was emboldened by their toleration to ask another license, which was, permission to read another document which I had clandestinely prepared and taken with me, but which the Doctor had never seen.

That this license was most cheerfully and readily granted, was indicated not only by an unanimous hand vote of the Trustees, but also by the accompanying exclamations :

“Let her go on! Let us hear the whole!”

In view of this generous and cheerful response, I playfully remarked :

“I should think appearances betoken that I am in the element where freedom of opinion is tolerated.”

“We don’t know about *women* thinking as they please! We must look after *them*,” responded Mr. Club.

He was promptly silenced, however, by the noble “woman’s right’s” Miner, remarking in a very decided tone :

“Go on! Mrs. Packard—Go on!”

After thanking friend Miner for his generous defence, I

proceeded to read my unknown document to equally attentive listeners.

This document exposed "The Conspiracy" of their Superintendent and Mr. Packard against my personal liberty, in as bold and uncompromising terms as my exposure of Calvinism had been given in. Still I was tolerated!

The Superintendent and the Minister listened in mute amazement to this dauntless revelation of the truth and their own guilt. Without denying one of my statements, or offering a single apology, Mr. Packard left the room at the request of the Trustees.

The Superintendent soon followed.

The Trustees now acted the part of cross-questioning attorneys, while I their witness, was secretly exulting in the opportunity thus afforded me, of making further revelations of the depth and magnitude of this malign conspiracy.

The playful, easy style and manner in which I made my statements, seemed to dissipate the sanctimonious gravity of this august body—so that they came to seemingly regard me as one of their number, instead of a culprit under the grace of court! They manifested a willingness to do anything and everything I asked.

Mr. Brown told me that he saw it was of no use for me to think of returning to my husband, assuring me he now understood that my incarceration had been obtained in consequence of my *using* my reason, instead of *losing* my reason!

He kindly offered to send me, independently of Mr. Packard, to my children at Manteno, if I thought best to go; or, they would pay my passage to go to my father in Massachusetts; or, they would pay my board in Jacksonville, if I chose.

In short, I could have my liberty to do just as I pleased, as they were satisfied the Insane Asylum was no place for me.

Of course, I thanked them most sincerely for this offer of liberty—to me the most blessed boon of my existence, adding:

“Gentlemen; it is of no use for me to accept this offer at your hands, for although you acknowledge by this act that I have a right to my liberty, yet, you have no power to protect this right to me—for since I am a married woman, I have no legal protection of my person, or any of my rights, only as this protection is guaranteed to me through the voluntary act of my husband. The law does not *compel* him to protect or support me outside of an Insane Asylum, if he only chooses to claim that I am insane. This charge from my husband, even before it is proved against me, annihilates all my rights as a human being, not even excepting the right of self-defence from this charge. But on this, his single allegation, confirmed by the signature of your Superintendent, he can lawfully imprison me for life in this, or some other Insane Asylum. No father, brother, son or friend, or even our Governor himself, has the power to protect the personal liberty of any married woman in this State, while such a law exists on Illinois’ statute book. There is no protection of my personal liberty under the American flag, so long as Mr. Packard lives, therefore I may as well spend my days in this prison as in any other.”

The Trustees replied, “We pity you—it is a hard case—we never before realized how defenceless a married woman was under our laws—but what can we do for you? Is there anything?”

“Yes, gentlemen, there is one thing you can do, and only one that I can see, by which you can exonerate yourselves from complicity in this transaction, and at the same time confer a great favor upon me, which is, to furnish me with a key, or a pass, by which my personal liberty would be in my own hands, rather than in your hands as it now is. I might continue to stay for the present, as I have done, subject to the rules of the other prisoners, in all other respects, except that of being my own keeper. I have felt it my duty to protest against my false

imprisonment, and have, thereby, shut myself up more closely than the others are, for in my protest I said, 'I shall never return a voluntary prisoner into the wards,' neither can I do so, for I regard this vow as sacred. Indeed, I cannot now even return to the wards voluntarily, without a key or a pass. And if you force me back, it is *you* who are imprisoning me, and on you must hereafter rest the responsibility of being accomplices in this conspiracy."

They did not give me a key, nor a pass, neither did they request Dr. McFarland to do so, but thus compelled the Superintendent to carry me back in his own arms, as was the case.

But they did confer upon me the right to advise with the Doctor, assuring me I might do as he and myself could agree it was best to be done.

Accordingly, the following day the Superintendent called upon me in my room, and introduced the subject by saying :

"Well, Mrs. Packard, the Trustees thought you hit the mark with your gun!"

"Did they? Was that what they were shouting at, after I left the room?"

"Yes, it was; for I told them that you wished 'to fire a few guns at Calvinism.'"

"I knew, Doctor, that I had put in a heavy charge, but I determined to risk it, and improve my chance lest I should not get another. I somewhat feared it might burst the cannon! but it did not; for I see none of them believe me to be an insane person, after all."

"Mrs. Packard, won't you give me a copy of that document, for what is worth hearing once, is worth hearing twice."

"Yes, Doctor, I am perfectly willing to do so, for I should like you to have a copy, and the Trustees also, and I should like my father to have one, and my early friend and teacher, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and some others of my Orthodox

friends. But it is very irksome for me to copy. How would it do to get a few printed in handbill form, and send them to my friends?"

"I think it would be well to do so, and I will pay the printer. You re-write it, and add to it what was said, and I will see that it is done, forthwith."

"Do you mean to have both documents printed? The Exposure of the Conspiracy, also?"

"Yes, the whole; and anything else you may choose to add."

"Well done, for Dr. McFarland! If you are going to give me such liberty, I shall feel that I am a free woman; and this may possibly prepare the way for my liberation."

The paper was faithfully furnished by the Doctor, and I, with the most elastic feelings which this hope of deliverance inspired, went to work to prepare my document for the printer. But before twenty-four hours had elapsed since this liberty license was granted to my hitherto prison bound intellect, the vision of a big book began to dawn upon my mind, accompanied with the most delightful feeling of satisfaction with my undertaking. The next time the Doctor called, I told him that:

"It seems to me I must write a book. The thoughts and their arrangement, are all new and original, until suggested to my mind by this sort of mental vision. What shall I do, Doctor?"

"Write it out just as you see it."

He then furnished me with paper, and gave directions to the attendants to let no one disturb me, and let me do just as I pleased.

I commenced writing out this mental vision, and in six weeks I penciled the substance of "The Great Drama," which, when written out for the press, covers two thousand five hundred pages of note paper.

Can I not truly say my train of thought was engineered by the "Lightning Express?"

I had no books to aid me but Webster's large Dictionary, and the Bible. It came wholly through my own reason and intellect, quickened into unusual activity by the perfect state of my health, from the most persistent conformity to the laws of health in eating, sleeping, and exercise, and by the inspiring hope of coming freedom. The production is a remarkable one, as well as the indicting of it, a very singular phenomenon.

If, during my life-time, this "Great Drama" can be published and not imperil my personal liberty, I shall be happy to give it to the world.

But until that time arrives, when an original thought can be spoken or written, without incurring the charge of insanity for such an act, my personal liberty is only safe, while this manuscript is hidden from the age in which it was written.

CHAPTER LIV

My Exposure of Calvinism and Defence of Christianity, as Presented to the Trustees.

GENTLEMEN—I am accused of teaching my children doctrines ruinous in their tendency, and such as alienate them from their father.

I reply that my teachings and practice both are ruinous to Satan's cause, and do alienate my children from satanic influences. *I* teach Christianity; my *husband* teaches Calvinism. These are antagonistic systems, and uphold antagonistic authorities.

Christianity upholds God's authority. Calvinism, the devil's authority.

Calvinism befriends slavery. Christianity befriends liberty.

The kingdom of Christ and the kingdom of Satan can no longer exist in one and the same family or government. The time has come when the tares and the wheat must be separated; for the harvest of the world is fully ripe.

Calvin was a bigot—an intolerant despot—a murderer. Christ was a kind, liberal, charitable and tolerant friend and protector to all, and the Saviour of all.

Calvin trespassed upon the inalienable rights of others. Christ protected the rights of all.

Calvin hated with a deadly hate his Christian brother. Christ loved with saving power his enemies.

Calvinism is treason to God's government. Christianity is loyalty to God's government.

Calvinistic marriage requires the subjection of woman. Christian marriage requires the protection of woman.

The teachings of Christ and those of Calvin are antagonistic.

Christ taught there is but one God. Calvin taught there are three Gods.

Christ taught that he was the Son of God. Calvin taught that he was God himself.

Christ taught that the Son could not be as old as his Father. Calvin taught that they could be of the same age.

Christ taught that he was a subordinate being, subject to God's authority, and that he acted with delegated power as the world's Saviour, and that when this end was fully achieved he should deliver up his delegated authority to his Father, and he himself be subject to him, and God would then be "all and in all."

Calvin taught that Christ was God himself, and acted by his own self-derived authority.

Christ taught that God was the Father of all the human family, and as such, purposes and designs the best good of all his children; and he taught that he had Omnipotent power to carry out and accomplish all the benevolent purposes of his paternal nature.

Calvin taught that the larger part of the human family were the children of the devil, and that he had Omnipotent power to *thwart* God's purposes concerning such, and could ensure to them eternal destruction in spite of God's intention and purpose to redeem the *whole* of the human family from destruction.

Christ taught that every sin would receive its just punishment—that the law of justice was inexorable—that the only way to escape punishment was to escape the *cause* of punishment.

Calvin taught that the favorites in God's family would be exonerated from this law, simply because they believed that Christ died for sinners.

Christ taught that punishment would continue so long as transgression continued, that whenever repentance took place, pardon ensued; and that all would sometime repent, because he had purposed to *save all in this way alone*; and he taught that death and hell would finally be destroyed, and, of course, if the effect ceased, the *cause* must have ceased.

Calvin taught that the greater part of God's family would transcend God's ability to discipline into subjugation to his authority and obedience to his commands; and that failing in his ability so to do, he was determined to show his power over them by keeping them in endless, hopeless torment, and thus, fiend-like, manifest his despotic authority by forever torturing his helpless victims.

Calvin taught that the day of probation terminated with the death of our natural bodies.

Christ taught that there were no limits to God's mercy, that he was unchangeable, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," therefore, repentance will always remain a condition of pardon—the free-agency is an indispensable law of our moral nature, over which the death of our natural body has no influence—that this natural law of our *physical* being has no more influence or control over the laws of our *moral* nature than the natural law of eating or sleeping has over them—or, that putting off our natural body has no more power to change the laws of our moral nature than a change of clothing has to change the character.

Christ taught that our natures are holy—that all their God-given instincts and laws are but a type of his own nature which we cannot violate with impunity—that to disregard *nature's* claim, is to disregard *God's* claims. And he has shown us what these claims are by living a natural life himself on earth, for our example. He has shown us that sin consists in violating the laws of our God-given nature—thus depraving, or perverting it, from its original tendencies; that he came to

restore human nature from its present perverted condition to its original, natural state of innocence.

Calvin taught that our natures are sinful, that to live a natural life is to live a sinful life. He taught that human nature is our worst foe, which we must conquer into subjection to his perverted standard of faith and practice, or be lost eternally.

Christ taught that to be baptized we must go down into the water and come up out of the water, as he did.

Calvin taught that to be baptized we must stand up in a house and be sprinkled.

Christ taught that to feel right we must first *do* right.

Calvin taught that to do right we must *feel* right.

Christ taught us to "overcome evil with good."

Calvin taught us to overcome evil with evil—that the first step towards becoming better was to believe you were very bad, and if you are too honest to say you were bad when you felt that you were not, it was the darkest sign of guilt—so that the upright, sincere soul felt driven to become bad, so that he could make an *honest* confession of his guilt in order to secure the confidence of his Christian brethren that he was converted.

Christ taught that to clothe ourselves with his righteousness, was to do like him, be like him, by doing right in everything.

Calvin taught that to clothe ourselves with Christ's righteousness was to act contrary to the dictates of human nature and utterly repudiate obedience as a meritorious act, or as a reason why we should be acquitted and justified in God's sight, and depend wholly upon the merits of Christ, entirely independent of our own; or, in other words, to continue in an unnatural state, depending upon a sovereign act of God to appropriate the vicarious sufferings of Christ for our benefit, independent of our accountability.

Calvin taught that the elect were all that would or could be saved, and that these were God's children, and all others the devil's children.

Christ taught that all were God's dear children—that all had good and evil in them, but that all the evil in them he came to destroy. And that for this purpose, he had elected some of his children and capacitated them by peculiar sufferings and trials to be co-workers with him for the good of the many. As if a father should bestow peculiar advantages upon one child, that he might be fitted to be the educator of his other children. This is "The economy of grace."

I believe that with these, his educated company of sanctified ones, who have come out of great tribulation, such as he endured on earth, he will make such assaults upon Satan's kingdom as will ensure its entire overthrow and destruction.

I believe that this reign of Christ on the earth, with his elect co-workers, is about to be inaugurated; and that these troublous times are only the day of preparation for a better state than has ever been experienced on earth. The clouds which precede this bright, millennial day, will soon be dispersed by the Sun of Righteousness; and that a kingdom is about to be established, which shall never be destroyed.

Then will the great work of redeeming a lost world commence, with accelerated power and efficiency.

Christ, with his chosen band of purified ones, will then make *practical* the beneficent, self-sacrificing principles of his unselfish nature, so that no inveterate foe to His government and reign—not even the stoutest Calvinist—will be able then to resist, effectually, any one of his benevolent plans to save the whole class of Calvinists from endless torment, by leading them to bow to his sceptre, and become kind and tolerant towards others, as Christ and his followers are toward them.

I believe that all who have died unsanctified, will live again on the earth, where their surroundings will be so favorable, that they will be able to live natural lives, and, in this manner, take the *first step* to a higher spiritual life. For God says, with no exception, "First the natural, then the spiritual."

And the poor deluded Calvinist, who has been led to despise nature, will not be found to have committed a sin too great for his benevolent Sovereign to pardon, on the ground of late repentance.

I believe that some incorrigible Calvinists may compel God to punish them one thousand years in what, *to them*, is endless torment, before they will be willing to renounce Calvin's creed, and adopt Christ's creed—"to do unto others as they would wish to be done by"—in its stead.

The sum of my practical theology is contained in the following stanza :

" With cheerful feet thy path of duty run,
 God nothing does, nor *suffers* to be done,
 But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou out see
 Through all events of things as well as He."

Reflections.

1. This impious, Calvinistic attempt to *chain my thoughts*, by calling me "insane," for opinion's sake, and imprisoning me on this account, is a *crime* against the constitution of this free government, and also a crime against civilization and human progress. For who will dare to be true to the inspirations of the divinity within them, if the pioneers of truth are thus liable to lose their personal liberty for life, for so doing?

2. The law by which I am imprisoned, which entirely deprives a married woman of the primeval law of heaven—the right of self-defence—is a Calvinistic law, since it conflicts with the gospel—the golden rule.

3. This notorious family rebellion, is the legitimate fruit of the Calvinistic law of marriage, which enslaves the wife. And the only cure for it, is legal, constitutional emancipation, based upon the principles of God's government, which demand *liberty to all*.

4. This kidnapping intelligent moral agents of their accountability is the climax of all human wrongs to which Calvinism gravitates. An imprisonment as a criminal does not begin to compare with it in cruelty—since a criminal is regarded as an accountable being. He is not locked up to be deprived of the Godhead within him! His capacity to become a guilty, wicked person, is allowed him—and this capacity, even with guilt attending it, is less to be dreaded, than a feeling of annihilation—an extinction of human capacities and being.

Gentlemen, I claim ability to defend every sentiment herein advanced by sound argument, and I pledge myself ready now to do so, either in an extemporaneous defence, or a written discussion. And I will engage to write a volume in their defence and have it ready for publication at your next meeting, if you will be so kind as to furnish me with paper to write it upon.

It would be the greatest luxury to me, to thus be able to improve this opportunity, to advance the cause of truth and righteousness on earth, so that when called to give an account of my earthly stewardship, it may appear, that while *numbered* with the incapacitated, useless members of society, I did what I could for the cause most dear to my heart.

Dr. McFarland, please to accept my most grateful thanks for permitting me this privilege of presenting some of my most radical views of religious truth before the Trustees.

Gentlemen, Trustees of this Institution, as your friend, I advise you to follow the dictates of your individual consciences, God's secretary within you, in performing the part Providence has assigned you in this great drama. Remember, gentlemen, we are a free people, and every citizen living under this Government has a right to form his own opinions, and having formed them, he has a right to express his individual opinions wherever he may think proper. And whosoever seeks to imprison him because he does this, is a traitor to that flag and the cause which it represents.

CHAPTER LV.

The Dawning of a New Dispensation.

The reader will now perceive that a new dispensation has dawned upon me—that the Superintendent is regarding his prisoner in the light of a citizen, rather than a slave.

And if any of my readers feel disposed to censure me for seeming so readily to forgive this great sinner, let me remind them that they may perhaps be better prepared to judge correctly of my feelings if they could exchange situations with me.

Ever since the Doctor had taken my part in the insult of the Jacksonville aristocrats, I had an occasional cause to feel that my happiness was not an object of such stoical indifference to him as it formerly had been. And besides, I had noticed that just in proportion as I had Dr. McFarland's approval, just in that proportion was I regarded as a terror to the evil-doer; neither was my influence over those who were doing well lessened by it.

Therefore, benevolence itself would prompt me to "impress" this influence into a good cause, if possible. And with me it has always been a settled purpose to train my own children and scholars to do right under the influence of encouragement rather than censure. I am more watchful to find out some cause for just approbation, rather than for fault-finding.

This being my native or home element it is not strange that I should seize with avidity the first opening bud of promise on this barren stock of manliness, which daily passed under my observation.

Yes, I did strive with all the charity and forgiveness I could command, to find every hopeful sign that possibly could be

summoned into the exercise of encouragement to the well-doer; for my principles led me to despise the flatterer as well as the slanderer—that is, I could no more praise without cause for praise, than I could blame without cause for blame. Both being falsehoods, I could practice neither, and it was not possible for me to determine which evil of the two was the greatest, therefore, I strove to avoid both.

Again, my theology teaches me that in every human being there is a soul to be redeemed. That in every rock there is a well. Could I not, therefore, hope that the drill of long and patient perseverance might yet reach this spring in this Doctor's flinty heart?

Yes, I had my hope quickened into a spasmodic life that the latent spark of manliness in this hardened sinner, might yet be developed into the strength of a vigorous life, corresponding to his intellectual strength. It was my aim and purpose thus to develop him, by the only power in the universe adequate to this work, and fitted for it, and that is "woman's influence." Indeed I fully determined that in the same ratio that he had tried to crush the womanhood in me, in that same proportion would I raise the manhood in him. And although my first effort for his elevation cost me banishment from the scenes of civilization, to dwell among maniacs, yet this did not dispirit me, nor cause me to regret the effort.

I know too, that God does not require one sinner to punish another sinner, for he has expressly claimed the right of punishment as being his own prerogative. The Great Father of the human family has not delegated the right to one child to punish the faults of another—on the contrary, he claims the right of punishment as exclusively his own.

Therefore as his child I am bound to refer to my Father, the settlement of the wrongs I receive from my brothers and sisters. All he allows me to do is, to do them good, that is to defend myself by benefiting them, not by injuring them.

Now the greatest good I could bestow upon Dr. McFarland was to influence him to stop sinning, by doing justice towards me forthwith. And now that he had taken the first decided step in that direction, I aimed to urge him onward by every possible influence.

Again, I do not feel called upon to judge of the motives of my fellow sinners. If they *act right*, it is none of my business what motive prompted the act.

For example, if Dr. McFarland allows me the right of self-defense, and thereby secures my personal liberty, I have a right to acknowledge the act as a good one, even if he was compelled to do so through fear of exposure or punishment, or even if selfish policy, and nothing else prompted him to do this good deed.

His subsequent course has demonstrated that he had no good end in view, so far as I was concerned, in allowing me to write this book, but on the contrary he determined to use the book as the means of getting me again incarcerated.

As he had allowed me to expose Calvinism before the trustees, for the purpose of getting their sanction in calling me an insane person ; so he now allowed me to write a book, hoping thus to secure the sanction of *my* readers in calling me insane. And notwithstanding the whole plot had been conceived and executed on the principles of the most conceited selfishness, yet, I have no right on that ground to call the act a wrong, or a bad act. These may have been the highest motives this hardened sinner could possibly exercise, on this low plane on which his persistent iniquities had placed him.

And since my Father in Heaven does not ignore *fear*, as a bad motive, why should I? He says, "the *fear* of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," evidently representing this principle as the very lowest round of the ladder of human progression yet being an agent employed by God for the sinner's arrest in his downward course, we should not despise it, lest,

we thus "quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed."

But the caviler may say, "what goodness can be attributed to the act of giving you what was already yours by the right of inheritance, as a human being? Your right of self-defense was not Dr. McFarland's to bestow, even if he did allow you to use this right, while others withdrew from you every opportunity for its exercise. It was yours already. You did not seem to feel under any special obligation to Mr. Packard for giving you your old clothes on this principle."

No, I did not, for he was at this time beyond the limits of Christian fellowship. I felt conscious that the law of love required me to withdraw from him all fellowship, believing he belonged to that class whom we are commanded to treat in this manner, for their good. I had borne with him until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue; for every act of fellowship bestowed, only encouraged him in his course of wrong doing. I had for twenty-one years pursued this uniform course of persistent kindness, only to be trampled under his feet, for so doing, and now circumstances compelled me to treat him on a plane lower even than the fear of punishment.

From that class who cannot be moved even by the lowest motive in human development, I feel bound to withdraw myself, knowing that stern justice alone can now move them in the line of repentance, and as he had denied me the least shadow of justice in the right of self-defense, it was now meet that he should experience the justice he had denied me.

This was not taking justice into my own hands, it was only leaving him to his own chosen way to work out his own destruction, unimpeded. All hope of deliverance from this incorrigible sinner, had long since gone out in utter darkness. He had deliberately put me off upon another man's protection, by withdrawing his own entirely.

And I must say that I felt a little exultant, under the

thought that my entrance on the Doctor's arm might possibly make him feel that I had found in the protector he had chosen for me, one that suited me better than the one of my own choice!

Here let me say to my husband, that it is perfectly natural for me to love the opposite sex, it need not be a matter of surprise to him if I should come to love the only man he allowed me to associate with, for three years, especially if I can find in him anything worthy of my love.

And failing to find the jewel I sought in this personification of a man determined to develop it, if woman's influence could do it, and now my hopes so long buried, were just germinating, and that they might perfect the beautiful buds of promise was to me my soul inspiring business to hasten this consummation.

Under the influence of these new and most joyous emotions I pursued my delightful employment of writing my most novel book.

The gallant and now gentlemanly Doctor's visits were most welcome seasons of rich and varied interchange of thoughts, so that my mind seemed stimulated into a new and healthful activity from this powerful magnetic influence.

The sound of his footsteps in the hall, and his gentle knock at my door now caused my heart to bound with joy as before it had caused a throb of anguish, to know that he was on his way to my room, into which he would bolt the most unceremoniously, without caring whether he was welcome or not.

Now to be treated as a lady, in this gallant manner, by this once boorish man, was to me the inauguration of a new and delightful era of my prison life.

But the brightest day has its clouds, and the finest gold its dross, as will be demonstrated in the following chapter.

CHAPTER LVI.

The Moral Barometer Indicates a Storm —A Hurricane.

Woman's love for man is based on the principle of reverence. We can never truly love a man who has never inspired in us the feeling of fear, or reverence. A woman's nature calls for protection, as instinctively as the climbing rose calls for something stronger than itself to climb upon. She can not, naturally, cling to a nature weaker than her own, any more than the vine can naturally climb without a stronger support than its own to cling to.

Fear, respect, and reverence, are emotions which superiority alone can inspire. I cannot exercise the feeling of reverence towards a being whom I do not look up to, as to a superior. A child cannot reverence his parent, unless that parent can command the feeling of authority over the child. Until this fear, or authority is established, the foundation stone of the edifice of filial love is wanting. A servant cannot reverence nor love his master, unless the principle of authority is established in the master. Let the servant, or the child feel that he can rule the master, or parent, and thus hold his authority in his own hands, then the foundation for contempt or irreverence is established.

God commands the love of all his creatures on the principle of superiority, which inspires reverence for his authority, and from this root, the purest, tenderest, most confiding love, naturally germinates.

Woman's nature is peculiarly fitted to love such a being, feeling him to be the embodiment of strength and power, such as

she wants, to meet her instinctive aspirations. God tells us he has made man in his image; and therefore, on this basis, she turns to him as her natural protector. She finds in man, this tower of strength and wisdom, which she, like the vine is in search of, that she may live a natural life.

When she finds a man combining strength and wisdom superior to her own, she as naturally desires this power as her shield and defence, as she naturally desires food and sleep, to meet a demand of her nature.

For example, my nature being endowed with the instincts of a natural woman, has ever sought for a personified deity in a man form, to reverence and love. This feeling was first exercised towards my father, whose authority and kindness quickened this latent spark into activity. His authority was the stepping-stone to God's authority. He was to my childish nature, God's representative, and just in proportion as I revered my father's authority, just in that proportion did I reverence God's authority.

As the child, in time, lost itself in the mature woman, so the filial love for my father became merged into a higher love of manhood, that of companionship, as well as protection. Unlike some children, I could not find in my father that kind of companionship my development demanded. He ruled me still, but not through my freedom, as my intelligence demanded. This, therefore, stifled this confiding spirit, because it could not act in conflict with reason.

And so it was with the feelings awakened by my husband's authority; he mingled with it so much of the tyrant, at the same time denying me the protection of the man, that my higher love was never quickened into natural life under either influence. This great want of my nature, spiritual freedom, was never met or gratified, until this period, when, under the manly protection of Dr. McFarland, I was allowed to write an independent book, free from all dictation.

The awe of the tyrant was now settling into a reverence for a mighty power, adequate to this great emergency. As he had had almost omnipotent power to crush, so he now had this same power to raise and defend me. The power of the Husband, the power of the Trustees, the power of the State, had all been delegated to him. As to the power of protection, he was all in all to me now; and the spiritual freedom granted to me by this power was almost God-like.

Dr. McFarland knew that one great object in my writing my book, was to destroy the evils of Insane Asylums, and he knew too, that in order to expose these evils, I must necessarily expose *him* in his abuse of power. Still, like the Trustees, he tolerated the truth, sad though it was—for example:

One day he came to my room after I had just completed a delineation of himself through his own actions which presented him in a most unfavorable light, and as I allowed him to see all I wrote, if he wished it, I handed him these sheets, saying:

“Doctor, what will you do when such facts come to be published? Can you stand before them?”

After reading them carefully through, he remarked with a deep sigh:

“If I stand at all, I must stand before it,—*for it is the truth!*”

Could I help reverencing a power who would thus submissively and coolly take this severe chastisement from one whom he regarded as his dependent?

No, I could not.

I felt that here was a eulogy, a compliment bestowed in a manly style, surpassing anything I had ever witnessed. It said to me:

“Mrs. Packard, I can trust you—I will trust you, for you are such a truthful witness I dare not confront you.”

Yes, his fortitude, his patience, his tolerance under my

castigation—severe as his own unvarnished actions made them—really moved my pity, and led me to exclaim :

“ Oh, Doctor, how could you compel me to write such a hateful record ! How could you act so meanly ! How I do wish I had no such sad truths to tell ! Now Doctor, you must give me a chance to redeem your character as a penitent. Won't you do so ? ”

Yes, he did resolve to be my manly protector, by letting me write just such a book as I pleased, thus trusting his character, as it were, entirely in my hands. Oh, this trust !—This sacred trust—second to nothing but the ark of truth ! Under the influence of these feelings, the legitimate offspring of such exhibitions of manliness, I prepared the first installment of “ The Great Drama,” for publication.

I told him the manuscript was ready for the printer, and inquired if he held himself responsible to publish this, by the first offer he had made me. Of course there was ground for hesitation by the enhanced expense. I, therefore, offered to write to my son and get the extra amount, to meet this emergency.

Still he hesitated—I thought too, I could detect the old “ policy ” principle coming into life again, aiming to supplant the self-sacrificing spirit of benevolence, which seemed to be just taking root in his heart. I trembled—knowing that my all depended upon his *continuance* in well doing.

I asked wisdom. It was impressed upon my mind to write him a letter—I did so—and as I took it to my attendant, Miss Mills, and asked her to carry it to the Doctor's office, and deliver it herself, I said, as the presentiment of the coming storm came over me :

“ This may bring a storm of indignation upon me ; if it does, do the best you can for me, but don't tell a lie to help me.”

In this note I had expressed my fears, that the fear of man

was gaining the ascendancy over his better nature—that instead of daring to trust himself where the truth would place him, as his higher nature prompted, I feared he was settling down on to the plane of selfish policy, so beneath the noble dignity of his nature, and I gently warned him of the consequences of such a relapse, saying :

“I shall be just as much bound to expose the truth, as before; but with this relapse I cannot save you with this cause of truth, as you will not then be the penitent, which is indispensable to my saving you with the ark of truth.” In short, I added, “If you fail to keep your promise to publish my book, or help me to liberty, I shall feel bound to fulfill my promise to expose you.”

In about one hour from the time Miss Mills delivered the note, I heard his footsteps in the hall, and I could also almost hear my own heart palpitate with emotion as the step approached my door. I responded to his rap as usual, by opening the door, and extending my hand, said :

“Good morning, Doctor!”

But my salutation was not returned, and instead of acceding my proffered hand, he sternly remarked :

“Step out of your room!”

“Step out of my room! did you say?”

“Yes.”

I obeyed, when no sooner was I past the threshold, than he pulled my door together, and locked it against me. Then holding his key in his hand, as much as to say, “I hold your destiny by the power of this key, and I hold too, that precious book now in your room under the power of this key; it therefore becomes you to be careful what you do!” and standing in front of me, he said :

“Mrs. Packard, I consider that note you sent me as unlady-like—as containing a threat.”

Pausing a moment, I replied :

“Dr. McFarland, that note contained the truth, and nothing but the truth. I promised you when I had been here only four months, that I should expose you when I got out, unless you repented—I don’t take it back!—I don’t recant!”

Without saying another word, he took hold of my arm and led me gently into a screen-room, and locked me up!

This was the first time I had ever been locked in a screen-room, and now his own hand had turned the bolt of this maniac’s cell upon me! Unlike screen-rooms generally, this room had a chair in it, which the patients said the Doctor carried in himself before he came to my door.

Having of course here nothing to do, I took the chair and placing it before the corner of the room, I seated myself and tipped it back, and resting my head against a pillow I took from the bed, tried to compose myself to sleep, knowing that good sleep is as good an antidote to trouble, as I could then command. In this position I quietly rested with closed eyes, for two hours, thinking over the probable fate of my book.

“There is one part of my book,” thought I, “which will escape this destruction, for Miss Mills had yesterday taken the first volume down to Mrs. Chapman of the Seventh ward. The Doctor won’t find this in my room, thank good fortune!”

But I am sorry to say this part of my soliloquy did not prove true, for the Doctor, after searching all the things in my room, even the bedding, both of the ticks, and both of the pillows, and not finding this book which he knew was ready for the press, he finally inquired of Miss Mills if she knew where one volume of Mrs. Packard’s book could be found.

My kind attendant, recollecting my instruction, “Don’t tell a lie to help me,” felt bound to tell the truth, which she did.

The Doctor, therefore went to Mrs. Chapman’s room and demanded the book. She took the manuscript from between her ticks and handed it to him.

“Now,” thought I, “this paltry thief has got every scrap of

my precious book into his own hands! besides all the other manuscripts and all the stationery of every kind, which I had in my possession that he could find.”

But thanks to a good Providence, my entire journal escaped this wreck. Although the greater part of it passed through his fingers, yet he knew it not!

It was all rolled up in small, separate portions, in the different articles of my wardrobe, and as the Doctor handled over each and every article of linen in my trunk, he little thought that the contents of this book then passed unobserved, through his fingers, by being wrapped up in these articles, and fastened by a pin! Had he removed one pin and thus found one roll, he would, doubtless, have removed all the pins, and thus found them all. But it seems the Doctor's curiosity was satisfied with the examination of a lady's wardrobe, without looking to see with his own eyes the style of embroidery upon her linen!

After this general overhauling of my things, it seems the Doctor was not satisfied, for he then went to every female employee, and in the most excited state they had ever seen their Superintendent, asked them the question he had asked Miss Mills, viz. :

“Do you know of any place where Mrs. Packard keeps her papers?”

None, except Miss Mills, were able to inform him on this point, for my prudence did not allow me to make a confidant in these matters, of any person in the house, not even after the new dispensation had been opened upon me; for I knew that it is not all gold that glitters, and possibly this gold which I thought I had found in the Doctor, might not stand the smelting process to which I knew it must yet be subjected! I now saw the wisdom of granting to great sinners a “day of probation,” before taking them into “full fellowship!”

When my “new convert,” had got through his “backsliding

business, he came in my room, and unlocking my door found his prisoner as quietly sleeping, to all appearance, while this wrath cloud of indignation was expending itself about her, as if she had no responsibility of any other person's actions resting upon her except her own.

I opened my eyes, and said to the Doctor who stood in the open doorway looking at me :

“ Can I come out now ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Can I go to my room ? ”

“ Yes, of course.”

He then followed me to the door of my room, and as he unlocked it and disclosed to my view the empty box upon the floor, which two hours before contained my precious book, and my bed and toilet articles presenting the appearance that my room had had a crazy occupant in it since I left it, I turned my eyes from that sad scene to his face, and simply said, in a quiet, soft tone, as I laid my hand gently upon his arm :

“ Doctor, never fear!—God reigns!—This will all work right!”

CHAPTER LVII.

The Clouds Disperse.

This sudden tempest which had just passed over the moral horizon of my earthly destiny, had in its violence left my earthly prospects a complete wreck. Nothing tangible was now to be found to rest my troubled soul upon. If it were not that my anchor had been cast within the veil, and found there a firm foundation to rest it upon, this foundering bark of my earthly destiny must have become a perfect wreck.

But, thank God! this refuge of faith failed not, and thus I stood unharmed. Even my peace and composure of soul never forsook me for one hour, but on the contrary I and my friend Mrs. Olsen, seemed to be the only hopeful ones in the Asylum, as to the effect of this moral hurricane. From every part of this spacious house I could hear that the wail of pity for me was being expressed in language as various as the sources whence it came—I received many of the most tender messages of sympathy suited to the emergency.

But in one particular all agreed that I should never see my book again.

“It is lost! forever lost—as to your ever seeing it again,” was the great unquestioning fact on which their sympathy was predicated.

Since I kept my own secrets in more than one particular, these sympathizers did not know on what ground I built my hope, when I assured them all:

“I shall get my book again! He will return it to me! He will not burn it!”

Was my prompt decided response, to their kind and generous sympathy.

This was to them a mystery they could not fathom, and I

must add in truth to myself, that it was almost as much so to myself. But like Abraham, I felt that my darling book would in some way be saved, as was his darling Isaac. And, like him, I only knew by the assurance of faith in God's promises.

I knew that whatever I lost for truth's sake would be restored to me fourfold. I had deliberately exposed my book to save Dr. McFarland's soul; that is, I was willing to probe deep into this sinner's corrupt heart, lest the "hurt be healed slightly," and therefore I told him plainly the consequences of backsliding, hoping thus to hedge up the way against it.

But instead of this, the sunlight of truth caused these buds upon the house-top to wither and decay—the resolution of holy obedience had not yet found the good soil of firmness and moral courage to take root in, so as to make it a principle of permanent growth.

But what must now be done? Must he be left as an incorrigible sinner, past all hope of redemption? My faith said:

"No, try again."

I did try again, and when the next morning he came his usual rounds, and found me sitting in my room quietly sewing with my door wide open, and my room full of patients listening to my conversation for their entertainment, I arose to meet him at the door, and as I extended to him my hand, I said, with a smile:

"Doctor, will you shake hands with me this morning?"

"Oh, yes—yes—most certainly."

And at the same time took my hand and while he held it, I remarked in an undertone, with my eyes resting upon his hands:

"Doctor, the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

After gazing at me in amazement for a few seconds, and saying by his manner, "of what kind of material are you composed?" At length he said:

“Why, Mrs. Packard, your book is all safe.”

“Of course it is safe, in *your* hands, Dr. McFarland!”

He then passed on, considering what ground his prisoner had for reposing so much confidence in her keeper, especially after he had proved so untrue and so unmanly to her.

“Is she determined to make me worthy of trust by trusting me?”

Yes, so it was, and as I knew it to be a law of our nature that we are apt to *become* what we are taken to *be*. I knew the best way to make a man of this being, was to bestow upon him the trust and confidence of a woman, hoping thus to inspire again the latent spark of manhood, which was now passing under another eclipse.

The next time when he found me alone in my room, I asked him to sit down and let us talk over matters a little. He did so, and I asked him the question:

“Doctor, which is the most lady-like or Christian-like act; to ruin a person by exposing them without warning—or to warn them first, and thus give them a chance to escape the exposure by repentance?”

Seeing the self-condemnation the answer involved, he chose silence as the better part of valor this time.

I then tried another question:

“Doctor, which would be the most chivalrous act, for a man to keep his promise to a lady whom he had promised to protect—or to take a defenseless woman, and by an act of might, lock her up in a room where she could not defend herself at all, and then rob her of all her valuables? Would it be a noble, and manly act, to treat a woman who had never harmed you in this manner? Just make the case your own, Doctor; supposing a man should take you from your office, and lead you into a room and lock you up, and then with secret keys should ransack your valuables, and all your private notes and papers of the greatest value to you, and then claim them as his own—

what would you call such an act? Would you think there was much honor to boast of in that kind of use of the power, *might* gave him over your rights?"

Getting no replies, and choosing not to harass my condemned culprit too much, I next remarked:

"Doctor, when I consider what a valuable soul there is to be redeemed in you, and then resolve to try one more effort to secure its safety, this passage is often presented to my mind, 'of some have compassion, making a difference: others save with fear; pulling them out of the fire.' But Doctor, I have to go so near the fire to get hold of you, that I get burnt myself sometimes!"

At this point he threw back his head and laughed outright, seeming not to know what to say, but by his looks and manner he seemed to say:

"You are an anomaly I cannot comprehend."

By a series of lectures of a similar character, this poor sinner was at length brought to see and realize the meanness of the act, and with a feeling of self-abhorrence and self-condemnation, in about three weeks he sent back my papers, unasked, with an apology for not having done so before!

He also withdrew his order to my attendants, to not let me have any writing materials whatever, and now ordered them to aid me in every possible way in granting me facilities for doing so.

It was thus under the auspices of a cloudless sky, I again resumed the delightful work of preparing "The Great Drama" for the press, and under the benign influence of a cloudless manhood I henceforth pursued my onward way. The moral victory thus achieved, increased rather than diminished my spiritual freedom.

The anxious Superintendent became satisfied that it was useless to try to comfort me in the line of my duty. He saw that no policy but that of moral rectitude could secure my

sanction—that no fear, but the fear of sin, could conquer me into subjection to any human power, so that this final conquest over the principles of despotic power brought his principles of selfish policy to a final end, so far as his treatment of me was concerned.

I never could ask any man to treat me with more deferential respect than Dr. McFarland uniformly did* from this time. And here let me credit to this man the compliment, I honestly think is his due, viz. : that there are few men who are able to excel Dr. McFarland in his gentlemanly appearance when he feels disposed to assume the gentleman.

Now every noble manly act of protection extended to me in the very respectful manner in which he bestowed it, restored to me with renewed strength, such entire trust and confidence in his manhood, that I could say, “my heart is fixed,” trusting in Dr. McFarland as my *God-appointed* deliverer and protector.

I had no reason to feel, after these three long years of absolute desertion, that another man lived on earth who cared for my happiness, but Dr. McFarland. Therefore, in choosing him as my only earthly protector, I merely accepted of the destiny my friends and the State had assigned me, and in return for this boon thus forced upon me, I willingly offered him a woman’s *heart* of grateful love in return, as the only prize left me to bestow.

If any of my readers are tempted to regard this act as rash and unreasonable, let me remind them that human instincts are above human reason—that God’s laws are subject to no human conventional or legislative enactments. The law of my nature instinctively extends pardon to the penitent—and gratitude to a benefactor.

For example: should I be struggling for life amid the waves that were engulfing me, and one who had been my worst enemy should, at the risk of his own life, rescue my own from a watery grave, would I wait to reason upon the absurdity of

giving my grateful heart's devotion to one who had hitherto been my enemy?

“Nay, verily all that a man hath will he give for his life.”

So I as instinctively gave to the *penitent* Dr. McFarland, as I *then* regarded him, all I had to give—my forgiveness—and my grateful heart's devotion in return for his voluntary promise to bestow upon me that most invaluable prize—that most blessed boon of human existence—my personal liberty. I did then, and still do regard this offering as none too costly to lay upon the altar of my personal freedom.

And I say, moreover, that heart must have become ossified or dead which would not pulsate in harmony with these laws of its higher nature. And if this act was wrong or sinful, under the circumstances, then I say to God's law—the law of my nature—is the penalty justly due.

CHAPTER LVIII.

My Oldest Son Obtains My Discharge.

Theophilus, my oldest son, had been anxiously waiting, now nearly three years, when he should be "of age," that he might liberate me from my confinement. He visited me four times during my incarceration, and had done all that lay in his power to do, to procure my discharge, although his father had forbidden his visiting me at all, and had threatened to disinherit him in case he should break this command.

The same threat hung over my second son, Isaac, also, but he, like his brother, chose to expose himself to be disinherited, rather than to suffer his mother to languish in her prison, without human sympathy.

Cheering as it was to my fond heart to receive their true sympathy, it was saddening, also, to know that every effort they were making for my deliverance was abortive—that no possible hope of relief could be expected through them until they were twenty-one.

Their father, knowing their determination to help me to liberty as soon as they attained this age, tried to guard this avenue of escape, by negotiating with an Asylum in Massachusetts, to take me under their lock and key, hoping thus to elude their action. But ere this plan was consummated, Mr. Packard was notified by the Trustees that he must remove me in June.

Theophilus not knowing of this arrangement, made application to his father to consent to his removing me from my prison, assuring him that if he would allow him this privilege, he would cheerfully support me himself, from his own hard earnings. Knowing he could not legally remove me without his father's consent, he made this proposal to induce him to do

so, and his father knowing, too, that he must take me out soon, consented to let him thus assume this responsibility.

Therefore, with a light heart, he sought his mother's cell for the fourth time, and was most politely introduced into my room by the Doctor as a "new man," just espousing the rights, privileges, and powers of an individual man, subject to no dictation but that of law and conscience; said he:

"Here is a *man* who proposes to assume the responsibility of being your protector—he has had his father's consent to do so, and I have given him my own, and do hereby discharge you into the hands of this new man. Mrs. Packard, you are at liberty to go with your son where you please, and I do hereby discharge you into his hands."

Thanking him, as the Superintendent, for this discharge, I begged the privilege of consulting with him as our mutual friend, respecting the best course to be pursued. Said I:

"You know, Doctor, that the law holds me still subject to my husband, and therefore my son has no legal power to protect my liberty only so far as his father's promise goes as its security. Now I have no confidence in that man's word or honor, and therefore I consider myself eminently exposed to be kidnapped again, and put into the Asylum, at Northampton; so that without some other guarantee of safety than his promise, I prefer to remain here until I can finish my book, which will take about six weeks, and then I can have a means of self-defense in my own hands, which I can use independent of any legal process. Now I must be boarded somewhere these six weeks; why cannot my son pay my board here, as well as any other place, and thus let me complete my book, unmolested by any change until then?"

The Doctor replied, "I see no objection to your doing so if your son has none."

Theophilus replied, "I wish mother to do just as she thinks best, and I am satisfied."

Accordingly it was decided, by the consent of all parties, that I should remain there until my book was finished, and that my son should pay my board during this time.

I then, as a boarder, not as a prisoner, accompanied my son on foot to Jacksonville, (the Asylum being about one mile distant) where we consulted printers, respecting the terms on which they would print my first volume—bought some paper with my son's money and returned to my boarding-house—but not to a prison—because I was not now an *involuntary* prisoner, although the bolts still confined me, with no key or pass of my own to unbolt them.

In this sense, my prison life terminated four weeks before I was removed from the Asylum, and I really felt safer under the gallant protection of Dr. McFarland, than I could have then felt in any other situation.

CHAPTER LIX.

The Trustees Force Me into the Hands of Mr. Packard.

In about four weeks from the time of my discharge into the hands of my son, the Trustees counter-ordered this Superintendent's action, and claimed me as *their prisoner* still, by ordering me to be put into the custody of my husband on the 18th of June, which time completed my three years term of false imprisonment!

Although the Trustees had told me through their chairman, Mr. Brown, that I might do just as Dr. McFarland and I should think best, and although the Doctor had already discharged me, and he had agreed to the arrangements above mentioned, yet regardless of all these claims of honor and justice, they deliberately trampled my every right into the dust, and treated me as the law does, as a legal nonentity, whose rights no one is bound to respect.

Yes, this is the respect which the identity of woman receives in America, by assuming the bonds of the marriage union!

When will the time arrive, when the marriage law will respect the identity of the *woman* as well as the man?

On the 17th of June, Doctor's orders were sent to my room, by Miss Sallie Summers, the Supervisoress, that:

“Mrs. Packard's trunk must be taken out of her room and packed.”

Against this order I entered a protest in these words:

“In the name of Illinois and as its citizen, I claim that my right to the disposal of my own wardrobe be respected—that no hands be laid upon it without my consent. I therefore forbid you or any other person disturbing me or my things, in

my own hired room, until I consent to such interference." My reply was reported to the office. The next order was:

"If Mrs. Packard makes resistance, lock her in a screen-room!"

To this order I replied:

"I never offer physical resistance to the claims of *might*, over my inalienable rights—but I give you no license or consent to touch one article in this room belonging to myself."

The Doctor then, with the help of Miss Summers, searched my room, bed, toilet and drawers and took from them every thing belonging to me, and laid them into my trunk—then the porter was ordered to take my trunk into the Matron's room to be packed. This trunk now contained my entire book, journal and private papers, indeed all my treasures—even the sacred looking glass wherein my Reproof to Dr. McFarland, was concealed. What would be their fate, I knew not. But thanks to the Power which held my usurpers, no article of my manuscripts were taken!

The book was, of course, seen and examined, but my private journal was passed through their fingers unnoticed; for the Matron and Supervisoress were only required to number the articles, and each article, large and small, being pinned up separately, it was not necessary to examine the center of each roll where lay a portion of this journal, which the Doctor so much dreaded.

Nothing was taken except the inkstand Dr. Tenny had given me, and the package of note paper my son had bought for me. For this trespass, if not theft, I still hold the Institution responsible, in addition to what had been previously taken from me wrongfully.

Dr. McFarland showed the coward on this occasion, by delegating his orders to Dr. Tenny, and availing himself of a leave of absence just at this time.

I think he had better have faced the battle!

However his orders were faithfully executed, even to the book, all being carefully packed, no part was missing!

Does not the Lord shut the mouth of lions so that they cannot hurt others when he pleases? Did I not have a host fighting for me, although unseen to mortal eye?

Yes, for so "the Lord encampeth about those who fear him and *He* delivereth them."

The next morning, Miss Summers came with the order that:

"Mrs. Packard must be suitably dressed by nine o'clock to go with her husband on board the cars.

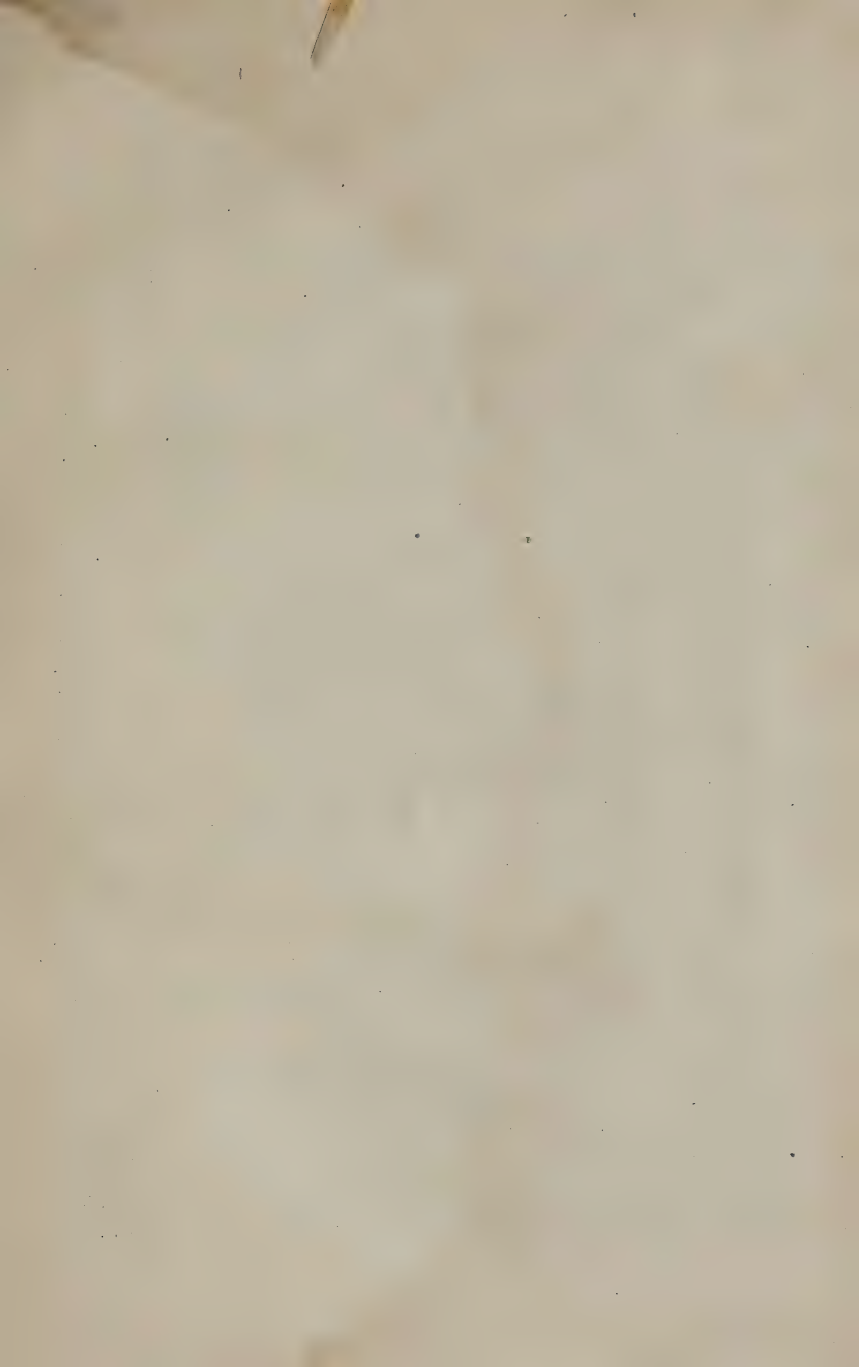
To this order I replied:

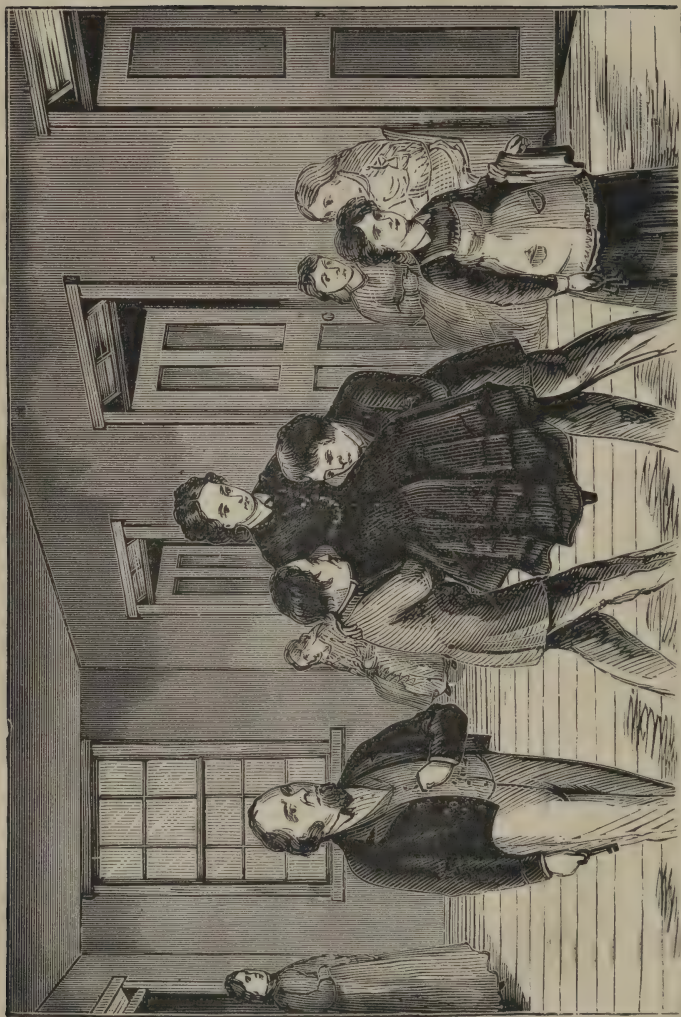
"Miss Summers, I have no objection to being dressed to-day so as to suit the requirements of this mandate, even to the extent of wearing my bonnet and shawl suited to my traveling dress, and will do so with your assistance in bringing me those articles; but as to accompanying the said gentleman to the cars, I shall never consent to do this."

She accordingly exchanged my morning wrapper, for my traveling dress, and packed my wrapper in my trunk. I then put on my hat and gloves and laying my sun-shade across my lap, I sat down in my chair before the window and went to reading, as I had no other employment in consequence of the assault of the previous day.

While thus employed, my door was suddenly and violently opened by Dr. Tenny, who, without knocking, or even asking leave to enter, violently pushed the door against my bedstead, which I had placed before it, as was my habitual practice, to prevent intruders, having no other means of fastening my door on the inside. I could easily move the bedstead back four inches, and thus respond to a rap almost as quickly as I could have turned a button or a bolt if I had had one, and I had done so to give the Doctor's entrance hundreds of times.

But now this hasty, uncivil entrance into a lady's private





Enforcing the "Nonentity" Principle of Common Law for Married Women.

"I yield to reason everywhere—To despotism nowhere!" See page 245.

"Take Mrs. Packard up in your arms, and carry her to the 'bus!" See page 389.

room--by which my bedstead was pushed almost upon my feet, as it was forced diagonally across my room by the great and sudden violence of the door against it, and as it was opened I saw three stout men standing at the door, almost frightened me, and having disobeyed no order I was not a little surprised at Dr. Tenny's impetuosity on this occasion. I felt like saying to my captors as Christ did to his :

"Have you come out against me as a thief, with swords and staves for to take me?"

Dr. Tenny then said :

"Mrs. Packard, your husband is in the office waiting to take you to the cars in the 'bus which is now waiting at the door. We wish you to go with us for that purpose."

Looking at me for a reply, I said :

"Dr. Tenny, I shall not go with you for that purpose. And here in the presence of these witnesses, I claim a right to my own identity, and in the name of the laws of my country, I claim protection against this assault upon my personal rights. I claim a right to myself, I claim a right to remain unmolested in my own hired room."

Turning to his porters, he said :

"Take Mrs. Packard up in your arms and carry her to the 'bus!"

After instructing my new body-guard how to construct the famous "saddle-seat" once more (an indispensable appendage to the enforcement of the "nonentity" principle of the common law, in cases where intelligence claims the recognition of an identity!) I quietly seated myself upon it and after the attendants had, at my request, properly adjusted my clothing, I held myself again in readiness to be offered a sacrifice on the altar of unjust legislation to married women.

My guard transported their "nonentity" safely down three long flights of stairs, preceded by Dr. Tenny, and followed by my female attendants, to the door of the 'bus, where the Rev.

Mr. Packard stood holding the door back for the reception of this living burden of non-existence.

Living burden of non-existence! Married woman's *legal* position under a Christian government!

Think! Law-makers! is this the way to raise woman to a companionship with yourselves?

Do you think this Reverend husband could look upon such a spectacle and feel the inspiration of reverence for a being whom the law thus placed in his absolute power? or, would not a man of his organization more naturally feel a contempt for a worm whom he could thus crush beneath his feet?

Yes, a Worm! a Thing! not a Being—is married woman before the principles of common law. What wrongs cannot be inflicted upon woman on this principle?

And what power of self-protection can she use in case of any assault and battery upon her person or her rights?

Oh! my gallant brothers of this republic! just place yourselves in my exact position, and from this standpoint, frame such laws as would meet your own case. Then your doting daughters will never be liable to suffer a similar experience.

I found other employees from the house had been appointed to accompany this Reverend gentleman to the depot, to assist him if necessary in the disposal of his "human chattel," and with these gentlemen held a conversation on our way to the depot.

But with this Reverend, I did not deign to speak.

I told these men I should not need their services any longer—that I should go as any other unattended person did, into the cars, as I did not recognize the claims of this legal protector at all, and should ignore them entirely, by holding no sort of fellowship whatever with him. Therefore I wished they would see that I was put on board and comfortably seated, and I would excuse them from further duty. I could buy no ticket for I had no money.

I told them I knew not to what place I was bound, whether into another Asylum, a Poor-house, or a Penitentiary. No one deemed it necessary to inform a "nonentity" or a "chattel" in these matters, for this act might be an acknowledgment of a right of choice in a "chattel," which would be absurd, you know!

But from what my son had told me, I supposed he was going to put me into an Insane Asylum at Northampton, Mass., for life, as a case of hopeless insanity. Indeed I knew that was his ultimate purpose concerning me, therefore it was, I did not *willingly* pass into the hands of this man, for this purpose.

It was not that I wished for liberty with any diminished ardor or intensity that I declined the boon now offered me; but because I apprehended its value to a greater degree than ever before; and also realized that another commitment into another Asylum would greatly enhance the danger of my ever obtaining this inestimable prize—that is, the crisis towards which I felt myself verging must necessarily be postponed, perhaps indefinitely, by another Asylum experience. The great question with me seemed to be:

“Are you willing to be removed to another Asylum, and risk the consequences of fighting another battle for freedom; or, do you prefer to have the question settled at once, in the light of present experiences?”

By my protest, I said, “this question shall be settled at once—the issue shall not be transferred to another battle-field.”

Whether a married woman can retain her personal identity or not, was the great practical question involved in my case. My hitherto painful experience had already furnished proof sufficient, as it seemed to me, for the immediate agitation of this question, and my experience had already shown that any attempt to escape from this marital power was fruitless and impracticable, and also that any peace, regardless of justice, would only be a treacherous sleep, whose waking would be death!

“Go Willingly.”

Written on the occasion of Dr. McFarland's saying that Mrs. Packard must be removed by force from the Asylum, in case she did not “*go willingly.*”

“*Go Willingly!*” to such a doom!
My God! O lay me in the tomb,
Ere such a terrible decree
Bind me again by lock and key.

Where is the mother—where the wife,
Daughter or sister, who her life
Would “willingly” resign to thee,
Who thus would wield thy lock and key!

“*Go Willingly!*” my future life
To battle in that stormy strife,
Torture my fluttering heartstring there
Amid the wailings of despair?

“*Go Willingly!*” to waste life's hours,
Its aspirations, hopes and powers,
To bury my affections there,
In those dim haunts of black despair?

“*Go Willingly!*” to read my doom
Thus graven on a living tomb,—
Where hope or joy can never come,
Till death shall call the prisoner home?

I'd rather rove the world around,
Chained like a criminal on ground
Where God's own sun my light would be,
Without the aid of lock and key!

“*Go Willingly*” *Thyself!* and find
Cure of thy own “disordered” mind!
The very willingness would be
Proof of a fixed insanity.

MRS. S. N. B. O. 7

I was put into the Asylum without my choice or consent, I was thus removed without my consent, and contrary to my choice. In either case my identity was ignored, in that my right of choice was not recognized in either case. By my protest, I alone recognize it, *and claim it*, illegal as this claim is.

Like the fugitive, I claim protection under the higher law, regardless of the claims of the lower law.

My argument seemed to enable these gentlemen to see that my principles required me to resist the "nonentity" principle of the marriage law in this tangible manner, hoping thus to demonstrate its injustice to the comprehension of the law makers.

This having now been openly done, I had nothing further to do but to be passed on as coming events should indicate.

I recollect one remark made by one of these attendants, was:

"We shall miss you Mrs. Packard, at the Asylum, for there never has been a person who has caused such universal sensation there, as you have. You will be missed at our dances also, for you are regarded as one of our best dancers!"

I thanked him for the compliment, ill-deserved though it was.

Before closing this chapter, I feel bound to say that the action of the Trustees in this case was far from being upright or gentlemanly. They had given me unqualified liberty to do as their Superintendent and I should agree to do. Their Superintendent had already discharged me. He had made a bona fide bargain, in presence of a witness, that I might use that room of the Institution as my hired room until I had finished my book. I was no longer subject to his, or the Institution's control, as a patient. Now to have these gentlemen ignore this business of their Superintendent in this summary manner, and at my expense, seemed ungallant at least, if not unjust and illegal.

Again, these gentlemen had in their hands, in my own handwriting, a protest against being put into the hands of my husband, assuring them it would never be done by my own consent.

They had also heard from my own lips my reasons for taking this stand, and Mr. Brown, the chairman, had told me himself that he saw it would be useless for me to go to my husband for protection; and yet, after all, he could issue this order to a boarder in the Asylum, that she must be forced into the hands of this her persecutor, just when the way seemed prepared for deliverance, by means of her printed book.

If my readers wish to know why the Superintendent was not on hand to defend the rights of his boarder, I must refer them to him for this answer, for he has never told me his reasons for doing so.

Therefore, I can only offer you my own conjectures on this point. I suspect this "young convert" was seized with another temptation to "backslide," too powerful for his "weak faith" to withstand, and therefore he had tried to throw off the responsibility of my removal upon the Trustees, hoping by this means to secure Mr. Packard's co-operation in destroying my book, without doing so directly himself, and wishing at the same time to retain my good will, he hoped his absence might better subserve all these ends than his presence. Therefore he made Dr. Tenny his agent in doing this mean work, by proxy.

One reason for coming to this conclusion lies in the fact that, after my return home, I accidentally ascertained that the Doctor had advised Mr. Packard to burn my book and put me into another Asylum; and he had volunteered his aid in doing so!

I also accidentally found a letter from Dr. McFarland wherein he says to Mr. Packard, "I have laid your request for Mrs. Packard's re-admission before the Trustees, and have used my influence to have them consent to take her. But they

decidedly refuse to do so, on the ground that the Institution is not designed for such cases."

In the same letter, he advised Mr. Packard to keep the facts of this transaction from all public prints, and shun all agitation of the subject in any form. For said he:

"The dignity of silence is the only safe course for us both to pursue."

Another evidence that he had slidden back into the old selfish "policy" principle is seen in the fact that a lettter was read in Court at Kankakee, from Dr. McFarland, wherein he urged that I was insane, in the form of a certificate, which Mr. Packard could use for my incarceration in another Asylum!

This did not harmonize with the pledges he had given me in the Asylum that he would be the defender of my personal liberty.

Another evidence that he has backslidden, lies in the fact when I met him in June, 1868, in Jacksonville, before the State's Investigating Committee, at the Dunlap House, he made a most strenuous effort to prove me insane, for the purpose of invalidating my testimony as a witness against the evils of that Institution.

After an examination and a cross-examination occupying nearly seven hours at a single session, with the aid of his attorney and the Trustees, he failed entirely to produce this conviction on the minds of the audience, if ex-Gov. Hoffman's testimony is a representation of others present, which I have reason to think is the case; said he to me at the close of this tedious session;

"Mrs. Packard, I believe you to be a perfectly sane person, and moreover, I believe you always have been."

Thanking him for the comfort this announcement gave me, I left better fortified to meet a most cruel and wanton attack Dr. McFarland then make upon my moral character, while he

knew, better than any other man, that my character was stainless.

Looking at Dr. McFarland's character from these various standpoints, I am forced into the unwelcome conviction that he is a most unprincipled man, and on this ground is unworthy of confidence as a man, and much less as a public servant.

I have done all I knew how to do to raise this man, from the low level of selfish policy to the higher platform of Christian principle—but all in vain—I now herewith pass him over into the power of that State, whose public servant he is, hoping and praying that this power may be able to do for this man's benefit what "woman's influence" has failed to accomplish.

And if the State will not receive him, I then leave him with his own worst enemy—Himself!

If any of my readers wish to know what has been my destiny from the time of this discharge, I would refer them to my Second Volume, wherein they will find this part of my experience delineated, affording a fearful exhibition of the abuse of marital power, which every married woman is liable to suffer, in her present position of legal disability to defend herself.

CHAPTER LX.

An Appeal to the Government to Protect the Inmates of Insane Asylums by law.

God's laws are above all other laws and therefore human instincts are above all human enactments. No matter what the penalty—the more atrocious and cruel, the more certain are they to be disregarded. No human power can stand a law in violation of our natural instincts.

Our present Insane Asylum System ignores these principles. It says :

“ God's laws are subject to human enactments.”

It tramples upon the highest and noblest instincts of our nature, and enthrones an autocrat to rule over them, instead of the rule of reason. The law of sympathy, which God has established in our natures, as one of its noblest elements, suffers strangulation under this Asylum System.

Instead of developing this faculty in a normal manner, by caring for and administering to the unfortunate one, whom Providence has placed under our charge, for our own especial discipline and development, we admit the human law of Charitable Institutions to usurp this holy instinct of human sympathy, and its aspirations die out for want of their natural nutriment to perfect the vigorous growth it naturally seeks for in the human soul.

Thus God's law, or our human instinct of sympathy, is supplanted by human enactments.

No matter how large the compensation offered in lieu of this usurpation, nothing can compensate for the blemish our divine natures receive by this soul strangulating process.

The orphan, for instance, in order to receive the benefits of the Orphan Asylum, is compelled first to sever the purest and holiest affection of his nature—the love of his parent—as his necessary passport to the benefits of the Institution. The price is too dear—the equivalent received can not be commensurate to the loss sustained to secure it. But if, instead of depriving the orphan of a mother's love—its God-given heritage—they should so disburse the charities of the Institution as to secure this influence to the child, as the first God-given right of his nature; then these charities would act in concert and harmony with God's law, instead of conflicting with it, as the Orphan Asylums are now compelled to do.

So in the case of the insane—to sever them from the sympathy of their own kindred, is to deprive them of the first God-given *right* of their nature; and no adequate equivalent can be rendered as a compensation for this usurpation.

But if the charities of our present Insane Asylum System could be appropriated so as to act in concert with this influence, then would this system bless both the giver and the receiver of natural affection and human sympathy.

They would then be *doing right* by their unfortunates, and as the result of a law of our nature, they would consequently *feel right* towards them.

Whereas our present system compels them to *act wrong* towards them, by severing them from home influences; and they of course, come to *feel wrong* towards them, as the inevitable result.

First comes a feeling of indifference, as the result of casting off a responsibility which God had laid upon *them* to bear; then succeeds the feeling of alienation, as the heart gradually ossifies by this extinction of human sympathy, which a neglect of our practical duties to our natural responsibilities produces.

I never knew this legitimate tendency of our present system to lead to any different results, when practically applied.

Therefore, in order to place the axe at the root of the evils of our Insane Asylum System, and other Eleemosynary Institutions, there must be a recognition of this great fundamental truth, that human instincts are above human enactments.

Again the despotic treatment which patients received under the present government of Insane Asylums is the only natural result of one of the fundamental laws of human nature, in its present undeveloped state; which is, that the history of our race for six thousand years demonstrates the fact, that absolute unlimited power always tends towards despotism—or an usurpation and abuse of others' rights.

Superintendents have, in a *practical* sense, a sovereignty delegated to them, by the insane laws, almost as absolute as the marital power which the law delegates to the husband. All of the inalienable rights of their patients are as completely subject to their single will, in the practical operation of these laws, as are the rights of a married woman to the will of her husband.

And these despotic Superintendents and Husbands in the exercise of this power, are no more guilty, in my opinion, than that power which licenses this deleterious element. No Republican Government ought to permit an absolute monarchy to be established under its jurisdiction. And where it is found to exist, it ought to be destroyed forthwith. And where this licensed power is known to have culminated into a despotism, which is crushing humanity, really and practically, that Government is guilty in this matter, so long as it tolerates this usurpation.

Therefore, while the Superintendents are guilty in abusing their power, I say that Government which sustains oppression by its laws, is the first transgressor.

Undoubtedly our Insane Asylums were originally designed and established, as humane Institutions, and for a very humane and benevolent purpose; but, on their present basis, they really

cover and shield many wrongs, which ought to be exposed and redressed.

It is the *evils* which cluster about these institutions, and these alone, which I am intent on bringing into public view, for the purpose of having them destroyed. All the good which inheres in these institutions and officers is just as precious as if not mixed with the alloy; therefore, in destroying the alloy, great care should be used not to tarnish or destroy the fine gold within it.

As my case demonstrates, they are now sometimes used for inquisitional purposes, which certainly is a great perversion of their original intent.

That great abuses have grown up in connection with Insane Asylums, both in this country and in Europe, is a truth that has been fully established by recent revealments.

Governed as they are, the Superintendent is an absolute, irresponsible autocrat. Whoever falls within his power may be most foully wronged, having no means of redress.

The unfortunate has been cut off from the right of using the mails, or from communicating with friends in any way except under the eye and ear of the Superintendent, and in too many instances what the people have regarded as noble institutions of charity, have been foul prisons, where savage discipline has taken the place of kind, curative treatment.

Nor are these institutions essentially different, wherever found. The trouble with them is, that the theories on which they proceed are essentially wrong, and their practice just the opposite of what it should be. Until these are changed it will be a question as to whether asylums do most good or harm.

The most heinous wrong of our present system consists in the fact that the inmates of Insane Asylums are denied the primeval right of self-defence.

Under our present legislation every citizen of most of the States in this Union is constantly exposed to lose this right by

an incarceration in an Insane Asylum, since these institutions must necessarily be based upon the principles of an autocracy, under which government the right of self-defence is annihilated.

Now, simply for a misfortune to place any citizen outside the pale of justice, while inside an Insane Asylum, is not only unjust but inhuman.

There should, therefore, be a superior power inaugurated by Legislatures by which this autocratic power, when abused, can be held amenable to the laws of our Republic.

And since there now exists no link to connect the inmates of our Insane Asylums with the laws of our Republic—thus leaving them wholly at the mercy of an autocrat—there should be one through which this unfortunate class can secure the protection of law, when needed. A Standing Committee of Protection should be enacted by every Legislature, as the link connecting the inmates of asylums with the laws of the country.

It is not assumed that Superintendents, as individual autocrats, need to be watched any more than any other individual invested with unlimited power.

But it is argued that no absolute autocracy should be created and sustained by a Republic whose fundamental principles require that every citizen shall be held amenable to the laws, and be able also to seek the protection of law, when needed, in defence of their inalienable rights.

Now the insane have the same inalienable right to be treated with reason, justice and humanity as the sane ; therefore, the insane ought to have the same protection of law as the sane.

But under the present rule of asylums they have none at all. No matter to what extent their right to justice is ignored, there is granted them no chance whatever for self-defence.

This Protective Committee should have free and unrestricted post-office communication with every inmate of every asylum in order that they may ascertain if any individual, among all this unfortunate class, can be found who needs the protection

of justice, and should administer it, when found, without a question to be entitled to it.

The law should give to this Committee a power superior to that of the Superintendent, by which he himself can be held amenable to the laws, in his exercise of power over his patients, through this Committee.

For example, if this autocrat should be found to have been guilty of "assault and battery, manslaughter or murder," in his realm, he could then be held accountable to the laws like any other criminal found guilty of like offence outside of an asylum, and this Committee would constitute a link between him, as the Superintendent, and justice, as they would between his patients and justice.

It would be a humane law. It is a much needed law. It would be an honor to every State in this Union to pass such a law, through which she could administer to her afflicted ones the right of self-defence while confined as inmates within the prison walls of an Insane Asylum.

Iowa has already immortalized herself as the banner State in this great humanitarian reform. The "Bill" which her Legislature of 1872 passed, securing the protection of law to the inmates of her own Insane Asylums, will be found in the Second Volume and is here commended to the candid consideration of every Legislature in this Union.

It is fondly hoped this bright example will speedily be followed by all the States in the Union, and thus demonstrate the fact that this American Government is a Christian Government, in that she can then claim, and be entitled to the honor of protecting by its laws—the right of self-defence—even to that most unfortunate of all classes of its citizens—the Inmates of Insane Asylums.

End of Vol. I.



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